IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

# *Announcing*

## THE NEW FRANKLIN

# AIRMAN LIMITED

## *introducing a wholly new vogue of*

# *Luxurious Fast Travel*

FRANKLIN has stolen a march on the entire motor world! The Airman Limited inaugurates an era of luxurious interiors which have been no more than hinted at by the built-to-order motor cars exhibited in recent American and European Custom Salons.

To a long-established supremacy in motor performance and riding comfort—to a beauty of body lines already copied by half the motor world—Franklin now adds undisputed leadership in *interior* style and luxury.

No listing of the many features can give an adequate picture of the Airman Limited. The car must be seen and driven—then you will know the meaning of LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL.

No single automotive development of recent years holds such significance. We predict that no other manufacturer will be able to duplicate these interiors *for three years*—if ever. Franklin alone has the facilities for this important step—the one motor car builder who has never sacrificed quality to price or profit.

For a quarter century the Franklin has been built specifically for comfortable and long-sustained high speed ..... In these new models, the increased motor compression achieves still greater responsiveness. And a new perfection of the famous spring suspension brings riding comfort surpassing all previous standards of this renowned Franklin feature.

Throughout the car, quality has been added to quality—performance to performance.

The *complete enjoyment* of a motor car, as now afforded by the Airman Limited, establishes an entirely new conception of values, which must inevitably benefit every automobile owner.

*Luxurious Fast Travel*

*Twentieth Century Limited*
*Broadway Limited* *Palmetto Limited*
*Golden State Limited*
*Oriental Limited* *Sunset Limited*
*Dixie Limited*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

July 14, 1928

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

66 W. 47 ST.
*New York*

is the address of this modern Flint & Horner store. Just a few steps from Fifth Avenue. Retail merchants are invited to visit it—to see just what can be accomplished in up-to-date display with the aid of Armstrong Floors. The floor you see is Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6018.

# Every Store's a Stage

## SHOWMANSHIP SELLS
*... And Armstrong's Linoleum Floors supply smart setting for modern drama of merchandising*

BY JOHN VAN OST

*Secretary and Treasurer, Flint & Horner Co., Inc., New York, retailers of Flint's Fine Furniture since 1840*

THIS business of "keeping shop" has ceased to be a storekeeper's job! The smallest retailers . . . and the largest . . . must be showmen to be successful. "Ford hires Madison Square Garden to show new car," cries a newspaper headline . . . There's a modern Belasco of business for you.

For most of us, our business stage isn't quite so big. Yet even the simplest doughnut shop, the largest department store, can invite shoppers . . . increase sales . . . keep going and growing — if some careful study is given to the sales setting.

Witness Flint & Horner's Alcove Shop in our furniture store. Things from the four corners of the earth are sold in this shop — lamps, pottery, pewter, bronze, porcelain, glassware, leather, brocades, tapestries.

Thanks to Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, we were able to create a scenic background for these various items that displays them in all their eye-appealing beauty.

For two years the floor we selected — a handcraft effect in Embossed Inlaid — literally has been a silent salesman. Its delicate blend of color keeps the hundreds of different products on friendly terms, invites people to stop, and shop . . . and buy!

We liked this floor so well, too, for its other qualities — foot-easy, quiet, not hard to clean — that Armstrong Floors were installed in our private offices (at left) and in the elevator entrance halls of our sixteen-story building.

*Four other types of business homes in which you will see Armstrong Floors*

Famous Players Lasky Corp. with offices in New Paramount Building New York City

Selz-Schwab Shoe Store Chicago

Hotel Breakers Atlantic City

Morris Plan Bank Oakland, Calif.

### *Floor ills quickly remedied*

Enter your own business home — as a buyer. Does the floor give your product or service an eye-appealing, sales-attracting stage setting? A visit or telephone call to any good furniture, department, or linoleum store will quickly remedy the drabness of old, foot-worn floors . . . inexpensively, too. You'll see smart designs that carry out the spirit of any business home — designs that speak well of the things you have to sell.

***New book on Showmanship in Selling . . .*** "Enduring Floors of Good Taste" pictures various types of business interiors . . . tells how Armstrong Floors help put showmanship in selling. Explains how quickly Armstrong Floors can be laid over old — cemented in place over builders' deadening felt — to last for years. Sent free in United States. (Canada 25c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 907 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

*Look for the* CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

# *Armstrong's Linoleum Floors*
## *for every room in the house*

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • ARABESQ • • PRINTED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

# Announcing

## THE NEW FRANKLIN

# AIRMAN LIMITED

## *introducing a wholly new vogue of*

# *Luxurious Fast Travel*

FRANKLIN has stolen a march on the entire motor world! The Airman Limited inaugurates an era of luxurious interiors which have been no more than hinted at by the built-to-order motor cars exhibited in recent American and European Custom Salons.

To a long-established supremacy in motor performance and riding comfort—to a beauty of body lines already copied by half the motor world—Franklin now adds undisputed leadership in *interior* style and luxury.

No listing of the many features can give an adequate picture of the Airman Limited. The car must be seen and driven—then you will know the meaning of LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL.

No single automotive development of recent years holds such significance. We predict that no other manufacturer will be able to duplicate these interiors *for three years*—if ever. Franklin alone has the facilities for this important step—the one motor car builder who has never sacrificed quality to price or profit.

For a quarter century the Franklin has been built specifically for comfortable and long-sustained high speed . . . . . In these new models, the increased motor compression achieves still greater responsiveness. And a new perfection of the famous spring suspension brings riding comfort surpassing all previous standards of this renowned Franklin feature.

Throughout the car, quality has been added to quality—performance to performance.

The *complete enjoyment* of a motor car, as now afforded by the Airman Limited, establishes an entirely new conception of values, which must inevitably benefit every automobile owner.

*Luxurious Fast Travel*

*Twentieth Century Limited*
*Broadway Limited* *Palmetto Limited*
*Golden State Limited*
*Oriental Limited* *Sunset Limited*
*Dixie Limited*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

July 14, 1928

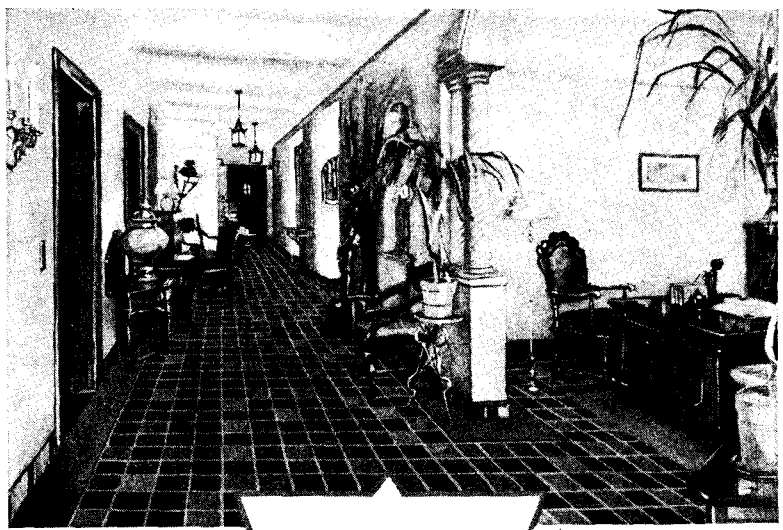
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

66 W. 47 ST.
*New York*

is the address of this modern Flint & Horner store. Just a few steps from *Fifth Avenue*. Retail merchants are invited to visit it—to see just what can be accomplished *in* up-to-date display with the aid of Armstrong Floors. The floor you *see is* Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6018.

# Every Store's a Stage

## SHOWMANSHIP SELLS
## *. . . And Armstrong's Linoleum Floors supply smart setting for modern drama of merchandising*



BY JOHN VAN OST

*Secretary and Treasurer, Flint & Horner Co., Inc., New York, retailers of Flint's Fine Furniture since 1840*

THIS business of "keeping shop" has ceased to be a storekeeper's job! The smallest retailers . . . and the largest . . . must be showmen to be successful. "Ford hires Madison Square Garden to show new car," cries a newspaper headline . . . There's a modern Belasco of business for you.

For most of us, our business stage isn't quite so big. Yet even the simplest doughnut shop, the largest department store, can invite shoppers . . . increase sales . . . keep going and growing — if some careful study is given to the sales setting.

Witness Flint & Horner's Alcove Shop in our furniture store. Things from the four corners of the earth are sold in this shop — lamps, pottery, pewter, bronze, porcelain, glassware, leather, brocades, tapestries.

Thanks to Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, we were able to create a scenic background for these various items that displays them in all their eye-appealing beauty.

For two years the floor we selected — a handcraft effect in Embossed Inlaid—literally has been a silent salesman. Its delicate blend of color keeps the hundreds of different products on friendly terms, invites people to stop, and shop . . . and buy!

We liked this floor so well, too, for its other qualities — foot-easy, quiet, not hard to clean — that Armstrong Floors were installed in our private offices (at left) and in the elevator entrance halls of our sixteen-story building.

*Four other types of business homes in which you will see Armstrong Floors*

Famous Players Lasky Corp. with offices in New Paramount Building New York City

Selz-Schwab Shoe Store Chicago

Hotel Breakers Atlantic City

Morris Plan Bank Oakland, Calif.

### *Floor ills quickly remedied*

Enter your own business home—as a buyer. Does the floor give your product or service an eye-appealing, sales-attracting stage setting? A visit or telephone call to any good furniture, department, or linoleum store will quickly remedy the drabness of old, foot-worn floors . . . inexpensively, too. You'll see smart designs that carry out the spirit of any business home—designs that speak well of the things you have to sell.

***New book on Showmanship in Selling . . .*** "Enduring Floors of Good Taste" pictures various types of business interiors . . . tells how Armstrong Floors help put showmanship in selling. Explains how quickly Armstrong Floors can be laid over old—cemented in place over builders' deadening felt—to last for years. Sent free in United States. (Canada 25c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 907 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

*Look for the* CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

# *Armstrong's Linoleum Floors*
## *for every room in the house*

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • ARABESQ • • PRINTED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y.; New York, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Galesburg, Ill., and Chicago, Ill.

# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published weekly by P. F. Collier & Son Company at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. London: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. 2. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

KOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY KOLA, KANSAS

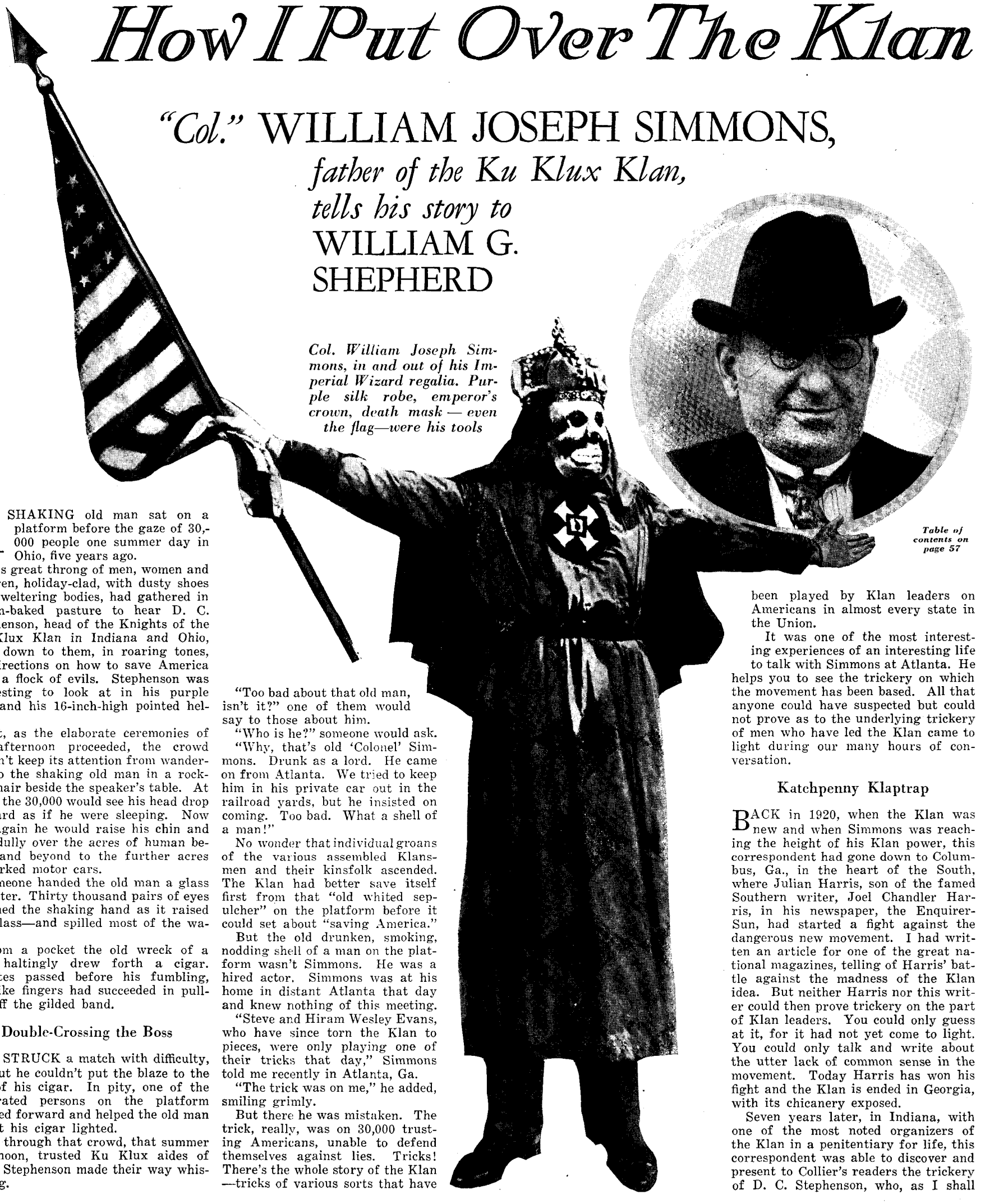
Volume Eighty-two
Number Two

*July 14, 1928*

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries

# *How I Put Over The Klan*

## *"Col."* WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS, *father of the Ku Klux Klan, tells his story to* WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD



*Col. William Joseph Simmons, in and out of his Imperial Wizard regalia. Purple silk robe, emperor's crown, death mask — even the flag—were his tools*



*Table of contents on page 57*

A SHAKING old man sat on a platform before the gaze of 30,000 people one summer day in Ohio, five years ago.

This great throng of men, women and children, holiday-clad, with dusty shoes and sweltering bodies, had gathered in a sun-baked pasture to hear D. C. Stephenson, head of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana and Ohio, hand down to them, in roaring tones, his directions on how to save America from a flock of evils. Stephenson was interesting to look at in his purple robe and his 16-inch-high pointed helmet.

But, as the elaborate ceremonies of the afternoon proceeded, the crowd couldn't keep its attention from wandering to the shaking old man in a rocking chair beside the speaker's table. At times the 30,000 would see his head drop forward as if he were sleeping. Now and again he would raise his chin and look dully over the acres of human beings and beyond to the further acres of parked motor cars.

Someone handed the old man a glass of water. Thirty thousand pairs of eyes watched the shaking hand as it raised the glass—and spilled most of the water.

From a pocket the old wreck of a man haltingly drew forth a cigar. Minutes passed before his fumbling, clawlike fingers had succeeded in pulling off the gilded band.

### Double-Crossing the Boss

HE STRUCK a match with difficulty, but he couldn't put the blaze to the end of his cigar. In pity, one of the celebrated persons on the platform stepped forward and helped the old man to get his cigar lighted.

All through that crowd, that summer afternoon, trusted Ku Klux aides of D. C. Stephenson made their way whispering.

"Too bad about that old man, isn't it?" one of them would say to those about him.

"Who is he?" someone would ask.

"Why, that's old 'Colonel' Simmons. Drunk as a lord. He came on from Atlanta. We tried to keep him in his private car out in the railroad yards, but he insisted on coming. Too bad. What a shell of a man!"

No wonder that individual groans of the various assembled Klansmen and their kinsfolk ascended. The Klan had better save itself first from that "old whited sepulcher" on the platform before it could set about "saving America."

But the old drunken, smoking, nodding shell of a man on the platform wasn't Simmons. He was a hired actor. Simmons was at his home in distant Atlanta that day and knew nothing of this meeting.

"Steve and Hiram Wesley Evans, who have since torn the Klan to pieces, were only playing one of their tricks that day," Simmons told me recently in Atlanta, Ga.

"The trick was on me," he added, smiling grimly.

But there he was mistaken. The trick, really, was on 30,000 trusting Americans, unable to defend themselves against lies. Tricks! There's the whole story of the Klan—tricks of various sorts that have been played by Klan leaders on Americans in almost every state in the Union.

It was one of the most interesting experiences of an interesting life to talk with Simmons at Atlanta. He helps you to see the trickery on which the movement has been based. All that anyone could have suspected but could not prove as to the underlying trickery of men who have led the Klan came to light during our many hours of conversation.

### Katchpenny Klaptrap

BACK in 1920, when the Klan was new and when Simmons was reaching the height of his Klan power, this correspondent had gone down to Columbus, Ga., in the heart of the South, where Julian Harris, son of the famed Southern writer, Joel Chandler Harris, in his newspaper, the Enquirer-Sun, had started a fight against the dangerous new movement. I had written an article for one of the great national magazines, telling of Harris' battle against the madness of the Klan idea. But neither Harris nor this writer could then prove trickery on the part of Klan leaders. You could only guess at it, for it had not yet come to light. You could only talk and write about the utter lack of common sense in the movement. Today Harris has won his fight and the Klan is ended in Georgia, with its chicanery exposed.

Seven years later, in Indiana, with one of the most noted organizers of the Klan in a penitentiary for life, this correspondent was able to discover and present to Collier's readers the trickery of D. C. Stephenson, who, as I shall



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A midnight initiation on Stone Mountain, eighteen miles from Atlanta, Ga.*

later show, took some $3,000,000 away from befooled Americans in Indiana. Here too hundreds of thousands of citizens have realized for themselves the once-hidden trickery of Klan leaders.

Later on, down in the little town of Luverne, Ala., where Klansmen were indicted for whippings, I had a chance to study a cross-section of American life as it had been affected by the Klan movement.

There, speaking of trickery, Kleagle Ira B. Thompson told me:

"I'm going to pack up all my papers and send 'em back to Atlanta. We don't need a Klan any more in this town. As I look back at it now, we never did need it. We never did have any Catholics and Jews to be afraid of. There aren't but two Catholics here, and they're two fine old ladies who never go to church 'cause there isn't any church. There aren't any Jews. And our Negroes always have behaved. I can't see what we were all so excited about. That's how some of the boys got to whipping, I guess. They didn't have any country to save; leastwise, they couldn't see that all the dangers the Klan leaders talked about were really so." There too Americans, well-meaning but credulous, had been misled.

Talking face to face with Simmons, originator of the Klan and its one-time master, was almost the end of this writer's eight-year-long Ku Klux trail.

"I'll answer all the questions Collier's wants to ask me," said Simmons.

His story uncovers a collection of tricks played on honest, simple credulity. You will see in this article that his first self-made "fiery cross" came into Atlanta, like a press agent's stunt, ten days before the film Birth of a Nation arrived in the city. His senseless claim that "I am he who from the realm of the unknown wrested the solemn secret from the grasp of night and became the sovereign Imperial Master of the Great, Lost Mystery;" his willingness to let Klansmen believe that the Klan was 7,000,000 strong at a time when it numbered less than 600,000 and his willingness to descend to the cheapest of press-agent tricks were all pieces of charlatanry and chicanery.

What was going on secretly within the klaverns of the country seven and eight years ago, what was being told trusting Americans there, it was at that time almost impossible to ascertain. Klavern doors were closed. Common-sense citizens, misled into joining the Klan, had not yet come forth from Klan lodgerooms to tell their fellows of what was going on in the world of Klandom.

Now it is known. Before these articles are concluded Colonel William J. Simmons' story of the Ku Klux Klan and its origin will be told.

## Huge and Hulky

I'LL give you one look ahead. It will probably answer your question: How did the Klan happen? Nothing but the insanity of war could have produced the Klan. It never could have grown up anywhere on earth but in a nation made up of various races chafing and straining under the emotional stress of war.

The Klan was one of the World War's most poisonous weeds.

You will see before these articles are concluded how Simmons joined the civilian secret service during the war and traded on that position to put the Klan on its feet.

Hundreds of thousands of persons who once were misled into joining the Klan may like to know something of the real Simmons.

If Simmons isn't the white-haired old sinner, keeper of a three-woman harem, warming his cold, ancient bones with whisky, as painted by D. C. Stephenson, and by Evans and others, what kind of man is he?

He's a huge hulk of a man. He claims his years number forty-eight. His hair must have been at one time a red flaming shock; now the gray is toning down its flare, and baldness is creeping over the imposing head.

A grim, set mouth, like William Jennings Bryan's, which has a trick of closing in a grim, straight line after some especially emphatic statement; a large nose; eyes of a metallic grayish hue; shaggy, reddish eyebrows; good teeth; a square chin; a spacious forehead; a strong, well-rounded voice and slow deliberation in speaking—these are characteristics you remember.

His hands are graceful. The fingers are long and tapered. They might be those of a pianist. The fingers move independent of each other, not clumsily all together.

He wears a long cutaway frock coat and gray-striped trousers—a preacher's pulpit garb. From a heavy watch chain stretching across his vest dangles a heavy gold emblem, a two-inch "fiery cross." A gold wire is clasped around the root of his right ear. From it hangs a short gold chain, attached to his gold-framed eyeglasses.

The Greatest Fraternal Order in the World.
A Classy Order of the Highest Class for Men of Intelligence and Character.
INVISIBLE EMPIRE
KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN
Atlanta, Ga.

*A group picture of Jonathan B. Frost, Simmons' first hired organizer — indicted for stealing Klan money. "A Classy Order," wrote Simmons in the first Klan charter*

Raised as I was, in the Methodist church, it came as something of a shock to me when I saw the long fingers of this clerical-appearing person dip into his left vest pocket and draw forth a cigarette. I'm a busy smoker myself, but for an ex-clergyman he ran me neck and neck.

He's worldly, all right, this father of the Klan. He's city-broke.

"I take a drink. All of us at 'the Palace' used to take a drink," he told me.

"Even when the Klan was fighting bootleggers?" I asked.

"Why, yes, that was a matter for each individual Klan."

Over and over again you hear Simmons repeat this phrase, "a matter for each individual Klan." Here's where much of the trickery of the Klan came in.

Simmons' Klan, started in the South, was primarily intended to control Negroes. It was an anti-Negro prejudice which he sold to his fellows. He couldn't think at the outset of all the hundreds of other prejudices that could be sold in other sections.

"The Negroes are all armed here in the South." That's the basis on which he started out. The anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, anti-foreign features of the Klan all grew up in "individual Klans" and spread throughout Klandom. Every new prejudice or hatred brought in new members. Simmons therefore added each new prejudice, as it arose, to Klan doctrines. Klan leaders everywhere were in a nation-wide free-for-all race among decent, trusting citizens in their communities to develop new hates and prejudices which they could turn into cash.

## Capitalizing Hate

YOU can't understand how Simmons' order grew in power unless you know the ideas that were in Simmons' head and what kind of head it was. The Klan had been going five years before the country knew of it. Simmons told me he had been planning it for fifteen years.

"My father was an officer of the old Klan in Alabama back in the 60's. I was always fascinated by Klan stories. I heard my dad tell them. And I heard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old Negroes tell them. My old Negro mammy, Aunt Viney, and her husband, Uncle George, used to tell us children about how the old Reconstruction Klansmen used to frighten the darkies."

"'Why, dat Klansman was shore twelve foot high,' I heard Aunt Viney say to Uncle Simon.

"'Go 'long with you, Viney,' said Uncle Simon. 'Dat Klansman was twenty foot tall, on his hawse!'

### A Post-office Colonel

"WHEN I was twenty-one years old I came across an old book about the Klan that started me to studying. I wrote off to the librarian of Congress, and he sent me a list of 213 books that had been written about the old Klan.

"I was one of eight children. My father was a physician in a little town in Talladega County, Ala. Then he was a well-to-do mill owner until the floods of 1886 wiped him out. After that he returned to medicine, but he died while I was still a youth.

"I wanted to be a doctor, but I couldn't afford a medical education. I went into the ministry instead.

"When I was fourteen years old I was a regular leader of the mid-week evening prayer meetings in our Methodist church. The old folks used to come to hear me speak. I taught a Sunday-school class before I was fourteen years old. I went into the army and served in the Spanish-American War when I was eighteen.

Right here you get a certain slant on Simmons. He uses the title "Colonel."

*Simmons went to his knees before the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia while cameras clicked. The photograph was very useful*

"This title is an honorary one," he explains, "because of my connection with the Spanish-American War veterans.

"I don't take it seriously," he adds. "There were three other men of my name in Atlanta, and our mail got mixed, so I used the title 'Colonel' to end the confusion."

But, in organizing the Klan, the title was of tremendous aid to him.

When the Klan was accused of being against "law and order," in the whipping days, Simmons not only made use of his title to show his "law-and-order" leanings; he went farther and secured from Sheriff Lowry of Fulton County, Georgia, a Klansman, the commission of a deputy sheriff which he would display at Klan meetings.

Misleading impressions were the stock in trade of Klan leaders. But to get back to Simmons' story:

"When I returned from the war I managed to go to the Southern University for a time. When I was only nineteen years old I was licensed to preach. That was at Heflin, Ala.

"Of course they wouldn't give me a church or a circuit of my own until I was twenty-one. But just as soon as I had reached that age I was given a charge. This was at Freeport, Fla. I had to make a round of several small churches."

### Muscular Christianity

SIMMONS, in his talk, is constantly turning to contest, struggle and the use of force. He carried two revolvers, he says, in Klan days. He fought during his preaching days. He tells you blandly:

"I never let sin frighten me. I learned to use my fists on troublesome sinners, if kindness wouldn't bring results. About the hardest pastorate I ever served was at Opp, Ala., where two big sawmills were started. It was like a new mining camp. There were 3,000 people there, hardly any religion, and no church. Things boomed night and day—gambling, drinking and girls. I found thirty-two church people in the new settlement and began holding services in an old warehouse.

"Rough? That was one of the roughest spots I ever saw.

"There were plenty of people who hated the church and religion, but I kept on fighting in that town for three years.

"I didn't stop at preaching on Sundays. I went around the saloons and gambling houses and homes talking to men. I remember one time I had a lot of good-sized posters printed telling sinners where they were headed and asking them to come to my church.

"I'd go into a saloon and slam a pile of these on the bar and say to the saloon keeper, 'Wrap your bottles up in these!'"

KNIGHTS
—OF THE—
KU KLUX
KLAN
For Home, Country and Each other.
A High Class Order for Men of Intelligence and Character.
The World's Greatest Secret, Social, Patriotic, Fraternal, Beneficiary Order.
Chartered by the State of Georgia.
December 4th 1915.
Col. W. J. Simmons, Founder & Imperial Wizard,
65 West Peachtree Place, N.E. Atlanta, Ga.

*Simmons was also the lodge dress designer. This is the first Klan advertisement drawn by his own hand*

Righteousness by way of the fist was one of his early aims. Here's a story he proudly told me:

"There was one big fellow in this town who was always threatening me and abusing others. I got tired of it at last, and one time I hunted him up in a drug store.

"I found him at the soda fountain. I tapped him on the shoulder and called him off into a back room. When we got inside I slammed the door and locked it. I said to him, 'You see that window there? Well, you'd better put up your fists, because either you or me is going out of that window head first.'

"He rushed at me, and I started at him, and I gave him the licking of his life. While he was on the floor I heard a snicker at the window, and I saw a lot of the boys from the saloon looking in.

"I picked up the big fellow, and he was thoroughly licked all right. 'Now, young man,' I said to him, 'I've pounded the devil out of you. If I don't see you in church next Sunday, I'm going to give you another licking just like this one.'" And, adds "Col." Simmons, "he was in church next Sunday, all right."

A white-haired old bishop of the Methodist Church South was to whip Simmons before many years had passed and drive him out of the pulpit into a half-world of lecturing, stumping and lodge work. But Simmons was never to cease cashing in on religion even after the pulpit was closed to him.

"Can you imagine?" "Col." Simmons asked me, with some bitterness in his voice, "how much salary I got for all that work? Well, the first year it was $195. The second year it was $225 and the third year not much more.

"I had to make a living as best I could even when I was a regularly ordained preacher," he says. "I would go around holding revival meetings, and I had three lectures that people seemed to like pretty well.

"One of them was entitled 'Women, Weddings and Wives.' Another was 'Red Heads, Dead Heads and No Heads.' And just to show you how much I had the old Ku Klux Klan on my mind, I had another lecture which I called 'Kinship of Kourtship and Kissing'—three K's, you see—and that was 'way back ten years before I started the Klan.

"Every year I kept going farther and farther into debt," Simmons told me. "At last, at the annual Alabama Conference in 1912, the split came between me and the church.

### Simmons Walks Out of the Church

"THE presiding elder promised me a big city church—Mobile or Montgomery—before the conference met. But at the conference in 1911 they ordered me to cover a backwoods district. I had been led to believe that I would be sent to some church in keeping with my needs, ability and experience, after all my years of backwoodsing.

"I simply couldn't take the new charge, so I accepted a position as organizer for a fraternal order.

"I started to make money at that right away. I still thought of myself all during the year as a preacher in good standing, and I went to the 1912 conference at Union Springs expecting that at last I would be given a good city church by Bishop Wilson.

"Instead I was haled before the conference and charged with incompetence. Bishop Wilson arbitrarily found me guilty and suspended me for one year.

"Well, I didn't take that lying down. I went to a house where Bishop Wilson was staying.

"'Bishop,' I said, 'I've come here to ask you for information.'

"'What is it?' asked the bishop.

"'Well,' I said, 'there's a certain clergyman in this conference whose wife has divorced him. Why did you appoint him after that to one of the biggest churches in this conference?

"'There's another clergyman who has three times been picked up in public places dead drunk. And yet will you tell me why you made him pastor of one of the best churches in the district?'

"While the bishop was sputtering at me I said, 'I'm tired of the popery of the Methodist Church. I'm not going to get drunk or get into a divorce scandal to be pushed upward by you.

"The devil (*Continued on page 32*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# They Also Ran

## By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

*Illustrated by* F. N. WEATHERLY

*Here are some amusing tales of bygone Olympic Games, told by one of our earliest Olympic heroes. They could never happen now that America's rivals know more about training*

*It was a hot day and the road from Marathon to Athens is a dusty one*

LOOKING back over the records of the modern Olympic Games, the thing that sticks out is that our fellows had matters pretty much their own way in the earlier meets, but not at all their own way in the later meets.

In that first meet, which was held at Athens in 1896, an American team of ten men won nine of the twelve track and field championships.

In the second meet, held at Paris in 1900, our fellows were again the great winners, though not so overwhelmingly as at Athens. In the third Olympic, held at St. Louis, the distance and travel expense killed off foreign competition, and so the clean sweep made by our athletes should be thrown out as a comparison.

In London in 1908 we again led, but we were no longer the clean-up boys. Nations unheard of before in the athletic world butted in—as they did also at Stockholm in 1912 and at Antwerp in 1920.

At the 1924 meet in Paris we again won the most first places, but we took some hard bumps there. Thus, in the running events, in which we expected to do pretty well, we won only one of the nine championships.

A man reviewing that record is apt to ask himself: Are we declining? If so, why? If we are not in a decline, what is happening? Now, I was present at the first two meets, and at that last meet and at two meets in between, twice as a competitor and three times as a writing man; and, this being another Olympic year, here are a few observations which may be of interest to—well, the student of athletics if nobody else.

What I could not help noticing in those early Olympics was that though our fellows were winning all along the line, it was not always because they were potentially the better men. Thirty years ago in Europe the only athletes who knew how to train were the British, and they were only lightly represented at that first Olympic meet and not overheavily at the second meet; and so, our opponents being mostly Continentals, we usually won: we were better trained.

### Young Continentals Meant Well

TAKE that 1896 team of ours. I said then, and I say now—I was one of that team—that, given equal training, there were two, perhaps three of our team, certainly not more than three, who could have beaten the best of the Continentals in our specialties.

The Continentals meant well. Some of them put in more time and energy at training than did any of us, but many of them left their training behind when they left the field. Any old track coach will tell you that as many athletes are beaten by what they do off the training field as by what they do not do on it.

Having finished their day's exercise, our Continentals did not see why they should worry their souls any further for that day. Quite a few of them liked to step into some good wine shop on the way home. Now, a glass of beer or light wine does no lusty man any great harm, not even in light training, if he knows when to take it. If he has been brought up to wine or beer, a glass or two may even be good for him at times, but the trouble with our Continentals was that, once comfortably seated after a strenuous day, they hated to stop at a small glass or two.

There was Gouskous, the Greek weight thrower. Quite a man, Gouskous. I remember his height and weight: 1 meter 73 centimeters, and 100 kilograms; that is, 5 feet 8 inches, and 220 pounds. Such arms! Such legs! Such a chest! The Athenian populace did like to stand around and admire his physical proportions. After a session in the stadium it was the habit of Gouskous to stop in at a little café near Constitution Square. There he used to quench his thirst with a liter of wine (slightly more than a quart). Some days he would make it two.

I was never a stickler for too rigid training—I've seen too many young fellows go completely stale from abnormal repression. But two liters struck me as more than the regulation ration of wine for one man at one sitting; and, knowing Gouskous pretty well, I so hinted to him one day. He was puzzled.

"Less wine, my friend? But why? Wine is good, yes? Good wine is very good, yes? Can a man have too much of that which is good for him? And me —I am a large man: I require much nourishment. Two liters? What is two liters? I have friends who drink regularly two, three and four liters of an evening."

### Love Versus Wine

GOUSKOUS was a bluejacket who had been commandeered by his admiral to compete in the games. That he was a patriotic soul who would gladly have died for his country, I am sure, but to stint himself in the matter of food and drink—to practice a thing over and over laboriously until he could do it perfectly—that was too painful.

Rated by technique, which is largely the result of practice, he was surely the worst weight thrower in the world. A 7-foot run was allowed a man to gather impetus for his throw. Gouskous used to spurn the run. He would grab the weight, stand solidly on both feet and heave it—just heave it. And yet, even so, he took one second and one third place in those first games. A pity that some good American trainer hadn't got hold of him in time!

In that Olympic meet at Athens was a physician of Greek blood, a man of about thirty years, who had come from his home in Paris to compete in the Marathon race. I recall what a fine prospect I thought him. The race was from Marathon to Athens, and, there being no train service, such runners as wished to be in time for the start had to go to Marathon the night before or get up early on the morning of the race and drive 25 miles over the road in a horse cab.

My Greek doctor friend decided not to go to Marathon the night before. He went to the theatre instead. After the theatre he settled down in the lobby of our hotel for a good long talk fest.

Now, a man can sit up all night and turn out next day and run or hurdle or jump pretty well, but to run for 25 miles on end calls for more than a burst of high nervous energy, and so along about midnight I suggested to our doctor friend that he turn in. But he, the sociable soul, fearful of breaking up the party, sat there until three o'clock.

Next day in the stadium I looked for him as the runners came in. He finished pretty well and in such good condition that I asked him why he hadn't prepared himself better to make a real try to win. He answered that he had not expected to win; he did not care whether he won or lost; he was honoring himself by competing for the land of his ancestors in the great Olympic Games.

In that same Marathon was another Greek, Vassilakous; and in the trial race to determine (*Continued on page 41*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Yank by Any Name

By
CHESTER T. CROWELL

*Illustrated by*
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

*The little wop from Bleecker Street had a tough time understanding the difference between the New World and the Old*

A FIVE-TON truck roared and rattled as the driver slowly picked his way through crowded Bleecker Street, Manhattan, homeward bound in the chill autumn twilight after a day spent in delivering freight at the water front. Hovering close behind the big truck came a taxicab whose driver kept the machine figuratively crouched for the first chance to shoot ahead. Absent-mindedly watching all this commotion a boy, perhaps fifteen years of age, sat perched on a fire hydrant.

"Look," said the young woman in the taxicab, addressing her escort, "look at that boy. I wonder what he's doing here. He isn't an Italian."

Giuseppe Silvano looked at her and smiled. While he had not heard her words, he recognized the look and gestures so well that it was not necessary to hear in order to know what she said. Such remarks were no longer new to him. Blue eyes and curly blond hair, he had learned long ago in the public schools, always made people wonder how his name happened to be Giuseppe. Even his teachers translated the name and called him Joseph, while to the boys and girls he was Joe.

An opening appeared, and the taxicab leaped into it and disappeared. Joe had recognized the young woman and her escort as patrons of his father's restaurant, the Restaurant Liguria, named after a territorial division of Italy.

They were probably on their way to the restaurant at that very moment. Joe never went into the dining-room during meal hours, but he had often peeked through the curtains to watch his big brother, Enrico, wait on the customers.

A short, muscular young man, with wind-reddened cheeks and sparkling, expectant blue eyes, appeared in the doorway across the street. Joe disentangled himself from the fire hydrant and darted through the traffic.

"Hello, Tim," he said. "On duty tonight?"

"No."

"Then why the corduroy pants and the big gloves?"

"I'm not going out. And I'm too tired to change yet. Thought I'd drift into a movie. Come along?"

"Sure. I want to ask you something."

"All right, Joe, shoot." Tim was smiling because Joe nearly always wanted to ask questions.

"It's about this thing, this what you call spirit of America," Joe began. "I don't understand it exactly. The teacher says we must have it. How do you know when you've got it?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe"—and then Tim scratched his head—"it's like this: in the old country everything is like the old country while over here it's all different. It's like in this country. That's what she means."

"Yes, Tim, I know it's all different; I can see that by watching my mother and father. But what is this spirit of America? She says we have got to get the *spirit* of America too. The rest of it is easy; anybody can brush his teeth and shine his shoes and all that kind of stuff. I do all that. But what is it that is in your spirit and then you have got the Spirit of America? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, I see what you want. Well, you can get the idea from this: you know about the war that started in Europe last summer?"

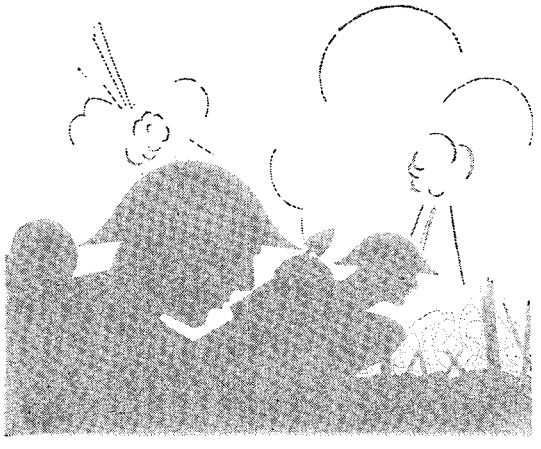
"Yes."

"You noticed how they all hopped in, frothing at the mouth?"

"Yes."

"WELL, that's the spirit of the old country, while in this country we would tell them to go chase themselves, take it down the alley, hire Madison Square Garden or some other place. We're busy."

"Yes, I know that, Tim. But there is a thing that is called the spirit of America that works all the time, war or no war."



Tim hitched his belt, cleared his throat, and took a new start: "Well, now, I'll tell you," he said, with woeful lack of originality, "it's like this: in the old country when two people are going to do anything they talk their heads off the first hundred years and then leave the job for their grandchildren; maybe they do it and maybe they don't. But mostly it's all talk, and finally they get in a row. But in this country when somebody is going to do something he goes to a contractor and says: 'How much will it cost?' And the contractor says: 'One million dollars.' And then he says: 'Is that all? Well, get started before midnight.' So the contractor goes out and herds up a gang of wops—"

Joe blushed and Tim stopped abruptly. Placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, he said: "I'm sorry, Joe. You don't look like one, and I never can remember. Now, be a good kid and let's forget it. You're all right, Joe. I don't give a damn what place you came from."

"I came from right here," Joe said, trying to choke his resentment. "I was born right around the corner upstairs over the restaurant. I guess I'm more American than you are, Tim. Isn't Sullivan an Irish name?"

"It may have been once upon a time, Joe," was the prompt reply, "but it's American now. There were Sullivans in George Washington's army."

"That's the way with you Irish," Joe countered, grinning. "You step off the boat one day and start calling Italians foreigners the next."

"Boat me eye!" Tim exclaimed. "Do you hear any accent in my talk?"

"No"—reluctantly.

"Well, the reason is that I was born

*Joe sat on the fire hydrant, watching all the commotion of Bleecker Street*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Pennsylvania. Near Pittsburgh. Get me, Joe? Near Pittsburgh. That's the kind of a foreigner I am."

They went to see a Wild West movie, and at ten o'clock decided to call it a day and go to bed. When they parted Joe watched Tim with vast admiration as he disappeared in the hallway leading to his room on the fourth floor.

Joe was very proud of this friendship, for not only had Tim reached the venerable age of twenty-three, but he was the owner of a motorcycle and had a job and lived all by himself. There was romance, too, in that job, though the nature of it was not very clear to Joe. Tim referred to himself as a "trouble-shooter." This mysterious term identified him in Joe's mind with the noble, chivalric cowboys of the films.

There was a telephone on the little table close to Tim's bed, and more than once he had been summoned in the dark, stormy hours of winter nights to leap into the saddle of his motorcycle and dash through the streets, making a noise that suggested to Joe the charge up San Juan Hill as gaudily pictured in an ancient book he owned.

The trouble that Tim "shot" had something to do with telephone or telegraph wires, or perhaps both. On his motorcycle he carried a grimy little box; in it Joe had seen wire cutters, pliers and spools of tape, but he liked to believe that it also contained bowie knives and deadly automatic pistols together with hundreds of rounds of cartridges. Tim was a very romantic figure to Joe and beyond question he had this thing that is called spirit of America. If only he would disclose it!

Arriving at his own home, Joe went first to the hydrant and filled a glass with water.

"How many times have I told you?" queried his father, Carlo Silvano. "Do you want to make yourself sick?"

Joe winked at his mother and grinned. Then he lifted the glass high and addressing his father said, "Salute!" before drinking.

Carlo grunted and resumed reading his paper. This was an ancient argument from which time had extracted all rancor, leaving only a private family joke. Being a native of Italy, Carlo knew that water is not a very safe drink. Doesn't it come out of the ground? Of course it does. And isn't the ground full of dirt? Of course.

Therefore a sane person with proper regard for the health of his family would make a proper wine—a wine with a low percentage of alcohol, and this he would dilute copiously with pure bottled water. Then one had a drink that was germless and palatable for child or man.

But a great many allowances were made for Joe because he was born in this country. For instance, other members of the family made no comment when he called a dollar a dollar instead of a dollaro. They noticed also that he seldom used the word "automobile," but spoke of well-known cars as though he had been personally introduced to them. It seemed to the family that there was sometimes a slight American accent in his Italian speech, but on the other hand they were pleased to know that his English was generally regarded as without accent of any kind.

Very often, too, they had occasion to be proud of Giuseppe. For instance, that day the school-teacher called and found the family eating an early dinner. Giovanni, the eldest son, who was a truck driver, and never seemed quite able to get all the grease off his arms, had to beat a hasty retreat. Papa Carlo had neglected to put on his shirt because he was going down into the restaurant kitchen in a few minutes, anyway.

*"The darn fool didn't run. He's out there in all that hell trouble-shooting"*

BUT Giuseppe was, as usual, entirely in order and handled the rôle of host to perfection. When Miss Simmons cut her spaghetti into one-inch lengths Giuseppe not only did the same but signaled his mother to do it also.

And so Giuseppe came off a hero. Nor was that the only time.

Being a hero, however, is not a comfortable rôle at best, and if one is far from sure that he has done anything heroic then its delights dwindle to approximately none at all. For instance, one day Joe received praise enough to turn the head of any boy merely because he had succeeded in putting through a long-distance telephone call without the slightest difficulty. His father regarded a mild stroke of apoplexy as a routine detail of long-distance calls.

THAT night Joe perched himself on the fire hydrant again, waiting for Tim and eager to ask questions.

"Well, Joe, what's on your mind now?" was Tim's greeting as the boy hurried across the street.

"Do you remember a long time ago," Joe began, "I asked you about this thing, this spirit of America?"

"Yes, Joe, I remember. Didn't I tell you all about it?"

"No, Tim. You told me some things about it, but not all. In school when the teacher asked I said, 'It is to love our great country and uphold her sacred honor.' And that was all right."

"Of course it was all right," Tim interrupted. "That's it exactly. You've got it, Joe. You see, you join the army. That's what it is."

"No, Tim. You don't join the army. That's what they do in the old country; they get pushed in. Anyway, there's no reason to join the army now. What I want to know is this: what is the spirit of America when you don't have to join the army? Look how it is with me. My mother and my father are Italians; they always will be no matter where they live. They are good citizens, I know, but they are Italians, and some day they will go back. They talk about it even now, and they say that probably they will never be able to go back, that everything they have is in this country, but I think differently. I think they will go back.

"Many of the old folks do go back. But I don't want to go back; I never have been there at all. And my brothers won't go back, unless maybe Giovanni. He is the oldest, you know, and remembers the old country. He says that if Italy should get into the war he would go back because he would think it was his duty. Enrico half agrees with him and is willing to look after the restaurant and send them money even if Mamma and Papa and Giovanni should all three go back. Enrico won't go, but still he half agrees with them. Mario, he is the one next to me, he feels as I do that we have nothing to do with the old country. Our home is here.

"I want to amount to something, Tim. As it is now, I'm half and half or maybe three fourths and one fourth. I want to go all the way. In June I graduate from high school; then I want a job. What kind of a job do I want, Tim? I don't know. Because I want to do something that is mixed up with this spirit of America, and I am not exactly sure what it is. Now do you understand?"

"Sure," Tim replied. "I get you, Joe. It's easy enough to understand about the spirit of America. Perfectly simple. Listen, now, and I'll put you wise. The big thing in this country is that the trains have got to go through, the wires must be kept open, business has got to go on. No matter whether it snows or rains or hails or freezes, business has got to go on. I know because that's my job. I'm a trouble-shooter. It's the greatest game ever invented. 'Wire down on No. 87,' says the chief, and if it isn't up in ten seconds there's hell to pay because President Wilson might be wanting to tell the rest of the world where to get off.

"Then there's milk trains—ever hear of babies starving to death in this country because the milk didn't come through? You bet your life you don't. Because why? Because it comes through, that's why. Well, that's the spirit of America. Up and at 'em, day and night, winter and summer. Never take 'no' for an answer and don't give up the ship. Get me?"

"I *knew* you could tell me!" Joe exclaimed. "So that's it!" And then after a moment spent in pondering the wonder of it he mused: "Of course that's it. That's how it is in peace time. In war, of course, any boob can see what it is. Well, that makes it simple. Tim, would there be any chance for me to get a job where I could learn trouble-shooting?"

"Sure. I'll take you to the chief whenever you're ready to go."

"That'll be the day after I graduate, Tim."

PAPA CARLO and Mamma Amelita had gone back across the Atlantic. They were now living in their native village not far from Genoa. Italy had entered the World War, and Giovanni Silvano had kept his (*Continued on page 26*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# It's a Gift

## By GRANTLAND RICE

*Most athletes are made. A few are born—and these are the royalty of sport. Here are three of the blue-bloods*

NOW and then a genius comes along in sport, and when he reports you can tell at one glance that a master has arrived. He has something more than mere technical skill, ability, courage, speed, power or form. He is one apart, born to greatness in a certain game, requiring little of the drudgery that most competitors have to endure before they battle their way to the peak.

Over twenty years ago the New York Yankees, under the leadership of Clark Griffith, added a ball player from the Pacific Coast to their staff. I saw him in one of his first games with the Yanks. After about two plays I realized, as everyone else did, that a genius had come along to overshadow stars who had built up fame through long experience.

In one of the early plays of the game, with a runner on second, someone attempted to sacrifice by pushing a bunt toward first. There was a streak from first, a one-handed pick-up, a perfect throw to third base—and the runner was nailed by a yard.

Only a Hal Chase could have made it in just that flash of class and style. One of the great stars of all time had reached the scene.

Lean, wiry, loose-jointed, apparently made of elastic, Chase had the most remarkable coördination of mind and muscle that baseball has ever known. He outthought most of his fellow players, and to the quickest sort of brain he added lightning motion in the way of execution. And this was all carried along with a dash and style that no ordinary mortal could hope to reach.

Even with certain deficiencies (apart from his ability as a ball player) that developed later, Chase is still named as the most brilliant first baseman that ever played. He was a ball-playing meteor for many years, and yet he was just as brilliant the day he landed as he was later on.

Chase had a quickness of hand that was uncanny. He could make the average sleight-of-hand expert look like a dummy. He could go after a ground ball over rough territory, and, as it took a sudden unexpected hop, scoop it up so that the play looked as simple and smooth as if the grounder had never left its path.

Chase is one sample of sporting genius. And there are only a few.

International

*Hal Chase, greatest baseball stylist, was great from the first*

### Genius Doesn't Wait on Time

I RECALL another. In the amateur golf championship of the United States, held at Merion in 1916, there was a 14-year-old-boy who hailed from Atlanta. His name was Bobby Jones. He was almost as round then as the ball with which he played, and his head wasn't very far from the turf.

*When Bobby Jones was but fourteen years old he had the swing of a master*

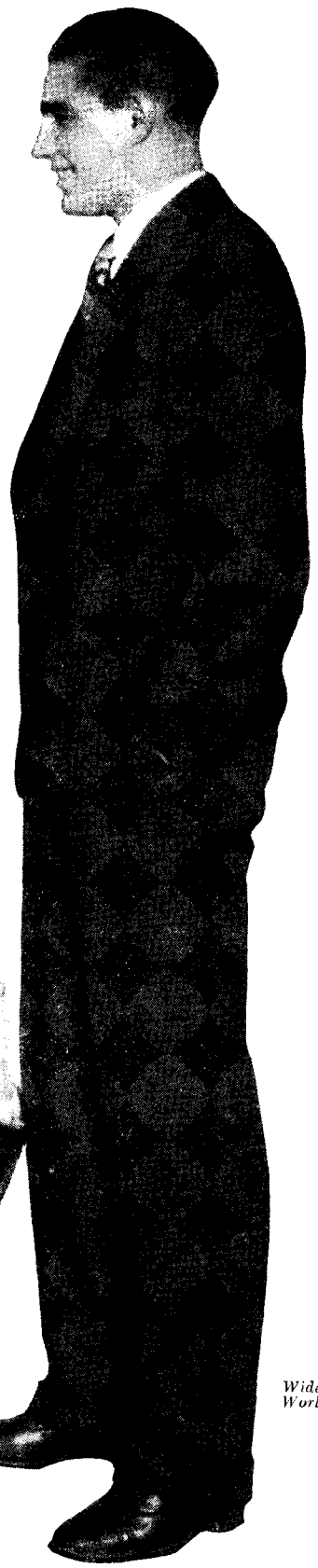
© Keystone

He had the swing of a master. There was no wasted effort, no kink of any sort, no lunging or lashing. Here was almost perfect smoothness, compact footwork, a splendid body turn, or pivot, every move not only correctly made but also accompanied by symmetry and rhythm which come only as a gift from destiny. Minus that indefinable knack, twenty years of hard practice could never have given Bobby Jones that beauty of rhythm which was even more remarkable than his scoring.

He was 2 up on Robert A. Gardner, then champion, at the end of 18 holes, and only four remarkable recovery shots in succession by Gardner that afternoon pulled him through.

At the age of 20 the same Jones had won seven national championships of the United States and Great Britain. Which shows how swiftly genius travels since it doesn't have to wait on the drudgery of the years.

It might be stated here that genius with all its power can't defy the rules of training, escape all drudgery, and still keep winning. It merely places its possessor out in front before his time.



Wide World

*Oosterbaan plays all kinds of ball (including football)*

### Bennie of the Triple Crown

ANOTHER athletic genius completed his college career a few weeks ago.

The opening game of the 1925 football season was 22 minutes along when a Michigan coach stopped in front of a group of substitutes. "You," he leveled a finger, "try left end."

The boy "tried." And how!

"Oosterbaan, the Muskegon high-school star," said a press association reports, "dumps the first play of his collegiate career three yards behind the line of scrimmage." There was something really prophetic in that "career."

Eight minutes later, when the first half ended, Big Bennie Oosterbaan had flashed brilliantly across the Michigan horizon of athletic luminaries. The first pass thrown him was high and far to one side. Bennie leaped with a hand outstretched. Then, to the amazement of everyone, he pulled the ball down and tucked it under his arm. After which, as his feet crashed against the ground, he stiff-armed a tackler into oblivion—and the stands went wild. Big Bennie was All-America from the first play.

When the 1925 season ended Bennie had scored more touchdowns than any halfback in the Western Conference, and every one of his scores came after a completed forward pass.

The following year he was marked for special attention from the enemy. But he continued his meteoric career, and except in the Navy game, in which he was watched every minute, he was the same old terror. And again he made the All-America. A year later (last fall) Oosterbaan was probably the outstanding national choice on all personal, private, semipublic and official All-America teams.

During Bennie's junior year in high school he played basketball with Muskegon and was picked as the All-America prep-school center. In his junior year in college he threw more field baskets than any other player in the Big Ten, and he was picked as All-Conference forward by the coaches and writers alike. This past winter he was more brilliant than ever, the dynamic cog in Michigan's offense.

When spring rolled around during Bennie's sophomore year he decided to try baseball, though he had played little before. Other stars can be developed in college, but few baseball players ever win a college letter who have not played steadily from boyhood. He finally broke into the line-up, playing right field and batting ninth. Next year Bennie improved rapidly: his extra base hits were a big part in Michigan's championship race. This year he was installed as the cleanup man in fourth place, and his terrific clouting has been a vital factor in giving Michigan another championship.

One afternoon he went into the box for a few innings. His showing was so good that he has since been used in several games as a pitcher. He lacks the finished grace of a major-league twirler, but has a blinding fast ball.

The outstanding football player of the year, the outstanding Big Ten basketball player of the year and one of the greatest in the nation, the outstanding slugger on a championship baseball team and a pitcher when needed, Oosterbaan ranks as one of the finest all-round athletes of all time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Lion's Skin

## By ELMER DAVIS

*Illustrated by* ARTHUR D. FULLER

*What would you do if you heard the most thrilling voice in all the world over the telephone and didn't know whose it was?*

*The waiters halted as they met his hysterically glowing eyes. "Try and stop me!" he cried*

THERE is an ancient tale about an ass who dressed himself in a lion's skin, but never could persuade anybody that he was anything except an ass. But if a curly wolf put on a lion's skin he might pass as a very creditable lion—a better one, perhaps, than the lion himself.

Ambrose Weir was vaguely aware of that, as he was vaguely aware of most human knowledge, but, like the rest of his information, for years it did him no good at all. Even after he became something of a lion himself—after Arthur Misrock induced him to write that Outline of Progress which became a best seller from Boston to San Diego—Ambrose never realized the value of a lion's skin till a certain April midday, when he reluctantly put aside the bulky volume he had been reading since breakfast and prepared to go up to the Ritz to lunch with Arthur Misrock. Misrock was not only his publisher but also his discoverer; Ambrose owed him all that he was; none the less he felt that life had been simpler before he ever met Arthur Misrock.

Before the mirror he brushed his untidy mane of graying hair, made an unsuccessful effort to straighten his shapeless black bow tie, put on his shapeless gray hat—and was arrested, his hand on the door knob, by the jangle of the telephone. Ambrose took off his hat with a grunt of relief. His name wasn't in the telephone directory; not half a dozen people knew his number.

BEYOND doubt this was Arthur Misrock calling off the engagement; as he took up the telephone he reflected happily that now he could have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk sent up from the corner delicatessen, and spend the rest of the day reading.

"Yes?" he said. Over the wire came a woman's voice, rich and silken.

"Hello!" He hadn't known that Misrock had a secretary or a switchboard girl with such a voice; he hadn't known there was such a voice in all the world. "Ambrose?" the voice inquired in lazy confidence, and he almost dropped the receiver. Of the few women he knew, none called him Ambrose; not even Maude Maitland called him that, yet.

"Who is this?" he demanded, and heard a ripple of fluty laughter.

"Who do you suppose, stupid?" Beneath her drawling softness he sensed a breathless buoyant lilt that made him uncomfortable as orchestral music made him uncomfortable. "It's Doris," she said.

"Doris who?" He couldn't remember a Doris since his school days.

"What?" she gasped. Then, in a rush of consternation, "Is this Chelsea 1414?"

"Yes," Ambrose admitted, wishing he were Murray Hill 8000.

"Ambrose Weir?" she persisted. And when he admitted that too—"Oh!" she sighed, infinitely relieved. Then, softly, "Please don't tease me, darling. Not after last night."

A rich red flush swarmed up Ambrose's neck and enveloped his entire countenance. Not in twenty years had a woman called him "darling."

"Look here!" he cried. "There's some mistake! I don't know anybody named Doris."

He paused; nothing came over the wire but a curiously disconcerting silence. "You must have the wrong Ambrose Weir," he explained. "There are four or five of us in New York; one drives a brewery truck, and one's an accountant, and—"

"The Ambrose Weir I mean is an author. He wrote a book called The Outline of Progress. Everybody's reading it."

"That's me," Ambrose admitted. "But I don't know—" But perhaps this was one of the girls he had known casually, and forgotten, in the old days when he worked in the offices of the Encyclopedia. "Doris who?" he demanded. "What's your other name?"

"What? Why, you make me feel—" The voice died away. After last night, she had said. Last night, as on most other nights of the past decade, Ambrose had been reading in the public library till the closing hour, after which he had gone to bed.

"See here!" he expostulated. "I don't understand—"

Over the wire came an unmistakable click; she had hung up.

When Arthur Misrock lunched, at the Ritz or anywhere else, it was an Event. At his appearance, slim and dark and dynamic, an electric thrill galvanized captains and waiters and the merest bus boys; they massed before him, bowing, and formed a guard of honor to escort him to his table.

The guard of honor lingered round the table while Misrock perused the card, selecting the rarest of hors d'œuvres, the most exacting of entrees, the costliest of desserts. Then—

"Well, Ambrose? The same for you?"

"I'll have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk," said Ambrose mildly. Arthur Misrock's face grew livid; he pounded the table.

"JUST like you!" he cried. "You make me sick! I take you to the Ritz, and you order milk and a ham sandwich! At the Ritz!"

"But I always lunch on a ham sandwich and a glass of milk," Ambrose Weir remonstrated. "I've done it for years."

"For years you had to. But you can't go on living this way now that you are a famous author. I won't have it!"

"I live the sort of life that suits me. Why not?"

"Because you could be a great man if you only knew how! But that is the way you do everything—with all the Ritz can offer, you choose a ham sandwich! I won't have it! Why, look at me, Ambrose; look at me!"

"I am looking at you," said Ambrose, "with intense admiration."

"Do you think I get admiration for nothing? I have built myself up, created the legend of Arthur Misrock, made myself a public personality, one of the features of New York—and why? Do you suppose it gives me any pleasure to be recognized by all the head waiters in town?"

"Yes," said Ambrose.

Misrock made that gesture of the averting arm by which the New Yorker expresses disgust too deep for words.

"No! I built myself up because it is good business, and so must you. Your first book is a crazy best seller; the next will go pretty well on momentum; but if you want to keep on selling we must build you up. The public doesn't care what an author writes; it wants personality. But how can I put over your personality? You won't lecture to women's clubs or talk over the radio; you never go to parties or night clubs or the opening of a play; you still live in that one-room apartment off in Chelsea, and you spend your evenings at the public library! Such an author!"

"You know I hate publicity, Arthur. But I had my picture taken—"

"AND we couldn't use it—because it looked like you! Nobody in the United States knows what the author of The Outline of Progress looks like, because I can't afford to have it known that I have an author who looks like that!"

"Well," said Ambrose, "that's the way I look. It can't be helped."

"Of course it can be helped! With decent clothes and a decent haircut—and if you had any life in you! But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your face is as flat and uneventful as Long Island before the realtors developed it! How old are you—thirty-eight? And have you ever punched a man's face or broken a woman's heart? . . . No, I thought not. How can I put over your personality!"

"You may be right," Ambrose conceded, "but it doesn't matter. I've made enough money out of this book, and I don't care whether the next one sells or not. I'm through with outlines. I'm going to write a real book now—something that's worthy of me." He flushed, perceiving that he had quoted Maude Maitland.

"SOMEBODY has been giving you bad advice," said Misrock. "I would not insult you by such a proposal. You keep on writing outlines, and I will make you a great man if you only give me a little help. Learn how to spend money; get some good clothes, and let people see you at night clubs or at the ringside in Madison Square Garden. Be a real author; debate with somebody at Carnegie Hall on capital punishment; give out interviews about what is the matter with the American wife. Move to the Ritz or the Brevoort or the Algonquin; at any rate, get out of that hole in the wall where nobody can ever find you—"

"Huh!" said Ambrose. "Somebody found me today—found my telephone number, at least. That was curious, Arthur."

But Misrock did not find the story at all curious.

"Of course!" he rasped. "Somebody has been impersonating you!"

"Me?" said Ambrose. "Impersonating me?"

"Why not? You are a famous author. Everybody knows your name, and nobody knows your face. It happens to plenty of authors, but usually a man who impersonates a New York author has to go to some place like Omaha to do it. You—you poor lump, they impersonate you right here in your home town, and nobody knows the difference!

"Well, before you go back to it this afternoon I am going to take you to a barber shop and then to my tailor. Some day you might meet your impersonator, and I wouldn't want him to be ashamed of you."

When Misrock left him Ambrose was a changed man and he knew it. His untidy hair, infrequently trimmed on Eighth Avenue, had made him look owlish and benevolent—a lion, perhaps, but a toy-shop lion. This Ritz haircut subtly transfigured his head into that of a ruthless executive who molded life to his inflexible purpose. Ambrose doubted if he could live up to the haircut; he knew he couldn't live up to the copious wardrobe Misrock had bullied him into ordering. Luckily Maude Maitland was used to his old clothes.

Ambrose had known her for years, and occasionally was invited by her and her mother to a home-cooked dinner which he appreciated. He hadn't noticed that the dinners were more frequent, the friendship more intimate, since his five-dollar book had become a best seller. He found Maude's conversation informative (she was an instructor in the Columbia Teachers College) and of late subtly flattering as well; and tonight, as he rode uptown on the bus, it suddenly occurred to him that she was pretty. Her bobbed black hair was none the less attractive for its candid touch of gray, and if her mouth drooped severely at the corners, her figure was really beautiful. . . . Ambrose blushed; he was not aware that he had ever consciously noticed her figure. But on this soft spring evening, amid the pairs of lovers on the bus top, it gave him a thrill to reflect that he was keeping an appointment with a pretty woman.

She and her mother greeted him with the flattering fuss that a feminine household makes over the infrequent male guest; parked in the one easy-chair of the living-dining-room, he felt more and more domesticated as he watched them setting the table—and then experienced a thrill of a less domestic sort as Maude took off her enveloping white apron and disclosed a red satin dress, modishly snug and brief. Even Ambrose could guess that she had bought it for the occasion; after dinner, when Mrs. Maitland excused herself to attend a university extension lecture, with the roguish air of one who leaves the young people alone together, he perceived that the occasion was likely to be decisive.

*A blow sent the other Ambrose plowing on his back halfway across the floor*

"Do light your pipe, Ambrose; I like the odor." She said it as naturally as if she'd always called him Ambrose. "I'll smoke a cigarette with you, even if it is against the rules of Teachers College." Evidently she felt that she wouldn't need to worry much longer about the rules of Teachers College. "How's the new book going?" she asked.

Ambrose smothered a sigh; not even this new intimacy could rid her voice of its metallic Middle-Western flatness. If only it were rich and silken, with a breathless, buoyant lilt beneath its caressing drawl—

"Not even started," he confessed. "I've got so much reading to do—"

"I suppose so." The corners of her mouth drooped a little farther. "Perhaps you'd get it done faster if you didn't waste so much time at night clubs and prize fights."

"Night clubs?" said Ambrose. "Prize fights?"

She smiled wryly. "I wasn't supposed to hear about that, was I? But it happens that some people I knew back home are in town, and you were pointed out to them at the ring-side in Madison Square Garden and dancing at the Green Macaw."

NOW he understood; in hasty consternation he tried to explain, but that flat metallic voice drowned him out:

"You know that sort of thing isn't worthy of you, Ambrose! You felt a little guilty, didn't you? That was why you didn't tell me." Her smile tried to be arch, but it was a schoolteacher's archness. "Confess, now!"

Ambrose felt a slight chill; this was a little early to expect him to begin confessing.

"I didn't think you'd be interested," he said dryly.

"Well, *I* thought you and I were interested in the same things! I thought you were one man money wouldn't spoil! But of course if that's the sort of thing you care for—being seen buying champagne for red-headed women—"

"Look here, Maude, an author has to get around." Ambrose heard himself with astonishment; it was a moment before his slow-moving conscious mind caught up with the watchful instinct that had realized that he must speak now or forever after hold his peace. "He has to have a personality—you know; a public personality; a legend. He has to be seen at night clubs and prize fights; he ought to debate about capital punishment and give out interviews about what's the matter with the American wife." He paused; there was something pathetic in her scandalized horror. "We haven't been getting around enough, Maude—either of us. Why don't you let me take you to a night club some evening? We—you might like it."

The corners of her mouth drooped farther. "I'm sure I shouldn't care for it at all."

"Well, then, let's see a play on the opening night—"

"I'd rather wait and see if the critics think it's worth while. Really, Ambrose, all this is childish for a man like you. I want you to do things that are worthy of you!"

SHE was flushed and tense; he was ashamed of himself for noticing that emotion made her voice more metallic than ever.

"How does either of us know what's worthy of us?" he asked. "We haven't tried half the things there are. We've led a dull life because we had to; but now we might at least take a look at some other kinds of life—"

"I don't see the necessity," said Maude primly. "We know what we ought to do, and there's no reason why we should do anything else."

"In that case," said Ambrose, rising, "I'd better go back and do some more reading for that book."

He came home to find a letter under his door.

*Ambrose darling:*

I don't know whether there's been some awful mixup or whether I've just been a fool. Was that really you I got on the phone this morning? I know I promised never to call up at your studio and interrupt your work, but when they told me at the hotel this morning that you'd checked out I was sure you'd gone to the studio, so I called up a girl I know who works for the telephone company, and she got your number. She could be fired for that, I suppose; but don't be angry at her—or at me. For after last night—

Did you mean it, Ambrose? I know all sorts of women must throw themselves at you—you're so good-looking and famous and rich, and everything—and I'm nobody in particular even if I am a little better than my job. And of course I was thrilled when a man like you noticed me—but it wasn't just that, Ambrose, and it wasn't the champagne either. And I was sure last night that what you said to me wasn't just the line you keep for red-headed girls who dance pretty well; I thought you meant it.

I'll be waiting by the phone all evening.

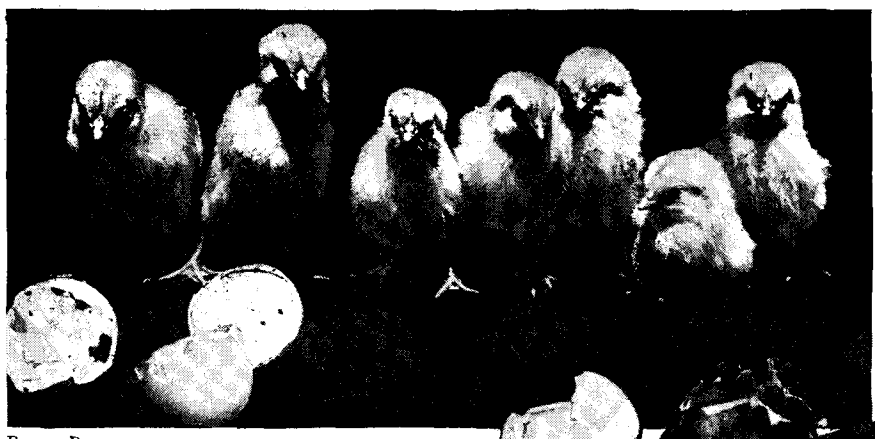
DORIS.

Ambrose (*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 'Fore and After

*The most astounding things come from such little beginnings. Here's a group of acorns, you might say, and the resultant oaks*



Brown Bros.

*Left: Well, what's the use anyway? Grow up and you lend yourself most elegantly to frying; stay an egg and you land on the other platter. And if there's anything in facial expressions, those chickens, aloft there, are keenly conscious of the Futility of It All*

Brown Bros.

*Above: Well, here's one youngster to whom they can't pass on Popper's hand-me-downs. You needn't fear a collision between father (on the right) and his mighty son because Son will have roared by long before his predecessor will have lumbered to the cross-over*

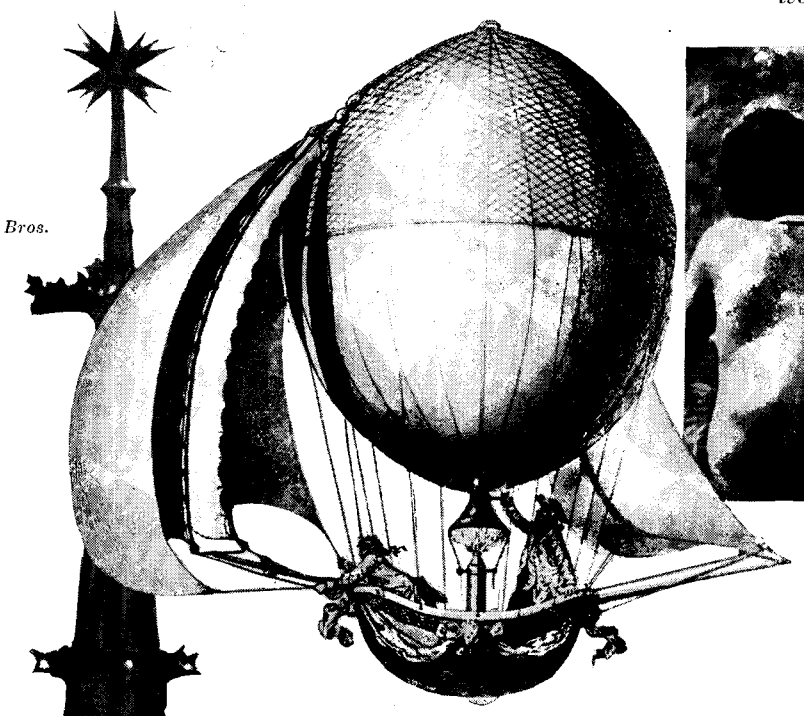
*Left: The humble start and the entrancing finish. These worms and their little brothers and sisters turned—incredible though it may seem—into the gossamer negligee which serves only to enhance the charms of Dorothy Mackaill (extreme left)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Even a baby gorilla is nothing to rassle with. But when it's grown to full-size, like the big one in the picture—well, the native wouldn't be there now if the rifle hadn't already done its work efficiently*

*Brown Bros. and Pathe, from Keystone*

*Brown Bros.*



*Above: Come, Josephine, in my flying machine, as the song suggested. But if you hop off in the stately dirigible which was snapped atop Cologne your chances are better than if the lads who devised this earlier model had been able to carry out their plans and take you aloft in their aërial schooner*

*From an old print*

*Below: And here we see what little skaters grow up into. You start in putting on a lady's skates and, pouf! Father Time gets in his work and before you know it you're grown up into a silver-bladed star, whirling her around the ice*

*Canadian Pacific*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Dancer of San Jorge

*What had Fate in store for the three men who loved the silent and inscrutable Marya*

*Illustrated by* JULES GOTLIEB

LITTLE GREUDNER, who owned the Café Maximilian, was the only one who knew her history, her real name. All that the town knew was that she chose to call herself Marya, which was not Spanish and was not Indian, and that she had come down one windy day from the great gray mountains behind the coast, walking barefooted, bare-headed, wrapped in the rough shawl of an Indian girl. That was all, really, that the town cared, for never in the somewhat glamorous history of San Jorge had there been another such as she.

Greudner, awakened from his siesta in the deserted café, realized that when she stood before him, and listened patiently. Greudner knew beauty when he saw it; he had held the orchestral baton in the Café Franz Josef in Vienna before the absinthe eclipses had become too common. Staring now, the sleep left him like sun-drawn fog. Here was beauty, he told himself—dusty, barefoot—but, beauty.

"So," he asked in his careful Spanish, "you would dance—here?"

He found his violin, tuned it, rose to light a great swinging kerosene lamp overhead. He took a chair from one of the tables, arranged his fat little body, placed the violin under his chin. Eyes on her, standing still and silent before him, he began to play one of Brahms' gypsy dances.

Greudner loved his violin almost as well as he did absinthe; the music filled the long, low room, sent resurgent waves back and forth: waves that caught at the throat, the brain. Then, slowly, she began to dance.

It was without regular rhythm or cadence, that dance. But Greudner, playing as he had not played for long, hopeless years, was caught up in the wild glory of it, forgot for a moment that the girl before him danced barefoot, in the shawl of an Indian girl, on the dusty floor of a second-rate café in a second-rate South American seaport. He felt only the majestic power he possessed over his violin, and the power that music had over this tawny, golden one who danced as if, somehow, she were a part of that music—had caught it up into herself, only to release it through her fingers, her feet, her thin, glorious body.

CURIOUS fingers were plucking at the slats of the window jalousies; all of San Jorge that was within hearing distance stood at the doors and windows of the café, breathless, bemused, as if a great and incomprehensible spell had been laid upon it. Greudner, emerging for a moment from his ecstasy, saw those at the doors and windows: was brought back abruptly to dusty San Jorge, to the Café Maximilian. He lifted the bow, put down the violin, ran to the front of the place, screaming curses in German, in French, in Spanish. Reluctantly they left, awakening the drowsing plaza with their shouts, their wondering gabble.

When he turned back from the door she was standing motionless again in the middle of the place, like some finely wrought statue by a forgotten master. There was great humility in the little man's voice when he spoke, a queer, dry tenseness still about his throat.

Unwillingly—for he did not yet wish to destroy the illusion that had been his while he played—he talked to her of money, clothes, a place for her to stay. She was from the mountains; knew only of the world by hearsay; she did not know, she answered, talking slowly in the strange dialect of the mountain people.

Greudner pulled nervously at his jacket hem; swung around before he could make reply. In the door at the rear of the café stood his wife—she who had been Lili Kranya of the Café Franz Josef in Vienna. Swiftly, talking in German, he pointed to the motionless dancer, to his violin, to the windows, where again the curious crowd had gathered.

The thin little woman came forward, shrewd eyes on the dancer, on her voluble husband. Greudner fell silent; his wife was studying the dancer as she would study a cameo, a piece of silk.

*There was a strange bond between the men . . . perhaps it was because of the hopelessness of their passion*

Then abruptly she took the dancer's hand, led her from the café to the living quarters above. Greudner stood gaping for a moment—went at last behind the bar, burrowed there, emerged with a small sack of gold.

They would need fine clothes for this dancer. . . .

Of those that came crowding into the Café Maximilian that night there were three who fell at once in love with the dancer.

Macgregor, the Scotch mining engineer, who had come down from the mountains on his monthly pilgrimage for mail, for a glass of bad Italian champagne, for a touch of San Jorge's doubtful civilization, but not to fall in love.

Raefel Biguarra, the old matador, who waited for the fiesta of Santa Isabel and the bull fight which was to restore his fortunes; who fell in love with a degree of conscious purpose; this tawny one would erase the dull monotony of San Jorge days.

Adams, master and owner of the four-masted American bark loading in the harbor, was like the young Scotchman: love was a new and terrible drug, something which possessed him wholly—would forever destroy the peace of his days, of his nights. . . .

The three knew each other; sat at the same table. Adams was taking north a cargo of bullion from Macgregor's mine; Macgregor had introduced Biguarra to the tall American captain. They sat now wordlessly, all three staring at their wine. Twice they had seen her dance; in a moment she was to dance again. Greudner's violin brushed softly at the first bar of a tango, caught it up, lifted it pulsatingly to thin crescendo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# By ROBERT CARSE

With the quick, fierce upleap of the music she began to dance. Small silver slippers—the only pair in all San Jorge—made sinuous flame across the dark floor. The new, deep skirt swung, hesitated, swept madly, the silk making a sound like wind through leaves. Tightly about her she clasped the great silver-bordered mantilla, about her thin hips, her tight-bodiced breasts, the arch of her long, narrow throat.

Her head she held a little back, thin red lips a bit open, dark eyes almost closed, dark fringe of her untouched hair swaying at the golden grace of her shoulders as she stamped, pirouetted, swept and whirled in the mazes of the tango. No deep breathing seemed to trouble those lips, no step of the dance to mar the great calmness of her face; it was her body alone that she gave to the music: her body which answered so completely the high, thin command of the violin. . . .

When it was done, she took one hand from the mantilla, raised it briefly to them, sitting breathless with the wild glory of her dancing, then went slowly out through the rear door, where Lili Greudner waited for her, bemused by the memories of her Vienna, when she had danced to the command of that same violin, and men had watched her as they had just now watched this cold dark girl, a look of wonder and of painful longing in their eyes. . . .

The three men at the inner table took their eyes from the closing door, looked with covert curiousness at one another. Biguarra, the old matador, jerked a tattered lace handkerchief from his cuff, wiped his heavy lips, raised his glass.

"HER name is Marya; old Greudner told me," he said musingly, more to himself than to the other two. They looked at him, raised their glasses also.

"To her—" said Macgregor huskily.

"To her—to Marya," echoed the American.

Solemnly, with a sudden sense of what showed in all their eyes, they drank.

In the nights that followed those three men were almost always together at the same table. Between them was their common bond: their love for this dancer who had never even smiled or glanced upon any of them. Strangely, among those three there was no sense of jealousy or rivalry; why, they did not know. . . . Perhaps, they told themselves singly, it was because of the hopelessness of their passion. . . .

MACGREGOR expanded his monthly visit into a week, was forced finally to return to his work at the mine. But a week later he came riding down the mountain trails again, his treasured bagpipes slung over his shoulder, a fierce light of hunger in his eyes.

That night, after she had danced her final number and Greudner had put away his violin, the three went out together into the moon-white plaza and stood there for a moment, smoking, revisioning the loveliness that they had witnessed.

Then old Biguarra, whom the cold night air made stiff in the joints, bade the others good night and stumped away across the plaza. Adams, the American, brushed out his cigar butt, turned to the slim Scotchman.

"Come aboard for a drink?"

"Thank ye, no, Captain. . . . I'm goin' back to th' mine tonight; I've been a wee bit neglectful o' my work lately."

The tense lines about the Scotchman's eyes and mouth set for a moment in a brief, grim smile.

"Aye." The big captain nodded. "Good night, then, Mac." Moved by some impulse he did not fully understand, he held out his hand. "And good luck to you."

The Scotchman's fingers bent in the other's grasp.

"Thank ye, Captain. Mañana."

"Mañana, señor."

Abruptly the captain moved off across the plaza, his figure sprawling bulky black shadow ahead of him. Macgregor watched him go, nursing his bruised fingers abstractedly. At last he too stepped out from the shadow into the moonlight and cut rapidly across to the inn stable where he had left his white mare.

There was a smoky lantern outside the stable door. Macgregor took it up; went on into the warm stable. His white mare looked up and whinnied as she smelled him and he stopped to stroke her neck for a moment, then went on to the corner where he had hidden his bagpipes. Outside the stable again he put down the lantern, settled the pipes in place.

Then for quite a while he stood there against the wall of the stable, lost in reverie. Through his brain ran visions of the other Macgregors of that fierce, lost clan who had wooed with these old pipes as he was about to now—a proud, great clan, the Macgregors—although the English had taken their name from them—driven them from Scotland as a man would drive a loathsome snake. . . . And here he was, Ian Macgregor, one of the last of them, about to use the precious pipes to woo a girl who might be— He did not even know her name. Just—Marya. He repeated it, made a prayer out of it, the pipes under his arm, his eyes upon the moon-bathed cupola of the town cathedral. At last he laughed gently to himself in mockery and went ahead. A Scotchman loved and fought where he saw fit; he was a Macgregor: a Scotchman.

THE balcony of her room above the café laid black bars of shadow on the moon-silver in the plaza. At the edge of that shadow he stopped.

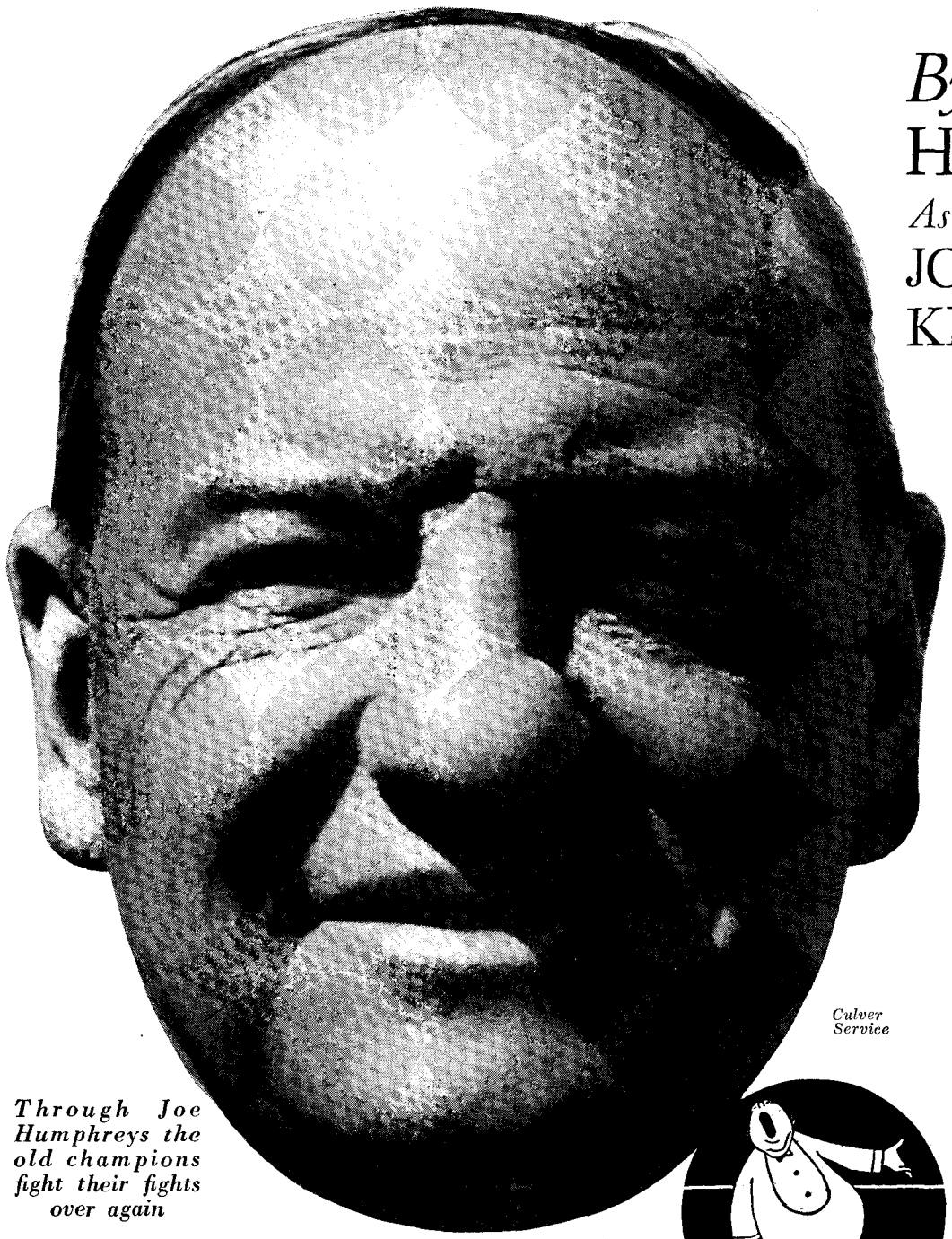
"Marya!" he called softly, looking up toward the tall window. "Marya!" And again, after he had waited a bit: "Marya!"

The bags grew taut under his arm. Keen, white face uplifted to the window, he began to pipe. . . . As other Macgregors had piped for the ones they loved—as they had piped at Culloden, at Delhi, Lucknow, in the wilderness of the American forest, when they wore the red coats of the English king and fought against the French, whom they hated more than the English. . . .

It was like the sound of a spring brook through green meadow, like the keening of a bereft woman, like the wind over white surf. . . . And through it all, his wild longing for her, who had never spoken to him, looked upon him. . . . It rose, fell, haunted the dark corners of the plaza with its clear shrilling. Into it he put his longing, his need, for her—for a woman to rest him in his pain . . . he who was a wanderer of the far places of the earth. . . . It was a hymn, a battle cry, a lament, a love song. . . . The window opened, jalousies clacked. She stood on the little balcony, imprisoned from him by the shadow, but there. . . . (*Cont'd on page 42*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Thousand and One Fights



Culver Service

*Through Joe Humphreys the old champions fight their fights over again*

*By* JOE HUMPHREYS
*As told to* JOHN B. KENNEDY

**Quiet, please, quiet! In this corner the world's champion pugilistic announcer. Weight, 185 and a hawff. Opponent: Kid Memory.**

IN THE still watches of the night a one-horse hack toiled along the shore road near Bridgeport. A lone gas street lamp flickered on the outline of a whiskered and bulky figure on the rider's seat, likewise on a whiskered and bulkier figure lolling in slumber in the rear. Slowly the carriage munched through the mud around a bend where oily water lapped the road bank. It creaked to a halt outside a slumbering road house. The driver clambered down and awoke his fare by prodding his ribs with the whip butt.

"Here y'are," he cried.

The big man toiled heavily from the hack. With blinking eyes he caught a glimpse of the grayish water and of the road house, then lumbered around.

The driver tugged at his coat.

"Three dollars, mister!" he bawled.

The words were magic. They galvanized Mr. John L. Sullivan from a drowsy hulk into a man of action. He seized the cab driver, held him aloft, carried him to the water's edge and flung him afar.

"Swim for your three bucks!" he snorted.

Without a glance at his spluttering victim, Mr. Sullivan trudged to the road house. It so happened that he took the back entrance, which breach of etiquette meant little to Mr. Sullivan. He clambered up kitchen stairs, and when a rear door resisted whacked it open.

Rattling through an outhouse pantry, he stumbled into an interior room, darkened, through which droned the breathing of a deep sleeper.

### John L. Sullivan Explodes

THE sleeper was Annie, road-house retainer, smitten in youth by a fever that robbed her of all hair. By night she hung her maroon-colored wig on a nail above her bed. Mr. Sullivan groped about; his heavy hand felt something round and smooth. He gripped a neck:

"Get up, you bald-headed bum!" he roared. "Tell Terry John Sullivan's here."

Screaming, the lady left the room, hurrying down the highway to join the amazed hack driver in cries for the police.

Mr. Sullivan was probably as much surprised as Annie. He had not expected a bald lady to be occupying by night the kitchen of Terry McGovern's training quarters. He bellowed disapproval, and from interior depths came a shrill response. The woman who owned the road house also owned a husband named John, who shared Mr. Sullivan's zest for occasional sprees.

"John!" she rebuked. "You're a disgrace!"

Mr. Sullivan shouted a retort. At the sound of his booming voice that lady likewise fled. John L. lurched into a dining-room, pushing trivial obstacles like box pianos and sofas from his path. Jimmy Kane, Terry McGovern's trainer, appeared in the doorway.

"Beat it," he ordered, "or I'll toss you out."

"Who'll toss who?" countered Mr. Sullivan, rolling ominously at the trainer. "Tell Terry John L.'s here!"

Mr. Kane vanished through a ground-floor window, singing as he went, "You've got to be a bird to catch me, Sullivan." After which he climbed a tree and remained there, yelling for help.

At this point Terry McGovern, the world's featherweight champion, awoke and aroused me, where I slept in the room next to his, being his manager for Sam Harris, and supervising his training for his fight with Young Corbett.

We stood for a while in our pajamas, listening to rumbles and roars from below. The moment I recognized Sullivan's voice I knew we were in for an exciting time.

"It sounds like an earthquake," I told Terry.

"Two earthquakes," said Terry.

We crept downstairs. Sullivan was on the rampage. It was no healthy spot for any man. We ducked as a chair flew through an open doorway.

"John Sullivan, quit the racket," said Terry, in that quick, clipped way he had of speaking.

Sullivan stopped cursing, and a lull gave me a chance to light the gas in the hallway. Then we could see John L. He looked like an infuriated walrus.

"Is that you, Terry, me boy?" he boomed, lumbering toward the featherweight champ. "Where've they been hiding you?"

He pulled Terry into his arms and hugged him. I made bold to advise him to go to bed, and in a strange silence he carried Terry McGovern upstairs in his arms. We were passing Terry's bedroom when a scratching and spitting aroused Sullivan from a walking coma.

"What's that?" he snapped.

"Only a pet," Terry explained to humor him. "I boxed in Florida two weeks ago—and the lads sent me a wild cat in a cage."

I could tell Sullivan was interested.

"Wild cat!" he echoed. "Let's see how wild he is."

### The Cat Could Curse Too

BEFORE we could stop him John L. had staggered to the corner of the room where the cage was. He picked it up in his huge hands, and scowled through the bars at the bristling beast.

"Wild, are you?" he taunted. "Come out of that, and I'll tame ye."

The cat seemed just as eager to make it a party. He spat and clawed, and his eyes darted fire. I was nearest to the door, but I could see it all.

"For Heaven's sake," Terry pleaded, "don't let that thing loose, John!"

From outside came Jimmy Kane's yells from the tree top. It was a pleasant party. Enraged at his inability to open the cage, Sullivan loosed a torrent of curses, to each of which the cat promptly replied. Then, disgusted, he reeled to a window and chucked the cat and his container into the outer darkness, (*Continued on page 46*)

*Albert Davis Collection*

***Great pals: Terrible Terry McGovern and John L.***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A high-stepping, flashy-gowned blonde swaggered past the Hermit*

# Fancy Brains

## By HOWARD McLELLAN

*Illustrated by* NANCY FAY

*The true story of high, sly and shady finance in a certain kind of business*

AT NOON the day the newspapers began howling at the police to go out and get the Baby Hermit, he was led into Inspector Coghlan's office by "Groggy" Raftis of the Gangster Squad. Raftis' heavy-soled number tens came flopping down the tiled floor at Headquarters beating a triumphant bass accompaniment to the light, mincing steps of the young bandit shod in patent leathers with suède tops and pearl buttons.

Raftis opened the door to Coghlan's office and pushed the Baby Hermit in ahead of him. The inspector looked up. Raftis motioned to a chair, and the Hermit walked jauntily over and dumped himself into it.

"Here's the sheik that's been knocking over those chain stores and jewelry shops all over town," said Raftis. "Twenty-two years old but hard as rocks. Got one sure job we can stick him for and maybe ten or a dozen more."

"Lone wolf?" the inspector inquired.

"Baby Hermit—that suits him to a fare-you-well," the detective replied. "Him and his gun make up the party."

Turning to the Hermit he added:

"Now, kid, speak your piece to the inspector. He'll be glad to hear it."

Raftis left.

LATE in the afternoon Raftis ran into Mack Mitchell, who covered Headquarters for the evening newspaper that had been pounding the department hardest for action on the series of hold-ups crowded into one week by a lone kid bandit.

"Pretty work," Mitchell grinned. "Nice clean-up. After that we had to quit pounding you fellows. Our final extra certainly pats you on the back."

"And I suppose you made a regular Sherlock outa me," Raftis added.

"Why not?" Mitchell went on. "You nabbed this kid before the ink was dry on our morning editions."

"Lord, man," Raftis exclaimed, "when a man's been on the force fifteen years he oughta pick up a few tricks of his trade using what brains God give him. I mighta been a postman. I'da picked up the tricks of that trade just the same. If you're not a hundred per cent dumb you gotta learn something. You lay your wires to get news, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," Mitchell agreed.

"I lay mine too," said Raftis. "I plant 'em along Easy Money Street. These thieves, you know, has habits. In fifteen years you get wise to some of them. They got to have a place to spend their easy—" He checked himself, camouflaging the sudden break in his speech with a hearty laugh. Why tell the world about his own little system when he had a long way yet to climb to reach a cushy job in the department and good pinches were the stepping-stones?

Now what he would have explained to the reporter, had not discretion squelched his simple vanity, was this:

Somewhere in this wide, wide world crooks have to find places to spend their easy money. When they steal other people's goods they must find places where it can be turned into coin of the realm. A crook tonight will steal more money than most honest men make in a year, in many years, and tomorrow it's gone. Where does all their easy money disappear to?

The Baby Hermit had found a place where he could accomplish two things: turn hot goods into spot cash and spend his easy money fast.

IT WAS a barricaded room in the rear of Cash-and-Carry Fedman's West Side Social Club, where he ran a stuss game, two poker lay-outs and reserved for his own deft hands the pleasure of spinning the little pill around a gayly colored roulette wheel.

A power in politics Cash-and-Carry must have been, for the police never raided his joint. It was a cozy Utopia in a dizzy underworld, warm, congenial, safe, where the accouterments of Lady Luck jingled an easy money tune. It was a safer hide-away, naturally, than any other in the section. Fedman had Class A protection. Moreover, there were fancy brains under Fedman's sleek black hair and nothing adds more to the professional stature of a bandit than to be accepted by, and be on intimate speaking terms with, a man of Cash-and-Carry's caliber and standing.

ON a Monday morning just before the company collector drove up to gather the Saturday takings, the Baby Hermit had dashed in upon a lone clerk in a chain grocery store and beat the collector to it. This put the Hermit three hundred dollars to the good. He hurried back to Cash-and-Carry's and, within an hour, went broke at the wheel. He took a chair in the corner and pondered where the next bankroll would come from.

The flash came to him. He jumped up and went over to Cash-and-Carry.

"Handle hot stuff?" the Hermit asked.

"Depends 'n what it is—new jewelry, yes—but nothing else."

"Swell—I'll be back." And the Hermit danced out of the place.

A gambler who was also a fence! Gee, what big-time stuff! The Hermit was tickled. This two-in-one convenience opened up new possibilities.

He found a jeweler alone at his work bench, walked in and put the bee on him and departed with a pocketful of bracelets, wrist watches and diamond rings. In fifteen minutes he was back again at the wheel standing on the selfsame spot that Lady Luck had dusted specially for him with her magic brush.

"Give me the best you can on that stuff," he said to Fedman, dumping his mixed cargo on (*Continued on page 56*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Prince of Escape

By

*"Vanishing Valdez," in seclusion, acquires a resourceful professional partner*

*Illustrated by* HARRY BURNE

***The gay English sports laughed at the bulrush-and-stocking trick; they applauded the river buskers again, and Quinta's stocking foot grew knobby with coins***

## *The Story Thus Far:*

VALDEZ, son of a fortune teller, had become a disappearing artist and handcuff expert. Ann Wrex, woman reporter, visits him at the theatre in London. He speaks to her with extraordinary frankness, and even confesses that he is disguised, while performing, to avoid recognition outside. After she leaves a Mr. Niklaus, secretary of Sir Helios Cordato, mystery millionaire and the man who has suddenly gained control of British radio broadcasting, is ushered in.

Sir Mannister Hope before he died had made phenomenal radio discoveries, but his daughter Brenda would not make them public because people scoffed at her father's belief in Deep Sleep. To prove him right she gives performances in a London theatre, passes off into this Deep Sleep and answers any questions asked.

Niklaus suggests that Valdez not only escape from his box tonight but from the theatre, and that he stay away till he has discovered Brenda Hope's secret. Valdez accepts, and entirely disappears.

HYDE PARK stretched its mile of dark peace behind tall railings. All about it London's daytime roar, like the growl of a caged beast, was dying off into the brief quiet of the smallest house. There was that strange sense of deep night, with the Albert Hall hulking impressive ugliness against faint stars. Packed into a corner of one of its galleries, Valdez, with several thousand others, waited for the Lady of Sleep.

Purple velvet curtains hid the platform. Four twenty-foot candles flared in great bronze standards, with all the stage front buried under a deep snow of sealed envelopes. Those were the questions sent in from all the country, and from colonies scattered beyond the seas as well. But of that heap some fifty would be picked at random; picked to be answered by a girl still hidden behind those velvet folds.

Deep Sleep. . . . All he could imagine was some sort of supertrance. Well, there was something to that. People used to say his mother's fortunes came true. This Brenda Hope at least had enough to upset a British prime minister and to send the next-to-almighty Aërial Syndicate asking aid from a mere vaudeville performer known as Valdez.

Brenda Hope, sunk in her Deep Sleep behind those curtains; Valdez, squeezed among people's shoulders in the shadows of this gallery. In all London just then they were perhaps the only two who could draw such crowds. As that fellow Niklaus had said, with his puffs of insolent smoke, she went "over the edge"—Valdez too, a bit.

The organ hummed softly, like a million musical bees. Sheaves of colored rays stabbed upward into the darkness. Then a muted golden glow focused on a curved, carved couch which might once have upborne some Eastern queen.

An ermine robe flung across slim limbs; one arm gleaming whitely the hand curled in utter relaxation. A velvet canopy shielded her face from the lights; there was only a glimpse of dark hair upon a satin pillow, with a sheen of pearls woven through it.

Lady Wallingford's voice came up like the throb of a trained cello:

"Dear people, permit me to welcome you in the name of Miss Hope. As you know, these public, freely given séances are the tribute she pays to the memory of her late father, Sir Mannister Hope, former president of the Royal Society, and once acclaimed as England's foremost scientist . . . a man who, in his search for truth, abandoned all his worldly triumphs and sought spiritual light in India. . . . It is to prove the truth of his claims of the mysteries of Deep Sleep that Miss Hope receives you tonight. . . . First of all the sage Swami Krishnaram will speak."

A white-robed figure, a flash of strangely brilliant eyes, a swelling chant of "Om . . . Om . . . Om," followed by sentences even more mystic!

"THOSE watchers by the pulse of Nature, our great material scientists, tell us that this material universe, like an outworn watch, is slowly running down. They say that our sun is dying year by year, and that most of our stars are already extinct. Dead worlds, revolving without life or light amid the terrible zeroes of space! . . . The masters tell ye even more than that. Their warning has gone forth that this creation is nearing its end; that there approaches the implacable Night of Brahm in which, like some vanished dream, all will be folded back into nothingness. . . .

"No face, either human or divine, will be left to gaze across the Great Abyss. . . ."

Those words brought a chill with them; one could feel the whole place quiver in a common shudder. Then the man spoke again:

"But in all ages there have been those able to pierce this dazzling veil of the senses, and to reach even back beyond that mysterious Deep Sleep, that dread womb of Black Light, in which Mava, the Great Mother of all, broods on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CHARLES SAXBY

*As Quinta sang, Valdez thrust up to the deck of the houseboat one of her silk stockings tied to a long bulrush*

worlds which are and are to come. Those who so reach can be guides to us all, and such an one now lies before you—"

One could feel the relief all through that hall. Then came a soft cry of alarm.

Lady Wallingford, standing by that couch, bent suddenly over it. One could see the statuesque calm of her face crack in swift alarm. Her hand gestured a signal, and the golden light went out. The next moment the countess stood at the Hindu's side, with only the flicker of those towering candles on the curtains quickly closing behind her.

"Dear people—"

That voice was shaken now, its tones all appeal:

"KEEP still and silent, I beg of you. There is always danger to our dear Miss Hope in these public séances . . . dangers of which you cannot even dream. The slightest noise might have even fatal consequences for her. Please sit quite still until the lights come on. And then—oh, if you love and wish her well—please go."

That woman had a genius of command; her words, her outstretched hands were holding the whole packed place in a breathless hush. Then flashed-on lights showed an empty stage, and the hall hummed with departure.

The drama had gone back behind the gilded organ pipes; a drama in which a sleeping girl was playing a helpless part. That Niklaus man had breathed large promises to one who would penetrate to where Brenda Hope lay in trance. Valdez knew he could pass unseen through one of those musician's entrances behind the curtains. He knew also that he was going to, but not for the sake of any Aërial Syndicate. He was going because—

Oh, that girl was like himself: strangely alone even in the midst of the thousands who thronged to see her.

A lighted doorway showed the red velvet sofas of an obvious greenroom. Opposite it another door gaped darkly empty, and he melted through it.

He hadn't meant to spy and listen, but there was no help for it now. "Escape from escaping"—and here he was again in something of a trap, for that greenroom was peopled. There was Lady Wallingford; the swami, darkly ascetic in his white robes; and a tall man, in evening dress, with a face like one of Max Beerbohm's caricatures. Krishnaram addressed him as Lord Mallaby; the countess threw him a curt, "Hello, Boots."

He spoke in an offhand humor: "Great Heavens, Jane, what made you ring down your curtain like that? Little gal having heart failure, or something?"

"As far as I know," the woman told him, "the girl is in her usual health. She's in another room with a couple of maids watching her until she wakes.

"I stopped the séance because of a warning."

"Who sent it?"

"Miss Wrex, the newspaper woman."

"Oh, well—she'd probably *know*. Knows entirely too damn' much, that old gal. What's up now?"

"She believes that the Cordato crowd are up to something. She said that Sir Helios' secretary was at the Imperial Theatre tonight to see that man who escapes out of boxes and jails and things."

"What? You mean the Valdez lad?"

Across the passage Valdez himself froze as motionless as the door behind which he crouched.

"By George, you know, it's deuced queer about that. I dropped in at the Imperial tonight, and, I give you my word, that Valdez boy simply disappeared right off the stage before our eyes. And—oh, I say, this really is a bit thick—but he left your little sleeping filly's picture behind him."

"So Miss Wrex informed me," the countess said dryly. "That was why I took no chances tonight. That Cordato crowd would do anything to get their hands on Brenda Hope."

"Well, you've had your hands on her for several weeks now, but you don't seem to have got anything out of her."

Lady Wallingford's teeth came together with an audible snap. A woman of mature charm, seemingly all peach and silver! But in that instant Valdez felt a hint of steel beneath.

"Just think, there must be at least two or three million pounds locked up in her father's radio inventions, and yet that little fool—"

"She still refuses to tell where they are hidden?" Mallaby asked.

"Absolutely. . . . I could *beat* her."

"You can't even get at it when she's—er—sleeping it off, or whatever it is she does?"

"Not even in her Deep Sleep. I've tried time and again, and she will answer every question but that."

A WAVE of a coffee-colored hand as Krishnaram glided once more into view.

"Miss Hope," he said, "was instructed by the masters in India. Before she goes into the condition of Deep Sleep she places psychic locks on the things she does not wish to reveal."

"I see," Mallaby grunted. "Take a psychic burglar with some psychic T. N. T. to blow the safe, eh? Well, Jane, in that case I don't see it matters if our Syrophœnician friend Cordato does get at her."

"There's the effect on Parliament to be considered. As long as they know we are holding her it gives a certain support to the Blazebroke ministry."

"Blazebroke can wiggle out of anything. It's a queer pass if the British Government is leaning on any Witch of Endor business. What I say is that it'll take a man to get anything out of that gal. What became of that scientific Johnny she was supposed to be engaged to?"

"You mean her father's former assistant, Professor Bernadot? She quarreled with him when he tried to stop her giving these public séances. I'm taking her off to Wallingford Castle tomorrow."

"Good Heavens, that ghastly old barn! What for?"

"Swami Krishnaram thinks there may be a way to make her speak."

"The way of which I spoke is one to be used in the last extremity only," said the swami. "It is a dangerous way—dangerous, that is, to Miss Hope. It is a way not to be spoken of here.

"I do not like this place—all these passages, these dark rooms. I have a feeling of a presence, as of someone, *something* that secretly watches and listens to us—"

Above all, Valdez knew when the time had come for escape. Another minute and they would be searching the place. Like some retreating shadow, Valdez faded down that passage.

FOR three days Valdez remained in a quiet Kensington hotel, trying to adjust himself to being once more merely an unknown Michael Byrne. Meanwhile his name was everywhere; columns of sensation were being poured out over "Vanishing Valdez," but of Brenda Hope there was little mention. He suspected Lady Wallingford's hand in that suppression. The girl of the photograph was being carried off to a castle, where something would be done to make her speak. He racked his mind for a way to reach her.

Then came the little widow.

He had seen her passing quietly through the hotel lobby, always alone, her eyes grayly wistful above her somber black. He couldn't remember how they first spoke—over a dropped book, or something. Nor did he notice how swiftly that chance acquaintance ripened.

She was so alone, she confided. There was none, now her husband was gone, to advise her. And now there were important papers which must be signed. She did so wish some keen, clever man of the world would advise her about them. They were upstairs in her sitting-room. . . .

Not until she switched on the red-shaded light did Valdez see. A tumbled bed, articles of intimate attire strewn about! He dived for the door, but it was already blocked by two men.

Oh, they did this sort of thing well here in England. No shouts, no brandished guns; merely a cool smile and some plain speech. "A pretty little scene; make interesting hearing in a law court—eh, Hal?" The Hal man grunted, weighing a heavy cane; the other laid his hand on the telephone.

This was a trap such as Valdez had not learned to escape. Handcuffs or strait-jackets, yes, but this invisible hand of society was another affair. It occurred to him that probably he looked just what he was; a somebody trying to evade (*Continued on page 53*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

*Illustrated by* HAROLD BRETT

*"It's too late to discuss a reconciliation. You aren't worth it. I know you now"*

*Can the love of man for woman transcend that of friend for friend*

## *The Story Thus Far:*

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, a Y. M. C. A. entertainer.

Gloria's father dies in bankruptcy and she becomes secretary to Ben Whitton, an old friend of hers and Julian Grannis'.

Grannis inherits $600,000 from an uncle, but keeps it a secret from his wife because of her uncontrollable extravagance. He forms a partnership with Ben Whitton, and intends to work on some electrical experiments, but he first arranges a trust fund for Mercedes.

Julian and Ben go to Oregon to make an estimate of the cost of a branch line of the O. R. N. railroad through some timber.

Mercedes tells Jake Brander, a man of large lumber interests and small brains, all she knows of Julian's plans. Acting on her information he buys options on large tracts of timber and by using his own holdings as a nucleus intends to carry on huge price-cutting lumber operations. Mercedes, greedy for money, decides to divorce Julie and marry Jake. She goes to Reno.

Ben Whitton, the only one who knows of her indiscretions with Brander, has her watched.

He and Julie conceive a prodigious electrical power scheme which depends on the outcome of Julie's experiments. Ben goes to survey land for the watershed, most of which belongs to Brander.

TWO days later Ben Whitton rejoined Julian Grannis in the latter's camp, bringing with him a large-scale map of the Columbia River basin, with townships and sections indicated on it. From the field notes of his crew he inked in on this map the territory comprising the watershed they had surveyed under Julie's direction; then compared the townships, sections and subsections with the legal description of the timber holdings Jacob Brander had recently purchased. Julie watched him interestedly.

"Who owns the land, Ben?" he queried when the latter had completed his comparisons.

"This entire watershed, the dam site and the power-station sites are all owned by the Brander Timber Company, and have been owned by that company for more than twenty years."

"So, in the event that this potential power development should ever become available, those desiring to acquire this watershed would have to deal with Jacob Brander, eh?"

BEN nodded, and by his silence he knew that his friend did not regard the prospect with enthusiasm. "Well, at any rate," he finally said, "if the subject should in years to come develop a particular interest for us, we'll not have to investigate it. We'll have all of our data before us and be able to act quickly and intelligently. And it hasn't cost much to acquire the information. Just a wild gamble, that's all."

"Well, my boys appear to have completed their job, Julie. I think we can rely on their figures, although I'll check them myself to make certain. How about your end of this rainbow?"

"All set, Ben. I've measured the flow in the main stream and all of its tributaries, and at this season of the year those measurements may be regarded as indicating the normal flow. Of course the flood waters, in time of freshet, are dependent upon the rainfall and the snowfall in the mountains off there to the east, where the main stream has its source. I can secure these data from the government, which has kept a meteorological record for more than fifty years; hence it will be easy to arrive at an average. There will be no dry years. Even up here there has never been a season of drought, so far as I can learn."

"Well, then, Julie, nothing remains for us to do save break camp, go home and await further orders from the O. R. N. and the timber people for whose benefit the railroad engaged you. You and I will leave tomorrow and leave to our crews the job of packing up and pulling out. We'll ride to the camp the railroad people are already establishing, catch a train there, and go home via Ogden and Reno, to save returning to Portland and taking the Southern Pacific south."

At Ogden Ben Whitton sent a telegram to Mercedes, giving her the train number, the letter of their drawing-room and the time of arrival in Reno. He did not sign this telegram, but that it had been received and understood he felt quite assured when, a minute after the train pulled into Reno, their drawing-room door opened and a man looked in.

"Which of you gentlemen," he inquired unctuously, "is Mr. Julian Grannis of San Francisco?"

"I am," Julie replied promptly.

"You are the husband of one Mercedes Grannis?"

"Yes. What's happened? Has she been hurt?"

"I think not, Mr. Grannis. Here—take this"—and he thrust into Julie's hand a document with a pale-blue legal backing. Instantly he retreated, closing the door behind him, and Julie, mildly amazed, glanced at the stranger's strange gift. First he read the backing on it, then opened it with hands that trembled a little and read the two-page typescript through. As calmly as if the document were one of no importance, he folded it, tucked it in the inner breast pocket of his coat and looked out the window. He was very pale, and Ben saw that tears were struggling to creep beneath his eyelids. The train had started again before he spoke, without looking at his friend.

"Can you guess what that document was, Ben?" he queried in a faint, strained voice.

"A fool could do that, old son." Ben was resolved to be cheerful. "That man served you with a summons in a lawsuit, did he not?"

"Mercedes is suing me for a divorce in Reno, Ben."

He removed the summons from his pocket and handed it to Ben.

"It was cruel of her," said Julie, "to do it this way. If she had only told me she couldn't be happy with me, I'd have helped her."

HE CLOSED his eyes to keep back the tears of shame and mortification and anguish.

"When women pull off a job like this," said Ben Whitton, "it's a sign they have already made complete arrangements to marry someone else."

"Such things are done!" Julie murmured faintly. "I suppose in this case it's Jake Brander."

"I have a hunch Jake's the bully boy with the crockery eye, old son."

"She was riding with him that day in the park when he crashed into your car, Ben. I recognized her the minute we came together, but pretended not to. Realized you were trying to protect her—damned decent of you, Ben. Couldn't admit it before, you know, but it's never too late to acknowledge a debt. I think I ought to kill Brander, Ben."

"Why?"

"Because he has ruined my happiness."

"Rats! Mercedes never loved you any more than she loves him. It's money she's after. Her heart is as cold as a polar bear's tail, and you know it. You must have known it when she came in on us at the hotel, following the incident in the park, and lied to you like a lady."

"She didn't lie to me," Julie defended stoutly. "She just pretended ignorance. And I didn't say anything to her about it because I feared she might fib to me if I did, although if she had done so I would have forgiven her. Some lies are justified on the ground of self-defense."

"What an old fox you are!"

"What an old fox *you* are!" You took my job off my hands and gave Jake Brander the raus; you spared Mercedes and me a terrible scene and you let Mrs. Brander down easy. I was so grateful to you that day I wanted to hug you, but the devil of it was I had to play the fool. And I do (*Continued on page 50*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

This is how they lined up for anti-typhoid inoculation in the training camps during the World War. With 12,000,000 doses of preventive vaccine, army doctors saved the lives of thousands of American boys.

# Building the Fortresses of Health

In the Spanish-American War of 1898, typhoid fever caused more deaths than bullets.

Among our 4,000,000 soldiers in the World War, the number of typhoid cases was negligible.

In the brief period of 20 years between these two wars, medical science had built an impregnable fortress against this devastating disease.

This fortress protects you and your children today.

And it is only *one* unit in the great system of defense against the dark powers of disease which the science of medicine is constantly building.

### The battle to safeguard your health never ends

With the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin in 1894, the first victory against *another* enemy of health was won. Since then, the fortress against diphtheria has been so strengthened that medical science can now say to you, "With the wholehearted coöperation of every citizen, the danger of diphtheria can be practically eliminated in a civilized community today."

Tomorrow it hopes to be able to say to you, "No child need ever go unprotected against scarlet fever."

Many a scientist, his eye to the microscope, is today searching for the final step in the control of other hitherto unconquerable diseases. Unknown to you, an army of devoted men and women are slowly, surely building for you stronger and ever stronger fortresses of health.

### The guns of the defense

When need comes—when the dread forces of disease threaten your home—your physician calls upon the maker of medicines as a general calls upon his commander of artillery.

For more than sixty years we have had a share in the making of medicines. This exacting work has taken our men into every corner of the globe. It has given us the privilege of contributing to many important phases of modern medical research. And it has made the name of Parke, Davis & Company a synonym for scientifically tested quality in every product which bears our label.

We believe you will be interested in hearing about some of the discoveries and achievements in the field of medicine which make your physician better able today than ever before to guard the health of yourself and your family.

So, by your leave, we purpose to describe for you, in future issues of this magazine, the building of some of the protecting fortresses with which medical science has surrounded you.

**A PERSONAL NOTE**

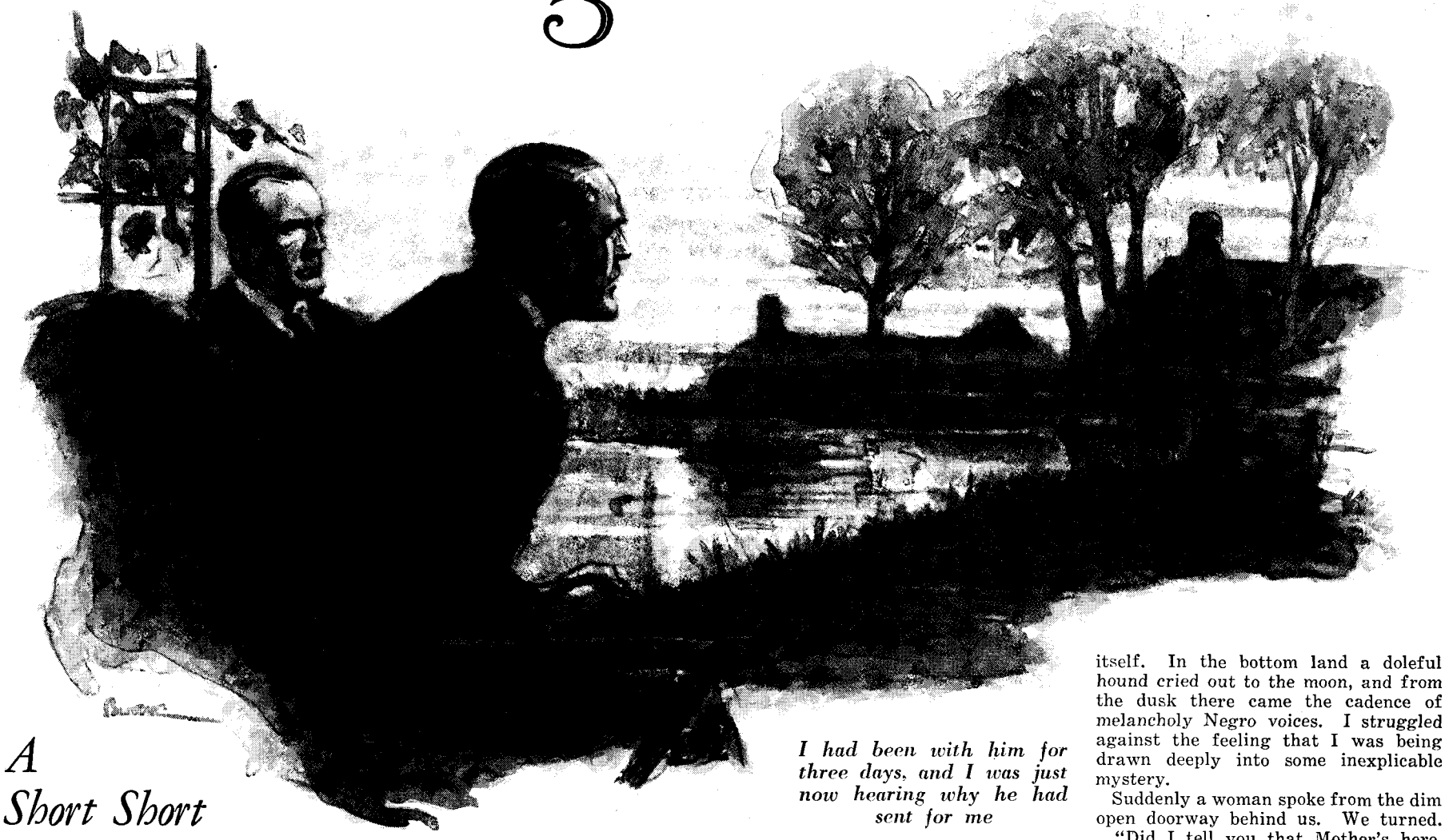
Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

## PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# In the Twilight



*I had been with him for three days, and I was just now hearing why he had sent for me*

*A Short Short Story by*

## DON MARQUIS

*Illustrated by* HARRY BURNE

"YOU see, my wife talks to Harry; talks to him as if the child were still alive," said Charlie Merchant, and he shuddered a little. "It's been going on for a year now, Tom."

He paused, and I did not break the silence. I had been with him for three days, and I was just now hearing why he had sent for me; I wanted him to tell me everything in his own way.

"I can't stand the idea of . . . ghosts," he murmured presently, "nor of Margaret believing in them. And, Tom, old man, it's a terrible thing to me, day after day, to see Margaret stoop and pick him up and carry him off to the playroom, *when the child isn't there at all!*"

"It's her only delusion?" I asked.

"Yes. For three months after Harry died—he was four years old—I thought Margaret would go mad. She reproached herself; said she'd let him catch cold, which was all nonsense. But since she began to see him, she's been happy, and quite normal otherwise. But now she thinks there's something wrong with me because I *can't see him!*"

I didn't like it. I don't like contact with eerie things. I am too susceptible to psychic suggestion and the superstitions of other people myself. At one time I was a student of such phenomena: interested because I am a writer. But I dropped it; it was "getting" me. Too many of the psychical-research people were telling me that I was a born medium and that I should be "developed." And Merchant's place, the moods and shadows and overtones, had been getting next to me. The house itself seemed to be—

Well, *watching* me. I don't know any other way to put it. The house, the wooded hillsides immediately about, the hushed little valley beneath us—they were watching me now, as Merchant and I sat on his front veranda in the twilight; watching, appraising. The dwelling, a large old rambling wooded structure, staffed with four or five strangely quiet Negro servants who came and went like dusky ghosts themselves, stood upon a slope amid the foothills of northwest Georgia. The creek in the valley turned a gristmill, and the mill which had an ancient legend of its own, had been staring back at me when I looked at it with a secret, furtive look on its weathered countenance.

CHARLIE MERCHANT was one of my best friends, but I had not seen him for seven years, though we corresponded frequently. He had forsworn cities, married, and come to this remote and primitive region with a wealth of documents to buckle down to his work as a historian. And now, in his trouble, he had sent for me.

"Remarkable you can keep your help," I ventured.

"The servants worship her," said Merchant. "And, more than that, they seem to be under the same spell she's under—they believe she's right and I'm wrong!"

I had felt them watching me too, appraising. I reflected that, with their impressionable and superstitious natures, they might be quite susceptible to Mrs. Merchant's delusion; even mesmerized by it to the point of sharing it.

"I hope you don't mind Margaret keeping to herself, Tom," went on Merchant. "She said, when I told her you were coming, that she didn't want to meet you for a few days—said she wanted to know how *Harry* was going to like you first. A part of her delusion, but I humored her in it. And she's shy too."

"I saw her this afternoon," I said, "and she didn't seem afraid of me."

"You saw her? Where?"

"She passed through the living-room in there, and nodded and smiled to me, when you were down at the mill."

"Strange," said he, with a perplexed brow. "She didn't mention it when I was with her an hour ago in her room—she said, in fact, that she intended to come down here to meet you this evening."

I said nothing. I certainly had seen a woman that afternoon. Not one of the servants, and just as obviously not one of the native whites of the hill country. And Merchant had said there were no guests but myself. Presently I hazarded, "I got the impression somehow from your letters that Margaret was younger than we are."

"She's twenty-three," said Charlie, "Why, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. Grief and delusion might age a woman swiftly—but the woman I had seen that afternoon had the face and look of a woman of forty-five. Not a girl. Not one of the servants. Not a neighbor. Not a guest. I wondered. There was a mist stealing up from the creek, and the edge of a misty moon looked over the crest of the next hill. A whippoorwill began to sing in a near pine tree. The woods and shadows about seemed to move nearer to me, and the old house breathed and stirred and gathered me closer to itself. In the bottom land a doleful hound cried out to the moon, and from the dusk there came the cadence of melancholy Negro voices. I struggled against the feeling that I was being drawn deeply into some inexplicable mystery.

Suddenly a woman spoke from the dim open doorway behind us. We turned.

"Did I tell you that Mother's here, Charlie?" she said happily to Merchant. "She came this afternoon, while you were out, to help me with Harry. She likes Tom too!"

With the last sentence she gave me a cheerful nod through the dusk, and I felt instantly that I had known Charlie Merchant's wife all her life. A girl of twenty-three she was, slender and frank-looking.

"Then it must have been your mother I saw this afternoon," I said to her.

"Yes, it was Mother," she returned. Then she added, speaking to me almost affectionately: "Harry likes you, too. You'll help Charlie. He doesn't understand things . . . yet. Not as you and I do! And he struggles against being happy. You'll help him. You are like me—you *see!* You're one of *us!*"

And she stepped within the house and disappeared.

MERCHANT sat with his head in his hands. He trembled. I went over and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Things should be easier for you now that your wife's mother is here," I said.

"Easier? God!" He looked at me with aversion; he struck my hand from his shoulder. "*You* must leave here—or I'll begin to see things myself!"

I questioned him mutely, and I questioned myself—was there, indeed, an apparition in that house? Or could Margaret's strong delusion hypnotize other people, the servants, finally Merchant himself, into thinking they saw what she saw? As I looked at poor Merchant, wondering over his words, I had a quick prevision of the strange years these two must spend together, there, side by side, but utterly sundered by their diverse visions

"Don't you understand?" said Merchant hoarsely, hysterically, pushing me away from him. "About the woman you saw today? *Margaret's mother died two years before the boy did!*"

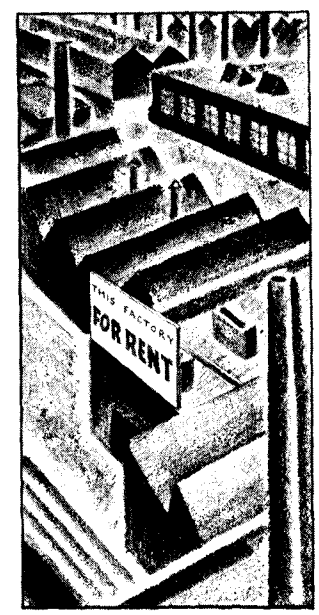
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Competition is the Life of trade

## ....*it is also the Death of traders!*

**CHANGE is the immutable law. Eternal adaptability is the price of survival. Competition and Change march together as one.**

**Together they plan new things to supplant old things, to dominate new markets, and to wrest the patronage from old-time customers and customs. Together they see to it that a commercial house of a century's standing is destroyed with bewildering suddenness. At the same time an infant enterprise becomes, with the same surprising speed, a national institution.**




THE mortality tables of Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet are grim reminders of the rigors of business endeavor. There were 23,146 failures last year — the second greatest number in our business history. Liabilities were almost $655,000,000, the fourth largest loss recorded.

Wreck and ruin are the inexorable toll of business unpreparedness. Bradstreet attributes 40 per cent of the failures to "incompetence" and "inexperience." Ignorance is a plainer word.

The men and firms in that 40 per cent were no match for changing conditions. Competition saw to that. Competition never rests. Competition may be the life of trade but it also is the death of traders.

Yesterday is yesterday. The "good old days" pay no dividends in the present. Gone are the fancy vests, the Congress gaiters, the night shirts, the home-cured meats, the high-wheeled buggies and the primitive plumbing of an age that found amusement in the parlor stereoscope.

Change and competition! The commercial collisions of silk and rayon, leather and rubber, coal and oil, gas and electricity, ice and mechanical refrigeration are the stuff of which headlines are made.

Who can read the riddles of production and distribution of tomorrow?

Who can grasp the impacts of science on established markets?

Who can measure the possibilities of air transport, of radio, of television, of nitro-cellulose lacquers, of "dry ice," of interconnected power, of the reclamation of industrial waste?

To be alert, resourceful, and *prepared* is the *immediate* business of the American business man. There is no excuse for indifference, and not the vaguest shadow of a reason for ignorance. Contributions to business preparedness are generous and easily available.

Twelve times each year, NATION'S BUSINESS presents the salient features and the vital developments of American business to its readers *in advance*. And it has become so useful and necessary that its circulation has risen from 75,000 in 1922 to more than a quarter of a million in 1928!

Buy the July issue on the newsstands today. Read it. Judge it. Check its statements. Test its accuracy. Savor its zest and humor. Verify its authority .... and send your check, $7.50, for a three-year subscription to NATION'S BUSINESS, Washington, D. C. ..... *The world steps aside to let any man pass who can see a year ahead.*

# NATION'S BUSINESS

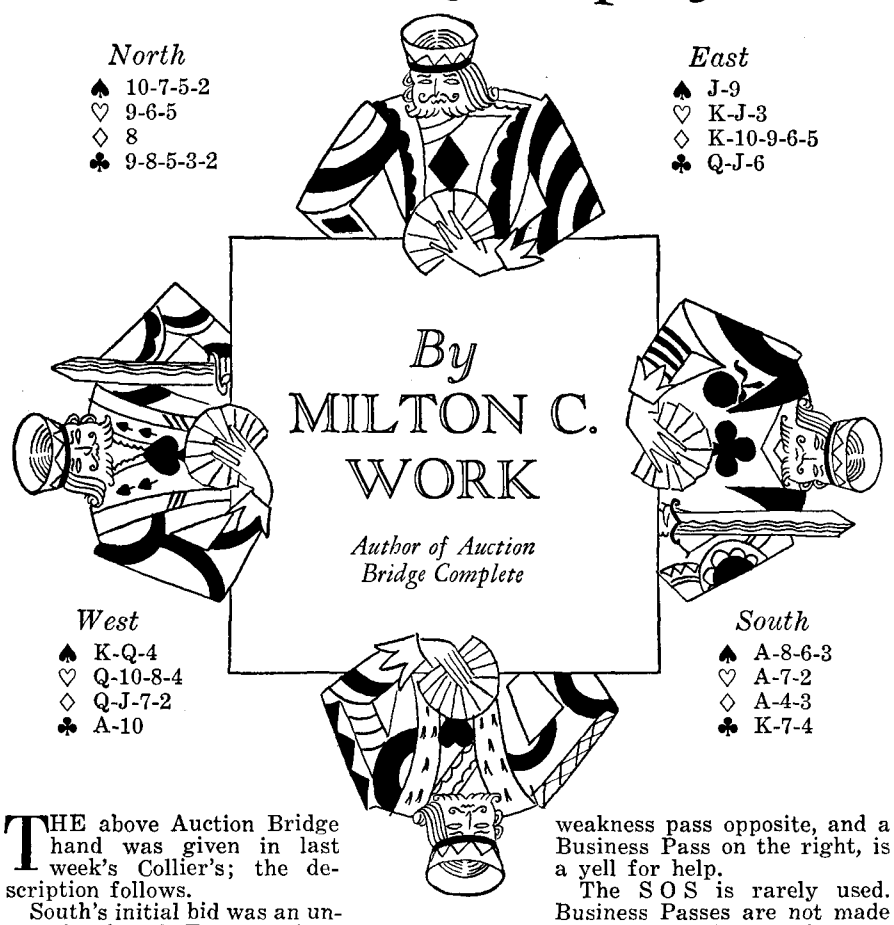
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

MERLE THORPE, *Editor* *at newsstands,* 25 *cents*

Not only the WHAT and the HOW of business, but most important of all—the WHY!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How would you play it?




THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows.

South's initial bid was an unquestionable No Trump. Three Aces in each of three suits and a King in the fourth make an ideal combination for a No Trumper that counts 15.

With strength in every suit and possibly seven taking cards, West doubled.

North passed. In view of his extreme weakness, he had every reason to fear that East might make a Business Pass; but to bid two Clubs would announce Club strength and seriously mislead South.

East did make a Business Pass. He had a close choice between that and two No Trumps. The third game of a rubber is worth twice as much as either the first or second, consequently East's choice might well have rested upon that consideration, as he had strength enough for either declaration.

It should be noted that the three conditions which justify a Business Pass were all present:

1. A dependable doubler.
2. The doubled contract one No Trump.
3. The Business Passer strong.

When weak, the passing of partner's informatory double is never justified; the greater the weakness, the more essential the take-out.

On the second round South was placed in an unpleasant position. At No Trump he could make his three Aces, but, with a double over him, probably not his King. He knew that North had a bust, and it looked as if the best he could hope for would be a set of 300, probably 400. West by his double and East by his pass had both shown strength, and South's hand was not a weak one. There are never more than three strong hands, so North could not be depended upon to take a trick, except playing with his long suit the trump. South's strength in every suit assured support for whatever North's long suit might be. If North's longest suit should be only a four-carder, one No Trump might work as well as two of North's suit; but if North should have a five-carder, supported as it must be by South, the combined hands would be apt to work better with the suit the trump. South therefore had to fall back upon a declaration rarely used because the opportunity for it rarely occurs: the redouble after a Business Pass, generally known as the "S O S redouble." Ordinarily a redouble shows satisfaction with the situation and a desire to amass a big score, but a redouble after a double on the left, a weakness pass opposite, and a Business Pass on the right, is a yell for help.

The S O S is rarely used. Business Passes are not made every day, and when they are made, the No Trumper very often has two four-card suits and a three and a two; and with that distribution (or any other except the one that South held in this hand) the S O S is a dangerous expedient. The partner, who must have a bust, is apt to answer with a four-card suit which is a two-card suit of the No Trumper; when this happens the S O S user will probably find that he has jumped from a moderately warm frying pan into an intensely hot fire.

In this particular case the S O S was fortunate in finding North with a five-card suit. North's two-Club bid put East in an embarrassing position. It was not certain that the two Clubs could be beaten, so East bid two No Trumps which of course obtained the contract.

### The Play

SOUTH, knowing that his partner's forced Club bid did not show strength, did not venture to lead from his King of Clubs but opened with his fourth best Spade. The Declarer won the first Spade and led Diamonds until South played his Ace. South then led his Ace of Spades and on the next trick established a good Spade which his Ace of Hearts as an entry gave him the opportunity to cash. These four tricks were all that North and South could win and consequently East and West made three-odd and game. Had South not redoubled, his No Trump doubtless would have gone down four. The S O S pays under some conditions, although it is always a dangerous experiment and should be used with great caution; in this case it paid.

✥

***Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.***

| *North* | *East* |
|---|---|
| S. 9-7 | S. 6-4-3-2 |
| H. K-Q | H. 8-5-4-2 |
| D. Q-9-8-5-4 | D. A-K |
| C. 6-5-4-2 | C. 10-9-8 |
| *South* | *West* |
| S. K-10-8-5 | S. A-Q-4 |
| H. A-J-10 | H. 9-7-6-3 |
| D. J-10-7-3 | D. 6-2 |
| C. A-K | C. Q-J-7-3 |

# A Yank by Any Name

*Continued from page 10*

word. He was in a trench somewhere near the Austrian frontier. Enrico managed the Restaurant Liguria with the aid of his younger brother, Mario.

Joe—even his brothers now called him Joe—lived with them, but had some kind of strange job that they did not understand. Indeed, he seemed to take pride in making it as mysterious as possible by referring to himself as a trouble-shooter. A motorcycle went with the job, and he had to have a telephone right by his bed, which was a great nuisance because sometimes late at night there were wrong number calls. These had given rise to the suggestion that perhaps it would be better if he moved over with Tim Sullivan. For the present, however, that matter was undecided.

ONE night when the wind howled and snow mixed with sleet flew past the windows without showing the slightest indication that it would ever fall, Tim Sullivan opened the restaurant door and rushed upstairs. He was dressed in corduroy and leather, with a cap pulled down over his ears.

"Joe!" he shouted, standing at the foot of the stairs. Then he pounded on the wooden partition wall until Joe answered. "Pile out! Put on everything you've got, including the kitchen stove. Shake a leg too. We haven't got much time. Train leaves in half an hour."

"Train?" Joe queried. "What train?"

"Trouble's up toward Boston, and they're yelling for help. Sleet storm up there. Somewhere in Connecticut, I think. Anyway, the chief knows. Shake a leg, kid. It's gonna be a big night. Wires are down till you'd think they're spaghetti. Coming?"

"On my way," Joe answered.

Four hours later a mail train bound for Boston stopped by special arrangement at a point where there was no station and a crew of six men jumped off on the slippery embankment, each in his turn, saying: "Wow!" or "Brrr-r-r-r!" or "Damn!" as the wind-driven sleet stung his cheeks. They floundered through the drifts, carrying their equipment, until they reached the road, which was about twenty yards away.

"Tim, you go that way," the chief commanded. "Who do you want with you? Joe?"

"Sure."

"All right."

Dawn came in the form of a yellowish gray, but it was sufficient to disclose what Joe was looking for. He scrambled up the pole, hampered somewhat by his heavy gloves freezing to the crust of ice on it each time he took hold to brace himself for the next step upward. But the job on that pole was simple, and he was soon down again. Following Tim's tracks, he went to the others.

Tim was right: a great game, this trouble-shooting. Business must go on, the trains must run, the wires must work.

"Here," Joe mused as he worked, "in my hand I hold something that is a part of this spirit of America; it runs through this copper wire. It makes me feel like some kind of a brother to the Goddess of Liberty. But I don't like this drizzle of rain. If it keeps up it will undo our work faster than we can do it; that is, if it freezes.

"I wonder how Tim is getting on. . . . It *is* freezing. Well, I will finish this job, but my fingers are cold, so I must go a little more carefully."

Fifteen minutes later Tim appeared within hailing distance.

"Come on down, you young idiot," he shouted. "We can't do anything in this."

Joe had to muster all his courage to answer, for what he had to say would shatter his bubble of triumph.

"I can't," he finally admitted. "I'm stuck."

"Of course you are," Tim shouted back. "You would be. Didn't you notice that it's freezing as it hits? I'll come up and get you."

Tim went up the pole very carefully. Three vigorous tugs on Joe's stout jacket, then one for each leg were necessary to break the grip of the ice. It had closed in on him with the stealth of a snake.

"Now," said Tim, "let's get out of this before we're both stuck." Silently they climbed down and walked back until they came to a truck with another crew that had been sent out for them.

"He was stuck," Tim announced to the chief, and Joe winced. He had hoped that Tim wouldn't tell on him. The other men looked at Joe, but said nothing. Then they all climbed aboard, and the truck took them to a restaurant in a near-by village.

Tim and the chief, sitting side by side conferred in low tones. Joe hoped that Tim was making a good plea for him.

"Come over here a minute," said Tim presently.

"We just been talking about you," Tim continued. "You're green, of course, but, then, you stayed with it till I came after you, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred that would be dead right. You weren't just up there shivering either. It was a good, clean job. Now, Joe, listen, because I've got some news; the chief has just been telling me that he thinks this country is going into the war. He's got some inside dope, see? They're getting ready right now. And right away they need telephone and telegraph wires. The chief is going over. I'm going over. He says you can go over. You'd like to, wouldn't you?"

"I'd go if I had to swim over," Joe announced, "if this country goes into the war."

"That's what I told the chief. Well, we been talking it over and we figure that after what you done today you don't have to be Giuseppe Silvano all your life. Already you're Joe. Now what does Silvano mean in United States? We think maybe we could fix up a name for you that wouldn't attract so much attention."

"Isn't Silvano easy to say?"

"Well, it's easier than mine was."

"Then yours *was?*" Joe queried. "What do you mean? Isn't your name Sullivan?"

"It is now, but it didn't use to be."

"What was it?"

"Gabrio Znaniecki."

"Then you aren't Irish?"

"No."

"Well, then, no wonder you haven't any Irish accent! I never could understand that before. But you were born in this country?"

"Sure. Near Pittsburgh. But that name was too much trouble, so I changed it. You better do the same."

"LET me see," Joe mused. "My name, I think, would be Joe Wood. That comes close, anyway."

"Good. You can get a lawyer and he writes something for the judge, and the judge signs it, and after that you're Joe Wood. It's a cinch."

"Well, then," Joe said, "we will do it. Everything will depend upon us. In a situation like that it is better to do like the history book says and put none but Americans on guard. So if I am going to do the job I will be Joe Wood."

* * * * *

They had been in France six months, and their handiwork was now stretched along hundreds of kilometers of railway lines reaching from southern ports all the way to the zones of fire. At first they saw very little of the American army, mainly because there wasn't much to see, but now they were surrounded by it. Day and night processions of trucks rumbled forward, a migration of dust-covered, glassy-eyed monsters as grim as the business upon which they were bound. Tim and Joe and the chief and their outfit were also going forward. New outfits had been taking over the work far behind the lines; theirs would soon be under fire.

At four o'clock one afternoon the

(*Continued on page 28*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# No need now to WAIT for Sunshine

*Even on Cloudy Days you can get good, clear Snapshots with the Modern Kodak*

HAVE YOU EVER been all ready to click the shutter and then seen a cloud suddenly cover the sun? Do you have to wait when this happens, knowing that unless you have more light your picture won't come out the way you want it? Or, do you go ahead anyway in the vain hope that *perhaps* you'll be successful?

How many times do you discover your children, or friends, in poses that just cry for a snapshot, only to realize that it's too early in the morning, or too late in the afternoon, or that the weather's too dull and cloudy to permit a good result?

*Much faster lenses now supplied*

You no longer need put up with these annoying disappointments. Simply provide yourself with a Modern Kodak and notice how much more successful you become in getting good pictures.

The Modern Kodak contains many important improvements, but chief among them is the increased speed of the lens on models of moderate price. Now you are able to make excellent snapshots under light conditions that heretofore have spelled certain failure.

One instance is the lens of the $20 1A Pocket Kodak. To get that same lens in 1925 you would have had to buy a $40 camera.

We urge you to examine one of the new Kodaks and note its wonderful simplicity. Note how smoothly and easily you pull out the lens and how quickly you can set your focus.

Then look at the remarkable new Exposure Guide which you will find on many of the Modern Kodaks. Conveniently, below the lens, are specific instructions as to the correct speed and lens opening. Chances for error are greatly reduced and no time is lost in arriving at the correct exposure for the existing light conditions.

*Continual scientific research brings many benefits*

These improvements are due to constant study by Eastman scientists, whose efforts extend to all things photographic. They have made Kodak Film—in the familiar yellow box—dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under-and over-exposure. *It gets the picture.*

Don't let these wonderful summer days pass without taking plenty of snapshots. Have you all the pictures you'd like of your family, your friends, the places you go and the things you do? Provide yourself at once with one of the Modern Kodaks. Then, keep it loaded and put it in a place where you can't help but see it every time you go out.

*Now, with the* MODERN KODAK, *you can get good* SNAPSHOTS:

—earlier in the morning—later in the afternoon—indoors near windows—of subjects in the shade—on dull, cloudy, gray days—of subjects in motion.

*Be ready for picture opportunities like these*

*HOW long is it since you bought your present Kodak? Lately, many improvements have been made, so that now the Modern Kodak is far more convenient to use. Stop in at your Kodak dealer's and ask him to tell you about these new developments as well as show you some of the new models.*

KODAK *Only Eastman Makes the Kodak*

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 118
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

*Name* .....

*Address* ..... 28

USE THE ABOVE COUPON either for mailing to us or as a reminder to visit your dealer and get a first-hand impression of the Modern Kodak.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Yank by Any Name

Continued from page 26

chief summoned Tim. They were in uniform now, and the chief was a captain, so Tim saluted, while grinning his real salutation.

"You are to go out in front tonight," the chief announced. "The divisional artillery wants to post a man well forward to spot their shots and correct their fire by telephone. I don't know just what place they have in mind, and you won't know either. You will go with a Lieutenant Campbell, who will have a detail of men, and they will help carry your equipment. The distance has been measured. You will be told how much wire to take. You make your connections at this end wherever Lieutenant Campbell orders and then carry the line to the point he indicates and hook up a telephone. Who do you want to help you? Joe?"

"Yes, sir, Joe."

"I thought so. Well, you know where he is. Get him."

WITH their faces blackened and backs loaded with wire, tools, and weapons, twelve men under command of Lieutenant Campbell slipped through the murk at midnight, trailing behind them a thread of insulated copper. Only the soldiers knew where they were going, and perhaps not all of the soldiers.

Very slow progress was made because they had been warned that enemy raiding parties might also be crawling about; they were to take the utmost precaution to avoid an encounter, since their mission was not battle. When they reached their destination everyone sighed with relief. To be sure, there was still danger ahead, but no more wire to carry, and the wire had been much more of a burden than the danger. Lieutenant Campbell selected an uninviting shell hole that he pronounced to his liking, and Tim went to work on his final task of connecting a telephone. In the dark it seemed to him that any one of the hundred or more shell holes they had encountered on their way would have served just as well as this one, and he said so.

"No, this is a hill," Lieutenant Campbell remarked. Tim estimated its height at twenty feet, and Lieutenant Campbell grinned.

"Thirty-two," he corrected. "But that's enough."

A drizzling rain began to fall.

"Tough luck for you, Sergeant," said Lieutenant Campbell, "that shell hole will be a nice bowl of soup if this keeps up."

"Hello," said Tim, addressing the mouthpiece of the telephone. And then to Lieutenant Campbell: "It's all right, sir. Someone answered."

Sergeant Smith slipped into the shell hole and reported to headquarters while Tim climbed out.

"Where's Joe?" he asked.

"Joe?" queried Lieutenant Campbell. "Oh, yes, Joe. Why, he stopped back there a bit. He said he wanted to put up better supports for the wire."

"That's good. Yes, that's right," Tim commented.

And then the very sky exploded. A barrage from the German artillery dropped between Lieutenant Campbell's party and the American lines.

"Humph!" grunted Lieutenant Campbell. "They're expecting something."

"Joe! Good Lord, Joe!" groaned Tim. "Lieutenant, did you tell him to run in case—"

"I told him," the lieutenant interrupted. "Is the wire working, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Smith sputtered several "Hellos" and then said, "No, sir."

Lieutenant Campbell slid into the shell hole, grabbed the telephone, and shouted "Hello, hello, hello."

A MOMENT later he returned the instrument to Sergeant Smith with an impatient gesture and said, "Why, it's all right, Sergeant."

Fifteen seconds later the sergeant tried it again. "Not working, sir," he reported. But a moment later he corrected himself, "All right now. Just got an answer."

Suddenly the barrage ceased. The soldiers looked expectantly toward their commander.

"We'd better not go yet," he remarked, "I'm not sure they're through. We'll wait here."

As abruptly as it had stopped, the barrage was resumed, this time for thirty minutes.

At frequent intervals Sergeant Smith tested his line; twice he reported it dead; the second time it was unmistakably dead for five minutes, and then it mysteriously came to life again.

"That's Joe, damn him!" groaned Tim. "Lieutenant, are you sure you told him to run in case—"

"I told him to run."

"Well, the darn fool didn't. He's out there in all that hell trouble-shooting."

Lieutenant Campbell sucked in his breath through tightly closed teeth. Then, "I believe you're right," he said.

"I'm going after him," Tim announced. Immediately four soldiers closed restraining arms around him, and Tim sat down to cover his face with his hands and babble a weird mixture of prayers and curses.

Lieutenant Campbell trained his glasses on the German gun flashes!

"Get headquarters and report ready," he ordered Sergeant Smith tersely.

Soon the sky again exploded, but this time in a new place.

Lieutenant Campbell could see and check and report upon both the flash of the German guns and the explosion of the American shells. At the end of forty minutes the German guns had ceased to flash.

"We can go now," he said. Tim did not wait for the others; he ran.

He found Joe, lying prone behind what remained of a tree. His uniform was so soaked with blood that Tim could not even guess at the number or location of his wounds. He waited for the others to come up so that a stretcher might be improvised. For one man to carry him might open too many wounds.

"YOU are Private Tim Sullivan?" asked Captain Edgerly.

"Yes, sir."

"You were one of Lieutenant Campbell's detail on the night of—"

"Yes, sir."

"Please state all you know with reference to what Private Joe Wood did that night."

Tim stated at considerable length and in conclusion asked: "What's the matter, Captain? Is anybody sore at him?" Captain Edgerly laughed, while the chief, who sat at his elbow, explained. "We're preparing the statement for his citation," he explained. "He kept that wire open through a barrage, and we judge from what the doctors say that he must have kept at it for half an hour with a broken leg."

"Is he going to live?"

"Yes."

"Crippled for life?"

"Well, it's amazing but the doctors think not. He's got eighteen wounds, but they think he'll be all right."

"Captain, could I see him?"

"Yes, Tim. He's been asking for you. He's out of his head, but he might recognize you."

"And you're going to give him a citation?"

"At least we're going to try to."

"Well, Captain, if you don't mind a little joke, and I know you don't, I beat you to that citation. I rigged that up long ago. First, you know, I fixed him up a darn good name before he ever got into our outfit, but after that I fixed him a swell address. You've got the papers there, haven't you? Yes. Well, look at that Fifth Avenue number. Ain't that a peach, Captain? I paid the Russian grand duke that presides in the lobby of that apartment house twenty-two dollars to receive our mail while we're away.

"Of course we aren't going to have any mail, but that's our official address until the world is safe for democracy and we can go back to work for decent wages. But, Captain, even that isn't all. I left our pictures with that grand duke of the lobby so that in case we happened to win this war single-handed the Italian newspapers in New York could print Joe's. You'll report him a casualty and they're bound to investigate a guy named Joe Wood with a swell Fifth Avenue address when his next of kin is Mario Silvano of Bleecker Street.

"I wouldn't mind being in that boy's place when he gets home even if he has got a few broken bones. I might still get mine through the head. He's got his citation all right, Captain, whether the one you're working on goes through or not. Do I have to have a written order to see him?"

"Yes, Tim, here it is. . . ."

"Hello, Joe."

"The trains—got to go through. The wire—got to work."

"You're off your nut, Joe. Snap out of it."

"The wire—got to—"

"Don't you know me, Joe?"

"Spirit of America."

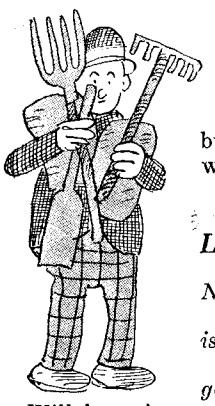
"All right, kid, if anybody knows what it is, you ought to, so I'll take your word for it. Turn over and have a good sleep."

## McGOOFEY'S FIRST READER

### By H. I. PHILLIPS

*Illustrated by the Author*

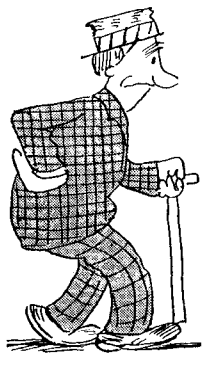
This is Gustave.
Who is Gustave? *Gustave is an optimist.*



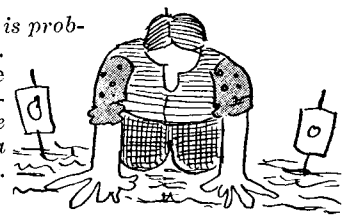
*Lesson 2* What is Gustave doing? *He is carting home a lot of garden junk.*
What kind of garden junk? *Home garden junk.*
With the first days of spring Gustave always buys seeds, hoes, spades, rakes, catalogues and what not.
*He is the best customer the seed stores have.*

*Lesson 3* Is this Gustave again? *No doubt about it.*
What is he doing now? *He is digging up the property.*
What for? *For a home garden.*
Will he raise anything? *He thinks so.*

*Lesson 4* Where is Gustave going? *He is going to a doctor.*
Why is he going to a doctor? *Because his old lumbago is back. He is not used to working with a spade.*



*Lesson 5* What is Gustave doing here? *He is looking at his garden to see if anything has come up?*
Has anything come up? *Yes, something has come up.*
What is it? *It is probably a dandelion.*
Does Gustave know it is a dandelion? *No, he thinks it is a Hubbard squash.*

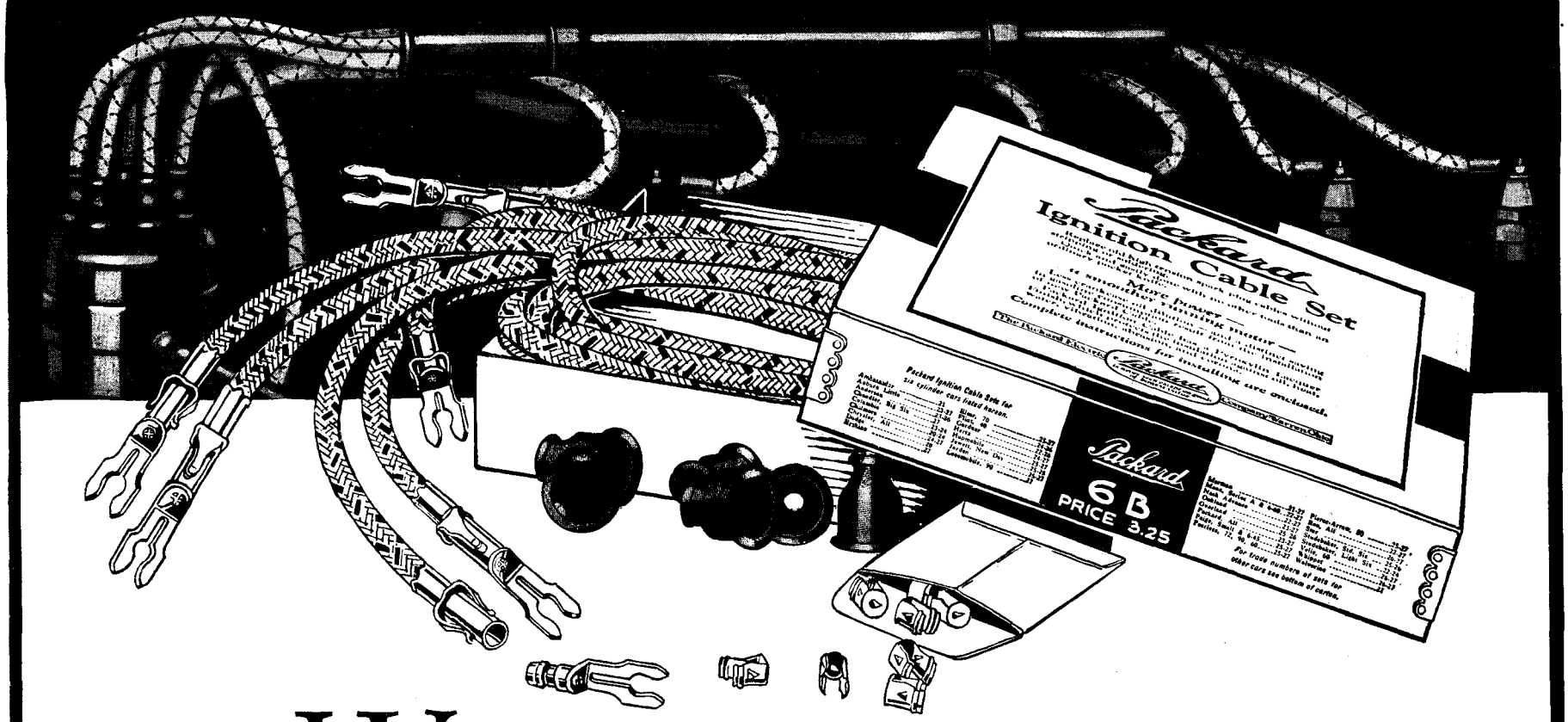


*Lesson 6* What is this? ■ *This is a black spot.*
What is it for? *To denote a lapse of three or four weeks.*

*Lesson 7* Now what have we? *We have Gustave's home garden.*
It doesn't look like his garden. *We know it.*
What's happened to the garden? *Practically everything.*
Where is Gustave? *Down at the store buying vegetables. He abandoned his home garden some time ago.*
Why? *It just happened that way.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW DISCOVERY FOR YOUR CAR




# When Your Motor Lags

## *Lacks its Old Time "Pep" . . . . Drags on the Hills*

# Look *First* to Your SPARK PLUG WIRES

YOUR car may have accurate timing, good compression, perfect carburetion, and still not develop all its power. because the full charge of electricity is not delivered to the spark plugs. A new discovery has revealed a loss of motor power due to leaking high tension cables *(spark plug wires).*

Battery voltage, stepped up by the coil from 6 volts to as high as 12,000 to 18,000 volts places a severe load on these cables. An electrical condition known as corona occurs. Corona releases free ozone which attacks and deteriorates the rubber insulation of the cables. Then too, oil, heat, moisture and constantly changing temperatures all tend to wear out your cable rapidly. The result is loss of electricity by leakage. No motor can perform efficiently unless it gets full voltage at the spark plugs.

### *A Vital Part Usually Overlooked*

In the past, high tension cables were seldom thought of, but now extensive laboratory research and thousands of road tests have shown marked improvement in motor performance when old spark plug cables were replaced with Packard Lac-kard Ignition Cable.

### *A New Development —Available in Handy Sets*

Packard Lac-kard Ignition Cable is especially built to withstand the effect of corona and ozone and to carry full voltage under severe conditions. This new cable is covered with a special insulating rubber compound, sheathed in durable braiding and hermetically sealed by multiple coats of exclusive Packard lacquer. Packard Lac-kard Ignition Cable (giving greater efficiency to your motor) costs little—$2.00 to $4.75 for a complete Packard Ignition Cable Set for any car.

### *Old Spark Plug Cables Should be Replaced*

Don't let your high tension cable fail completely before you replace it. You can't tell by looking at it how much trouble it is causing—if your car has gone ten thousand miles or more it's a safe bet that it will pay you to replace with a Packard Ignition Cable Set—pay you in quicker motor response, in a ready flow of power, in increased mileage per gallon.

## FOR ALL CARS $2.00 *to* $4.75

*Slightly higher in Canada*

### *Packard Sets Are Easy to Install*

Anybody can install a Packard Ignition Cable Set in twenty or thirty minutes. No tools required—only a knife. Complete instructions in each carton.

### *Ask your dealer or write direct if he cannot supply you*

The better class of dealers throughout the United States and Canada handle Packard Cable. Be sure to watch for the purple and gold carton.

*"If it isn't Packard—it isn't Lac-kard."*

The Packard Electric Company, Warren, Ohio.
FOUNDED IN 1899

Packard
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK

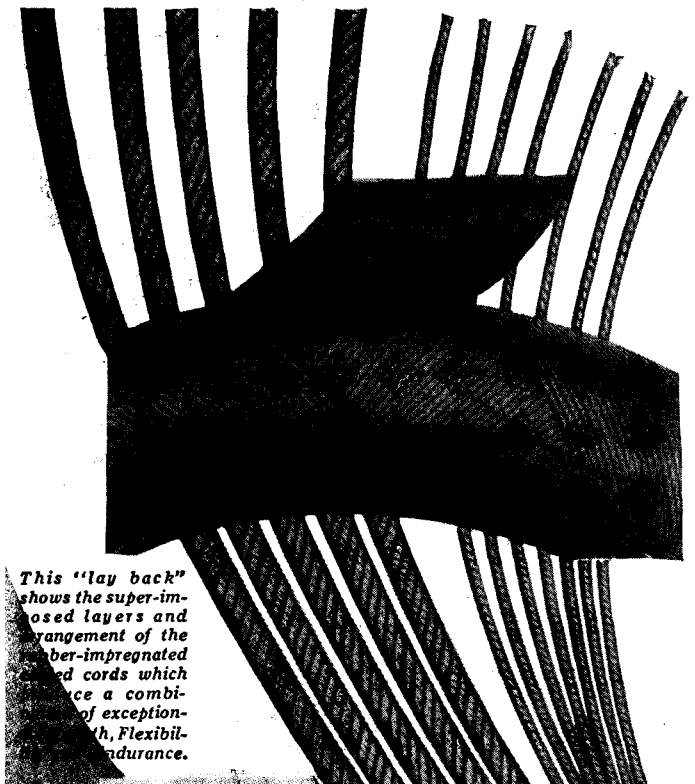
AUTOMOTIVE CABLE PRODUCTS

©1928 The P. E. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Cabled-Cord

## Guarantees Strength, Speed, L



*This "lay back" shows the super-imposed layers and arrangement of the rubber-impregnated cabled cords which produce a combination of exceptional Strength, Flexibility and Endurance.*

Dickinson Cord Tires deliver extra power to the road instead of absorbing it; save their cost in reduced fuel consumption—lower upkeep—add mileage—and increase speed. Perfect in Construction. Unfailing in Service. The Cabled-Cord Construction of Dickinson Cord Tires gives you greatest satisfaction and economical car operation.

**DICKINSON TIRES Afford Greatest Riding Comfort**

Strength, Speed, Endurance and Economy are combined with Comfort because Dickinson Tires are rugged, yet resilient. They afford correct road-bearing surface for quick "take" and "let-go." Power applied results in immediate "pick-up." Their long life and vitality is *built-in* and due to their cabled-cord construction.

**DICKINSON TIRES Last Longer and Serve Better**

Cabled-Cord Construction, long recognized by Engineers as the *principle* that would *solve* the tire problem, was for the first time made possible, in tire construction, through the invention of the Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine, of which we are the *exclusive users*

**Every DICKINSON TIRE Is Perfect**

Every Cabled Cord in a Dickinson Cord Tire is made up of *many* cords, all impregnated with "live" rubber and *cabled* into a *single cord*. Several of these *single cabled cords* are then formed into a "*strip*." Each strip is then re-impregnated with more "live" rubber, uniformly tensioned, conformed

***Cuts Fuel Costs by Increased Speed Over Distance Covered***

***Can Be Re-Treaded at Fraction of Original Cost***

DI

Ra

T

DICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Construction
## ndurance, Comfort, Economy

to the core, mathematically aligned and anchored to the "bead"—by the Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine. After which the super-imposed layers of "strips" are embedded in friction-resisting rubber *in the tire itself* and vulcanized into a unit-of-efficiency and service. There is no guesswork, no misfits, no hand mistakes, no flaws and no "*seconds*." *Every* Dickinson Tire is *Perfect*.

**DICKINSON TIRES Are Mechanically Perfect**

Select your tires with just as much care for their mechanical perfection as you selected your car, if you would not offset every improvement your car affords. Your effective power transmission, improved bearings, ideal lubricating system and your brakes, *all* will give *better service* when your car rides on the *scientifically-exact* and *mechanically-correct Cabled-Cord Construction* of Dickinson Cord Tires.

**DICKINSON TIRES Guarantee Service**

And remember—that Every Dickinson Cord Tire is Guaranteed for One Year against all Road-Hazards, regardless of mileage; positive protection against everything that can happen to a tire except Loss by Theft and Damage due to Wilful Abuse.

**The Hydro-United Tire Corporation**
J. G. FEIST, *President*
POTTSTOWN PENNSYLVANIA

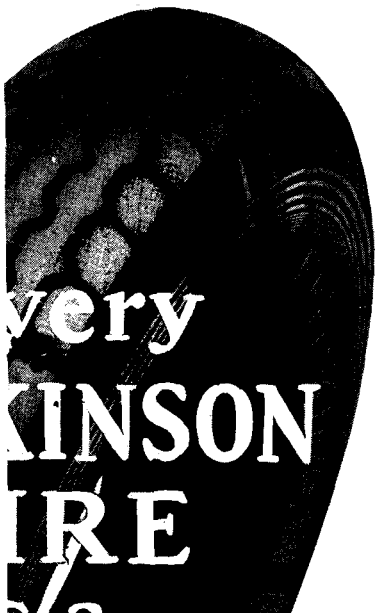
## Why We Say—
### "The World's Perfect Tire"

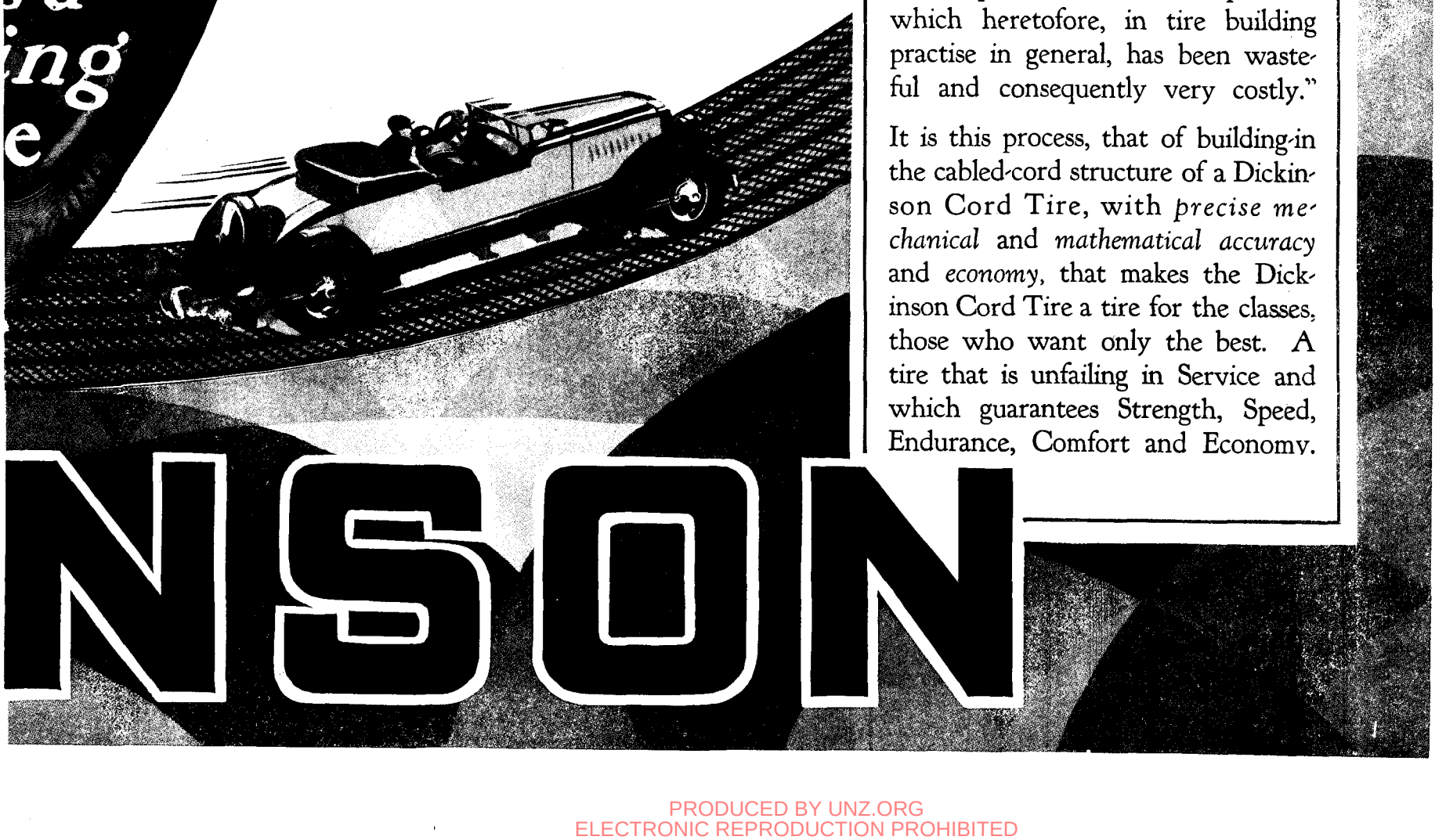
Worthy of your consideration is the statement made by Mr. Arthur E. Friswell, an authority on tire manufacture, in the Rubber Age Magazine, in which he says:

"The Dickinson Cord Tire as made by the Dickinson Automatic Cord Tire Building Machine, to my way of thinking, is as nearly ideal as pneumatic tires will ever be made and I am not making such a sweeping statement either lightly or ill advisedly.

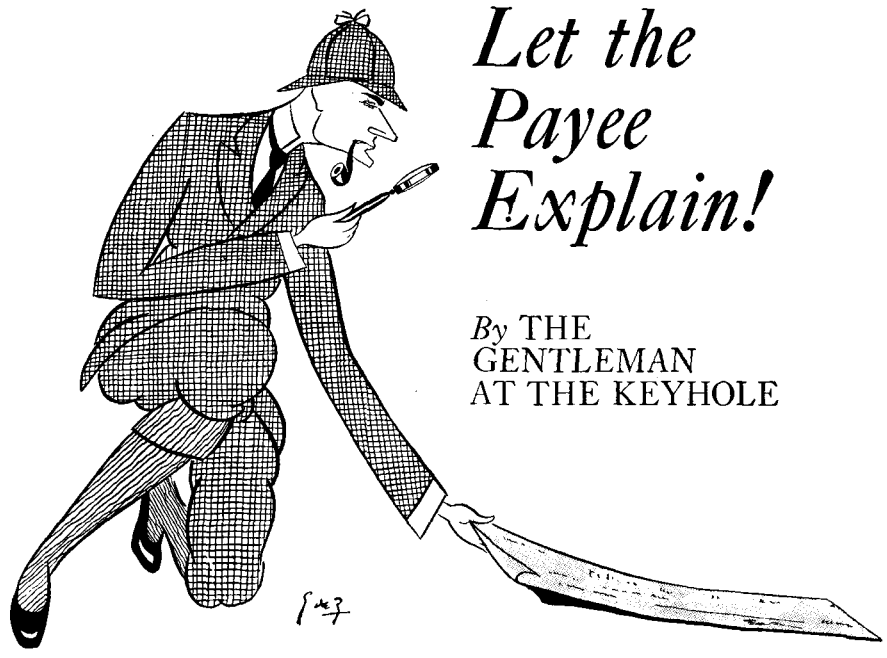
"The Dickinson Machine has reduced to *precise mechanical* and *mathematical accuracy* and *economy* the process of building the shoe or carcass of the pneumatic tire. A process which heretofore, in tire building practise in general, has been wasteful and consequently very costly."

It is this process, that of building-in the cabled-cord structure of a Dickinson Cord Tire, with *precise mechanical* and *mathematical accuracy* and *economy*, that makes the Dickinson Cord Tire a tire for the classes, those who want only the best. A tire that is unfailing in Service and which guarantees Strength, Speed, Endurance, Comfort and Economy.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Let the Payee Explain!

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR NYE, chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, was the discoverer of many sensations during the Continental Trading Company investigation, but none of them was more amusing than the evidence he got against his colleague, Senator Walsh of Montana.

A few days before the Senate session ended Mr. Nye had the bright idea of writing to Edward L. Doheny and asking him to send such information as he had about his contributions to political parties.

In due course he got a letter back from the California oil man, inclosing canceled checks made out to campaign treasurers—none of them new or interesting—and one for $1,000, payable to Thomas J. Walsh.

Senator Nye's eyes popped out of his head when he read, "Pay to the order of Thomas J. Walsh $1,000. Edward L. Doheny." Here was the great inquisitor caught receiving money from one of the chief naval oil lessees! Mr. Doheny had appended a memorandum to this check, "Let the payee explain this." It sounded ominous.

Turning the check over, Mr. Nye found that it had been indorsed over to Victor J. Dowling, a New York City judge, by Senator Walsh, and by Judge Dowling to someone else with an Irish and rather Tammany-sounding name, and so on to the man who cashed it, Jerome Connors. The date of the check was 1922.

Putting two and three and four and five together, Senator Nye saw clearly that this was money given by Mr. Doheny to help elect Democratic senators in 1922. Senator Walsh was a member of the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee in that year. The indorsements on the check made it perfectly clear: Senator Walsh had turned Mr. Doheny's $1,000 over to Tammany Hall to use in promoting the election of Senator Copeland.

### Trail Leads to—Robert Emmet

MR. NYE punched his bell. The report of the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee in 1922 was brought in to him. No, Mr. Doheny's $1,000 was not reported. No wonder Mr. Doheny had written, "Let the payee explain this."

Here was a first-class sensation for Mr. Nye. One thousand dollars of oil money went to Senator Walsh. To be sure, it did not remain in his possession. But he had actually held in his hands a check with the autograph of Edward L. Doheny on it. Then the check had passed to Tammany; not to Al Smith, to be sure, but still this was getting close. Jerome Connors—at least there was presumptive evidence that he was of the same race as Al Smith.

And then there was the damning fact that the Democrats, in reporting their contributions of that year, had hidden this one of Mr. Doheny's.

Mr. Nye sent for the reporters, one by one, and showed them the check. Had he asked Mr. Walsh to explain the check yet? No, he hadn't; he had been too busy. But that very afternoon, at an executive meeting of the Public Lands Committee, he would pull out the check and confront Mr. Walsh with it.

A score of stories were written in advance to slap on the wire the instant Mr. Nye had laid the damning check before Mr. Walsh. Of course Mr. Walsh had been tipped off by someone regarding Mr. Nye's sensational coup. At first he could not remember the Doheny check. But he found a record of it.

So the committee met and Nye flashed the check upon Mr. Walsh.

Mr. Walsh pulled out his wallet and produced his records. A number of Irish-Americans had raised a fund in 1922 to have a replica of a statue of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, made to be sent to Ireland. Jerome Connors was the sculptor.

Mr. Doheny sent his contribution to the fund for this purpose to Mr. Walsh, who indorsed it over, so that it finally was made payable to the sculptor, Jerome Connors!

### Champion Mare's-Nest Sleuth

THE real humor of the incident is only apparent to one who knows the relations between the young chairman of the Senate Public Lands Committee, Mr. Nye, and the committee's famous inquisitor, Senator Walsh. Mr. Walsh regards his colleague as a good deal of a young ass. And Mr. Nye is madly jealous of Mr. Walsh because the Montana senator occupies the center of the stage at the oil hearings.

Mr. Walsh had been of the opinion that Mr. Nye would ruin the investigation through his injudicious love of publicity, and more than once he gently admonished Mr. Nye as to the unwisdom of his courses.

And Mr. Nye has been busy making his newspaper friends believe that if it were not for Mr. Walsh's lack of zeal some larger scandals would have been revealed by the recent inquiry. Probably when he saw Mr. Doheny's $1,000 check he thought he had unearthed the real reason why Mr. Walsh was covering up the trails of corruption for fear of where they might lead!

Mr. Nye is the greatest discoverer of mare's nests that the Senate has ever numbered among its members. And he better than anyone else explains the popular distrust of investigations. There are always Senator Nyes on every Senate investigating committee; or if not exactly such senators, for Mr. Nye is without parallel, at least senators as desirous to advertise themselves as he is.

Everybody who conducts a Senate inquiry is suspect. Yet if it were not for its power to conduct investigations Congress would come to occupy about the same position in the Federal Government that the board of aldermen does in municipal government.

# How I Put Over the Klan

*Continued from page 7*

at least pays his slaves' expenses, but the church won't. You can get something to eat in a saloon. I'm through with your church!' And I walked out. They suspended me, but I resigned permanently."

The church's side of this story is different. A. J. Lamar, secretary of the Alabama Conference, says: "At the end of 1912 Simmons was located" (*which means that a pulpit was denied him*) "by vote of the conference for inefficiency. The difficulty in his case, as I remember it, was that he had a much higher estimate of his ability than was entertained by the conference."

"Within two years," continued "Col." Simmons in his story to this writer, "I had a little home worth $3,000, all paid for. All my debts had been settled and I was here in Atlanta earning $15,000 a year as district manager for a national fraternal order."

### An Expert of Experts

THIS experience of Simmons on the ragged edge of the ministry was later to give him a clue to one of the Klan's best tricks.

Preachers DO feel underpaid. Simmons knew this well enough. He played upon this fact with deadly success, in his Klan. In after years men in mysterious garb, members of Simmons' lodge, were to march down church aisles, silently present to a pastor an envelope containing a gift of money and then as silently depart, leaving the audience awe-stricken, the clergyman financially enriched and his family happy.

Another trick, learned by the once impoverished preacher, was this: Whenever his Klansmen were able they forced new members of the Klan to become members of some church, first giving a position in the Klan to the minister of whatever congregation they had decided thus to enrich.

There are a lot of "ifs" about the birth of the Klan. One of them is: There would have been no Klan, in all likelihood, if Simmons had been given a high-salaried pastorate.

"I'm a fraternalist," he tells you today when you ask him his profession. Anyone who thinks Simmons went blindly and without previous experience into the growing of his wartime weed, the Ku Klux Klan, underestimates "Col." Simmons' talents. He proved, indeed, to be an expert of experts, in the world of professional lodge organizers.

In the rank poison of war-time hates he suddenly discovered his opportunity and hastened to plant his seeds.

"Col." Simmons tells you he was a member of twenty-three "degrees" in seven fraternal orders, aside from his own Klan.

Another "if" has to do with a certain motor-car accident.

"My fraternal organizing was going along splendidly," Simmons told me, "when I was put to bed by an accident. During three months in bed I planned the Klan. I drew many figures of Klansmen on horseback and on foot.

"I planned the robes and the pointed helmet and the mask. I worked out all the emblems and all the ritual.

"It was while I was in bed that I struck upon what I call the 'KL' idea—putting those two letters in front of every title.

"It was rather difficult, sometimes, to make the two letters fit in, but I did it, somehow.

### No Grass Grew Under His Feet

"I WORKED out our motto too—'Non Silba sed Anthar.' Many wise men have puzzled over that motto. They said it wasn't Latin and it wasn't Greek. I made the motto up myself. It's part Latin and part Saxon. 'Non' and 'sed', of course, are Latin. But I was reliably informed that 'Silba' is an old Saxon word meaning 'self' and 'anthar' means 'others.' So, you see, 'Not for self, but for others.' Simple enough."

Emblems and tokens which "Col." Simmons devised during those days of convalescence and later were all duly copyrighted in his name. The time was to come later on, in days of intrigue, character smashing and downright murder, when he would receive from the Klan a cold $90,000 in hand for these copyrights.

"Well, there I was with my plan," he continued. "The next thing to do was to show it to somebody.

"This was in the early autumn of 1915. The World War was on and Americans were divided into a thousand different camps. One day I went to the office of E. R. Clarkson, my lawyer. He was suing the man who hit me in the accident. I laid my idea out before him. I'll never forget what he said, after I had talked to him only a few minutes: 'Don't let the grass grow under your feet one minute. Get busy right away. I'll join.'

"I went around Atlanta talking to men who belonged to other lodges, about the new Ku Klux Klan. The Negroes were getting pretty uppity in the South along about that time. The North was sending down for them to take good jobs.

"Lots of Southerners were feeling worried about conditions.

"Thirty-four men, belonging to various other lodges, promised to attend a meeting in Clarkson's office. And on the night of October 26, 1915, we met. They were all there. Two of them were men who had belonged to the old Klan of the Reconstruction. John W. Bale, speaker of the Georgia legislature, called the meeting to order. He was the first man in America to wield a Klan gavel. I talked for an hour, and we all decided that the idea would grow. We voted to apply for a state charter."

At just about this time the film The Birth of a Nation was electrifying America. It was coming to Atlanta for the first time, and its coming undoubtedly hastened Simmons' activities.

"We decided to hold our first swearing-in ceremonies on Thanksgiving evening. I didn't tell any of the boys what I had in mind. We had terrible weather that Thanksgiving Day, but I had a plan under way that I wouldn't let any weather upset—a surprise for the boys. Early in the forenoon I got A. C. Dallas, a real-estate man, to go eighteen miles out to Stone Mountain with me. I had decided to have everything center around old Stone Mountain.

### The First Fiery Cross of the Klan

"WHEN we got to the little town of Stone Mountain I went to a lumber yard and picked out two boards one inch thick and six inches wide. They were very 'fat' pine, full of turpentine. I used to work in lumber, and I knew they'd burn easily. One board was sixteen feet long, the other six feet. We got some storekeepers to give us some excelsior, and we hunted around alleys and lots until we found plenty of old wire.

"Then we started for the top of Stone Mountain. It's a hard climb on any day, up the stone trail. Some of it is very steep and smooth. There was ice on the trail this Thanksgiving morning, and a high wind. I gave Dallas the short board and some of the excelsior to carry. I had an armful of wire and excelsior, and I had to tie the sixteen-foot board to my back and stoop down low to get up the steep places." Whether this man reverts to the Biblical unconsciously or otherwise I leave the reader to decide from the following:

"We slipped and fell and were bruised many times as we ascended. Most of the time I kept thinking of a speech I intended to make that night entitled 'On the Mountain Top.'

"Well, we got up at last. I had a hammer and a few nails. I fastened the short board to the long one, and we had a cross. The wind was blow-

(*Continued on page 34*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Now! *Really Safe* Reducing

## *As much as one pound daily under the direction of your Doctor* ---

"Acidosis," the result of wrong ways, need not injure you. Take these scientific measures and improve your health as well as your appearance. Enjoy three attractive meals per day including sugars and starches. Ask your physician about this sound, safe way.

MARY had plainly drooped physically—and mentally. She surely had lost the charm that men admired. Mary had listened to the lure of "reducing" methods; had undertaken "treatment" without her physician's knowledge or approval. Now, she was always tired. Her eyes, even the unnatural droop of her mouth suggested exhaustion—and "nerves."

"If I could only have made Mary understand the difference between right and wrong methods of reducing," thought Sarah. And she couldn't help comparing her own girlish figure and snap and energy with Mary's predicament. "If women would only play fair and consult their doctors," she mused.

(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

[ Every statement verified by high Medical Authority ]

### ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache
Sour Stomach
"Biliousness"
Nausea
Children's "Upset Stomach"
Nervousness
Sleeplessness
High Blood Pressure
Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Acid Urine
Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

THE Medical Profession has been united in its opposition to most methods of reducing because those methods have been wrong.

Wrong methods may reduce the weight, but almost always leave a look of age about the face.

Slimmer lines can be accomplished without the drooping cheeks, the tired eyes and other signs of error.

You can, in fact, lose all your extra pounds and still retain your youthful contours without wrinkles or "crowsfeet" and your doctor knows the way.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition. "Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1607, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

## "The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

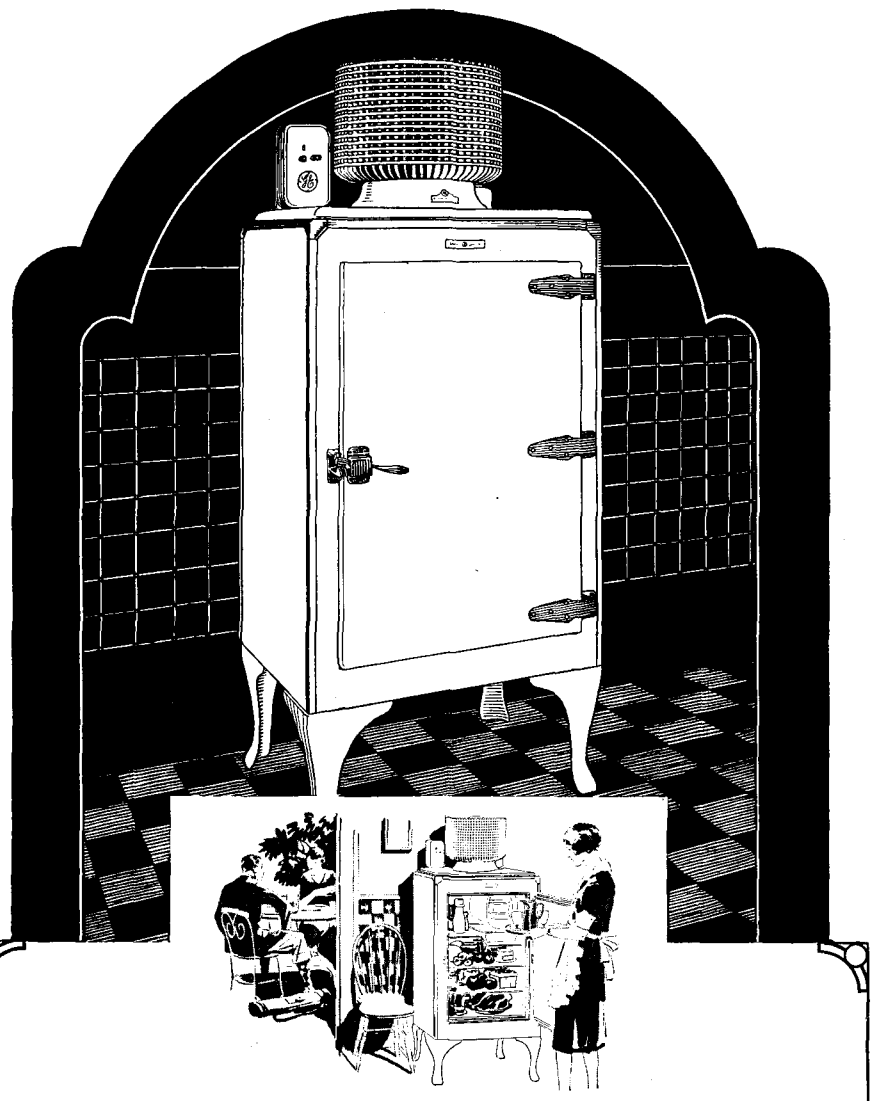
ALTHOUGH referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

© 1928 C.F.G.E.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Thorough chilling adds new flavor to foods

JUST an ordinary grapefruit after a brief stay in a General Electric Refrigerator becomes a rare treat. Just a simple salad acquires a best-hotel air when it is chilled to the proper point of crispness. Drinks, too, are more refreshing when they are really cold.

The modern housekeeper has also found to her surprise that with a General Electric Refrigerator, it's just as easy to make a luscious mousse as it used to be to make an uninteresting rice pudding. She finds that an aspic is a welcome hot-weather change from soup—and less work to prepare.

The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others—in construction, in operation, in *results*. It is unusually quiet. All of its machinery is safely stowed away in one hermetically sealed steel casing. It hasn't a belt, fan or drain pipe—never needs oiling. For complete details, write for descriptive booklet C-7.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
**Refrigerator**

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

# How I Put Over the Klan

*Continued from page 32*

ing a gale, and our fingers were almost frozen, but we wrapped the excelsior around the cross with the wire. Then we went down the mountain.

"That night, when they all gathered at the Piedmont Hotel, I told the men I was going to administer the oath at midnight on top of Stone Mountain. Some of them wouldn't go, but I had hired A. L. Belle Isle's sight-seeing bus for $25, and when I told them that it was waiting outside, fifteen of the men decided to go.

"The weather was worse than in the morning. It was pitch dark, and we had to use flashlights. Down at the bottom of the mountain there's a spring of sparkling cold water. I stopped at the spring and took some of the water in my old army canteen and stopped to make a few remarks on purity and honor. Then we struggled to the top. The wind blew so hard up there that you couldn't keep your hat on. The boys took off their hats and fastened them down under stones.

"I sent each man out in the darkness to get a bowlder. No one knew what I was going to do. Then I held up the cross in the wind while each man placed his stone against the cross. The sixteen bowlders held the cross upright. I had brought a bottle of kerosene and gasoline, half and half. While the men had been gathering the bowlders I had secretly soaked the cross with this mixture. I told the men they had built an altar at the foot of the cross. I put the canteen of water on the stones, with a few remarks. My father had once given me an old American flag, which had been carried in the Mexican War. I had brought this with me. I laid it across the altar, with some more remarks. Next I placed a Bible on the altar, explaining my reasons for so doing. Then followed an old sword which had been used in the Civil War. I had been told that, in a skirmish, this sword had been used by a Union soldier in wounding a Confederate soldier, and that in turn a Confederate soldier had picked it up and killed two Union soldiers with it. I told them it had the blood of both sides on its blade.

"Suddenly I struck a match and lighted the cross. Everyone was amazed. And while it burned I administered the oath and talked. We could stay up there only about fifteen minutes, because the wind was so high and cold."

### A Thirteen-Year-Old Mystery

THAT'S "Col." Simmons' story of the first fiery cross.

"Where did you get the idea of the fiery cross?" I asked him.

"Oh, you keep reading about it in the novels of the old Klan days like the 'Leopard's Spots.'"

After he had burned that cross he dropped his fraternalist's job and started to push his own new lodge.

And now we come to another "if" in the career of the Klan.

If there had been no David Wark Griffith and no film The Birth of a Nation, could Simmons have pushed his new order forward as quickly as he did?

Simmons himself says no.

There was good reason, as I have said, for making Thanksgiving Day the occasion for burning his first fiery cross. Something was going to happen in town the next week that would give his new order a tremendous popular boost. Simmons laid his plans well.

Thanksgiving Day fell on November 25th. The "fiery" ceremony on the

S H O P T A L K

# Hoods Off

UNTIL the appearance of this issue of Collier's the story of the beginning of the modern Ku Klux Klan had never been told. No one knows that fantastic story better than "Col." William Joseph Simmons, the founder. It was to induce Simmons to reveal the queer history of this child which grew into a burly brute and kicked its father downstairs that Collier's sent William G. Shepherd to Atlanta.

He found Simmons to be a night worker. Years of activity as a "patriot and fraternalist" explain that. A propagandist works more easily after dark. So, with habit strong upon him, Simmons sat with Shepherd through long nights in the study of his little suburban home, and talked during late afternoon and evening hours in corners of the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel. As actors do, Simmons devotes his mornings to sleep.

Piece by piece the story grew and Shepherd found himself in possession of material which no other reporter ever has had. Simmons told of the first "fiery cross," of the conception of the Klan's curious nomenclature and its puerile mysteries, and his own gratified amazement when his brain child grew to great dimensions. He told of the jolly days in "The Palace" when the big money was pouring in, and how the entire hoard of more than $1,000,000 with all the Klan machinery was taken from him by a greedy crew on the Civil War battlefield of Peachtree Creek.

After his week-long interview in Atlanta, Shepherd went to Washington and gave Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, present head of the Klan, an opportunity to reply to the statements Simmons had made.

The three articles in the series present a devastating picture drawn from unquestionable sources of the birth and growth of an organization which became a sinister force in our country. Its power now wanes, but so long as the unwary permit their prejudices to be turned into cash the Klan will not die. Every American will be interested in these articles.

THE EDITOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountain top was a mystery to the countryside until two days later, but on the evening of Saturday, November 27th, the newspapers of Atlanta carried stories of the strange ceremonies and the new Klan. Simmons himself told the reporters the story. Atlanta couldn't be sure whether his story was a press-agent stunt for the film or not.

The film came to Atlanta Monday, December 6th. On that day in an Atlanta newspaper there was an advertisement two columns wide and seven inches deep, inserted by Simmons, announcing his Ku Klux Klan and asking for members. In that same issue of the paper was an advertisement, about the same size of The Birth of a Nation.

Simmons' advertisement carried a striking figure of a Klansman on horseback with the heavily blackened words, "Knights of the Ku Klux Klan" . . . The World's Greatest Secret, Social, Patriotic, Fraternal, Beneficiary Order."

"I went to see The Birth of a Nation for the first time that week," "Col." Simmons told me. "It made a tremendous impression on everybody.

"Yes, The Birth of a Nation helped the Klan tremendously."

Later I told David Wark Griffith of Simmons' statement.

"That ends a thirteen-year-old mystery," said Mr. Griffith.

"I've been accused of having made The Birth of a Nation as propaganda for the Klan. What's more, throughout the years I have been constantly asked to explain the relationship between that picture and the Klan. That accusation seemed foolish to me; so did the question. But, if Simmons actually used The Birth of a Nation to raise membership in the Klan, as he says he did, running his Klan advertising simultaneously with advertising of the picture, I can see how many persons may have been confused. My picture was showing about two years before Simmons says his Klan was organized.

"I had no more idea that The Birth of a Nation might be used to revive the old Klan than I might have had that 'Intolerance' would revive the ancient persecution of the Huguenots.

"A terrific power lies in the motion picture. It's a power that is only too leanly recognized in these days. I'm constantly amazed and sometimes almost terrified by it."

## Traitors Among the Klan

WITH the help of the film Simmons soon had ninety members of Atlanta Klan, No. 1. Each man paid $10 in cash and $6.50 for a costume. Moreover, forty-two of them signed themselves for $53,000 worth of life insurance, for Simmons' first idea was to have the Klan a beneficiary order. It never became that. His advertising was cheap and crude. He later changed it to make it dignified and impressive.

"A Classy Order for Men of Character," was the jazzy description of the movement which appeared on the yellow book which formed the first charter of the first Klan.

"A classy order of the highest class," was another description.

"No 'Rough Necks,' 'Rowdies' nor 'Yellow Streaks' admitted." "It is of and for men who are in all things 100 per cent American and no other." One of his early appeals had an effort at humor in it. It ran:

If you are seriously interested . . . write right now to
"TI-BO-TIM"
P. O. Box 782, Atlanta, Georgia.

I asked "Col." Simmons about "Ti-Bo-Tim," because it was a striking instance of the cheapness of Simmons' early approach to the public.

"Oh, that was just a name I devised to attract attention. I dropped it after a while. It didn't take very well."

Simmons tells you today that "Judases" have always betrayed him. There has always been loose and easy money around Klan headquarters, attractive to "traitors."

"It's a wonder I have any faith left in human nature," he told me. "Someone was always trimming me." You can't talk to this man long without having him try to draw on your sympathy. He feels himself the underdog, a betrayed, set-upon patriot.

There came to Simmons one day, when the Klan was a few weeks old, a long-haired, strange-visaged man who claimed he was an ex-clergyman and a lodge worker.

He gave the name of Johnathan (or Jonathan) B. Frost. Simmons took him in (or he took Simmons in), for he spoke well. He became one of the founding members of the Klan.

## Not All Easy Going

IN THE spring of 1916 the Confederate veterans were to hold their annual encampment in Birmingham, and Simmons decided to have a lodge of the Klan in full running order by the time the encampment met.

"So I sent Frost to Birmingham to organize a new Klavern. He stayed there a few weeks, and the new members piled in. I could see from what he was doing that the Klan was going to succeed. Finally I needed some money, and I jumped on the train one day and went down to Birmingham to settle up with Frost, because he had taken in all the Birmingham fees.

"Well, that was my first disappointment. He had skipped with all the money. He left me heavily in debt. He had gone off to another part of the South and started another Klan of his own. The sheriff caught him and took him back to Birmingham. The indictment of Frost, as the records stand today in Jefferson County, Ala., runs as follows:

" 'Johnathan Frost, alias Jonathan Frost, being at the time the servant, agent or employee of the Ku Klux Klan, a body corporate, embezzled or fraudulently converted to his own use money to the sum of about $800, said money having come into his possession by virtue of his said office or employment.' "

Another disappointment was in store for "Col." Simmons immediately.

"My lawyer, a member of the Klan, asked me whether I wanted to put Frost in jail or whether I wanted to get the money back. I told him I needed the money badly. He went down to Birmingham, and came back within a few days.

" 'I've got it all fixed up,' he reported to me. 'Solicitor Hugo Black [Black is now United States senator from Alabama] nolle prossed the case, on payment of costs by Frost.'

"Fine," I said to the lawyer. "Where's my money?"

" 'Why,' said the lawyer, 'I've figured it all up, and my fee and expenses absorb it all.'

"Things like that were always happening to me. Evans and the other men who worked with me always called me a visionary and said I wasn't a big business man. I'm a business man all right, but how can a business man deal with concealed crooks?

"There were times," he tells you, "during those five early years, before the public knew of the Klan when I walked the streets with my shoes worn through because I had no money.

"I put over the Klan, at last, but it wasn't all easy going, let me tell you. And after I got it going, with a million dollars' worth of cash and property, they took it away from me. It was something awful."

But before he lost the Klan the World War was to intervene, and he was to turn his organization into a secret order, with many of its leading members working in conjunction with federal officials. He was to become for a time one of the most mysterious figures in the United States, a man who turned the American press away from his door and worked in the darkness of which he boasted.

For two years he was to roam in clover, before the end came.

*The second article in this series, "Ku Klux Koin," will appear in next week's Collier's*


Careful boy!—it's spread thick—that Heinz Peanut Butter. Moist and creamy. And what a flavor. All those little Spanish peanuts—all those big Virginia nuts—that's what gives it that wonderful taste—rich and sweet and yummy for all the folks who like peanut butter with a fresh roasted flavor.

There's always a lot of satisfaction in working out a way to make something *better.*

We've always found it so . . . Recently, after ten years of experimenting, we discovered a special way of making Peanut Butter so that it would have *no* oil on top.

And *that* means a Peanut Butter that is sure to stay moist and creamy and easy to spread until the very last morsel is used.

We patented the process, of course, and made it exclusive with Heinz . . . So now *all* the flavor of the choice, fresh-roasted nuts remains in the butter.

With every one of the 57 Varieties, the name Heinz has come to mean Flavor, due to methods exclusive with Heinz. With an established reputation such as ours, can you wonder that we regard it as our most precious possession.

HEINZ
Peanut Butter
No oil on top

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What the Well-Dressed Man Wears.

"B.V.D." with its correct proportions, and its unaffected air of cool cleanliness is the choice of men who make a point of correct attire.

The man who takes pride in the correctness of his clothes values the unique FIT and COOL COMFORT of "B.V.D."

The combination of fit and freedom, provided by the patented closed crotch, encircling waist-web, and other distinguishing features of the "B.V.D." union suit, appeals to well-dressed men everywhere.

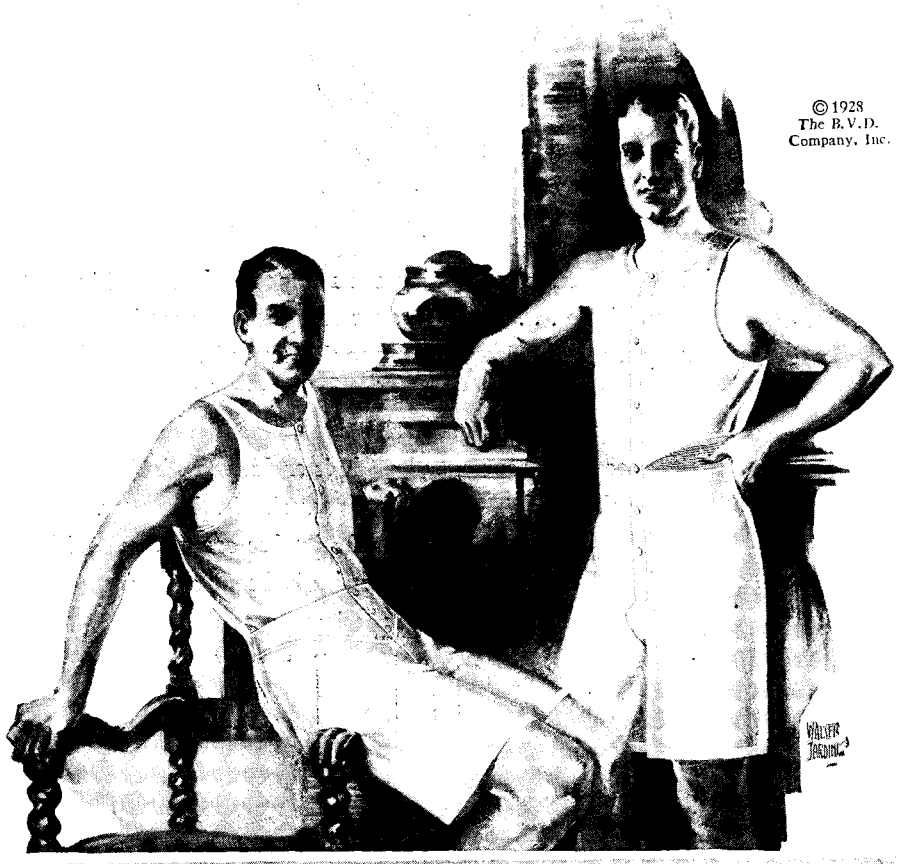
The unequalled coolness which scientifically correct design, finished tailoring, and specially woven and treated nainsook give to all "B.V.D." garments, is invaluable to any man's comfort.

***No Underwear is "B.V.D." Without this Red Woven Label.***

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

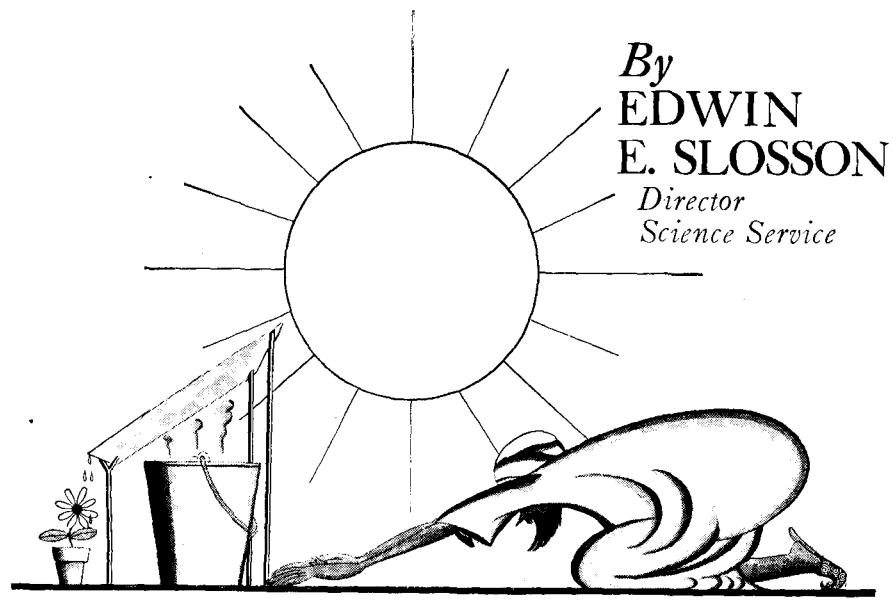
**Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c**
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, Inc., N. Y.
*Sole Makers "B.V. D." Underwear*



©1928 The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

***"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V. D.' Best!"***

*By* EDWIN E. SLOSSON
*Director Science Service*

# *Irrigation by Sun Power*

A DESERT land along the seashore is in the pitiable state of the Ancient Mariner:

*Water, water, everywhere,*
*Nor any drop to drink!*

Tunis is in that sad situation. So it occurred to the ingenious administrators of the colony that the same solar rays that dried up the land might be used to pull up the water. That is, in fact, how every land gets watered, by evaporation from the sea. Why not accomplish it locally and as needed, rather than through the roundabout and careless way of clouds and rain? So they opened a competition for a simple apparatus that would utilize the sunshine for the distillation of water from the ocean.

This would give pure water, with no fear of the land's being ruined in the course of time by the rise of alkali as has happened to so much of our Far Western lands. And the arable area of Tunis could be enlarged by half.

But nothing came of this attractive project. Of the seven types of apparatus presented for the prize, the most effective was a shallow sheet-iron tray covered by glass like a greenhouse or forcing frame. Sea water was run in to the depth of a few inches, and as this evaporated it was condensed on the glass top. This was set at an angle facing the sun, so the water ran down the incline and off through a gutter to a tank.

The apparatus gave about a quart a day for ten square feet of glass surface. But since it takes ten or twelve inches of rain or irrigation water a year to restore an arid region to fertility, this means that it would take an acre of windowpanes to irrigate an acre of land. So the scheme has been laid upon the table until some inventor will devise a more economical method of using the waste heat of the sun to get the waste water on the waste land.

## Rain Today in England

WHEN turned-up trousers first appeared upon American streets the wearers explained the eccentric style by saying, "It is raining in England today." This may have been wrong as a reason, but the chances are it was right as a guess. For an average of the reports for 4,000 weather stations in all parts of the British Isles for thirty-five years shows that there were 204 rain-days in the 365.

Every day on which a fall of a hundredth of an inch or more is recorded is counted as a "rain-day."

The total rainfall for a year over the British Isles is 41.4 inches on the average. The mean rainfall per day is one fifth of an inch, and if this is counted as falling at the usual rate it would amount to 3½ hours of continuous rain in the twenty-four hours.

[The mean annual precipitation in the United States runs from 62.0 inches, in Mobile, Ala., to only 7.9 inches, in Phoenix, Ariz. The British rainfall is nearly the same as that of Indianapolis or Philadelphia. If we go outside the continental United States we find that at Colon, Canal Zone, the wet-season average rainfall is 116.3 inches.]

## The Soot Avalanche

IF ALL the dirt and soot from smoke-laden air that drifts down upon American cities every year fell at one time upon the city of Washington, it would bury the nation's capital under a dense blanket more than eight feet deep, stagnating all traffic and paralyzing the machinery of national government.

This avalanche of soot, if piled up, would make a sloping mountain 1,500 feet high, over two miles long and a mile wide, submerging the White House, the capital, the Washington Monument —everything in its path.

These calculations have been made by engineers, based upon an estimate that 70,000,000 tons of soot rain down upon American cities every twelve months.

*Measuring gauges show that the yearly* precipitation of soot at Pittsburgh runs as high as 1,920 tons per square mile; at Chicago, 1,200 tons; Cleveland, 700; St. Louis, 600; Indianapolis, 600; Cincinnati, 500; New York, 375 tons. Hardly an American city escapes a downfall of less than 100 tons to the square mile each year.

Out of this pall of smoke, if every American citizen inhaled the share allotted to him on a per capita basis, he would breathe, along with the 43⅕ pounds of air that goes into the lungs every day, 2⅗ pounds of poison-laden soot.

Meteorologists find that smoke shuts out from 30 to 50 per cent of sunshine, with its health-giving ultra-violet rays, from American cities. Inhalation of this smoke, according to pathologists, induces serious inflammatory and nerve disorders. Physical damage to buildings and their furnishings through smoke is estimated by the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh at $500,000,000 a year. In Chicago alone it is calculated at $50,000,000.

Laundry bills are higher by 50 to 75 per cent in cities having the heaviest smoke density. Government recording instruments show that 30 per cent more sunshine falls upon Governor's Island, in New York Bay, away from the city's smoke, than upon Manhattan Island.

According to the British Coal Commission three million tons of soot are annually shed upon English cities. This is nearly equal to three days' output of all the collieries of Great Britain.

"In effect, the work of over a million for three days every year is devoted to providing the soot which pollutes our atmosphere," says the commission.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Lion's Skin

*Continued from page 13*

Weir turned the letter over and over: a plain sheet of paper, no letterhead, no address, no telephone number. Not a clue. And she was waiting even now beside one of the two or three million telephones in New York. . . .

"The scoundrel!" said Ambrose. "The damned scoundrel!"

The next morning he had an imperious summons from Arthur Misrock; arriving hastily at the office, he found a check—a check for $400, signed with his name and made out to the Green Macaw, Inc.

"Well?" said Misrock. "Bad?"

Ambrose grew scarlet with fury.

"Bad? It's terrible! That isn't even an imitation of my signature, and I never had any money at that bank in my life. And the Green Macaw—that's a night club, isn't it?"

"At the moment," said Misrock, "it's *the* night club. It opened last month and it will be padlocked next month, but just now they're cleaning up. Let me tell you, my boy, this fellow is playing Ambrose Weir better than you ever did. It takes genius to cash a check at the Green Macaw."

"But, Arthur, I might be prosecuted—"

"Now, now, you're all right. I covered the check and told the bank and the manager of the Green Macaw that this was only one of the oversights of genius. So if you still want to write something that's worthy of you, write me a check for $400. You will get your money's worth; no $400 spent for personal publicity would do you so much good as the news I am spreading around that you can cash checks at the Green Macaw."

"It's an outrage!" said Ambrose blackly. "This man is a scoundrel! He's breaking a girl's heart—under my name."

"Good!" said Misrock.

Ambrose stood before the mirror, studying the fit of his new evening clothes. He hardly looked as if he had been born in them, but there was no doubt that new clothes and the new haircut took years off his age and added stature to his personality. But his face—Ambrose was afraid it was still flat and uneventful, despite that reticent but unmistakably apologetic letter he had had from Maude Maitland and the polite but unmistakably final note he had sent in reply.

Tonight he wished he had not been quite so final. He had dressed for a party at Arthur Misrock's, only to find himself paralyzed by diffidence and inertia.

Then the telephone rang.

"Yes?" He answered with a studied hoarseness, as he had answered every call all week, for Ambrose had laid plans whose crafty astuteness amazed him every time he thought them over.

"Ambrose?" came that silken drawl. "Ambrose Weir?"

"Yes, of course." He permitted himself to be eager. "Doris?"

"Where on earth have you been?" Her voice was tremulous with relief.

"Out of town, recuperating. I've had a cold." He coughed for plausibility.

"Oh! Did you get my letter?"

"Haven't heard a word from you," said Ambrose, "since that night we were at the Green Macaw."

"OH!" That sounded like a sigh of thanksgiving. "Well—" She laughed a little.

"When can I see you?" Ambrose demanded promptly.

"Why not tonight?" Doris suggested with encouraging blitheness.

"Fine! Where shall I meet you?"

"Under the clock at the Biltmore," she said. "In half an hour?"

"Right!" said Ambrose. "And—what are you going to wear?"

"Why, that depends. Do we dress up? . . . Well, then!" Her fluty laughter rippled. "You don't suppose I have two evening gowns, do you?"

Ambrose left the telephone in dismay.

Half an hour later he ascended the steps of the Biltmore, looking up toward that three-sided alcove where half New York keeps its dates. A dozen pairs of crossed legs, flesh-colored, silken; a dozen figures, dim in the half light. . . . Ambrose paused on the top step, lighting a cigarette with ostentatious indifference; above his cupped hands his eyes roved the line of waiting women. . . . There were three red-headed girls in evening dress.

Then Ambrose Weir had an idea worthy of the author of The Outline of Progress—worthy even of the serious books he had never written and never would write. A girl—a young girl who obviously thought rather well of herself—would never call herself red-headed if her hair were offensively red. His eyes passed over the two frankly carrot-topped women who waited, and lingered on the slim figure of a girl in blue and silver whose fluffed golden hair held just the faintest shade of ruddy rose. . . . In three steps he was beside her.

"DORIS?" Her gray eyes looked up at him, startled and severe.

"I'm Doris Clayburn, yes." Even stern suspicion couldn't drain the softness out of the silken drawl. Ambrose was crimson.

"I have a message from Ambrose Weir," he said. "If you can give me two minutes— Suppose we go around the corner into the tea-room."

They sat down at one of the little tables and waved the waiter away; Ambrose admired her cool poised aloofness. Now was the moment.

"Don't be angry with me," he said, "or get up and walk away till you've heard my story. There's been a mistake somewhere. There are four or five Ambrose Weirs in New York, and I'm Ambrose Weir, the author." She didn't stir; the gray eyes regarded him darkly. "If you want proof of it," he said, "here are some letters: royalty checks—"

"Are you the man I telephoned to tonight?" she asked. He nodded. The gray eyes were still level, expressionless; but her hands, clasped on the table, were clenched and rigid.

"And are you the man I telephoned to last week?" He nodded again. "And"—now her eyes were averted—"did you get my letter?"

"Letter?" said Ambrose. "What letter?" Her whole body stirred in an instinctive movement of relief.

"It doesn't matter. . . . Then who's the other Ambrose Weir?"

"God knows. . . . But there must have been some misunderstanding!" Now he was eager. "I'm sure it was unintentional—"

She laughed. "Oh, no, it wasn't." The laugh softened into a smile of twisted amusement. "Anyway, it was decent of you to tell me. Though I suppose it's been awkward for you, hasn't it? . . . Lord! What a fool I've been!"

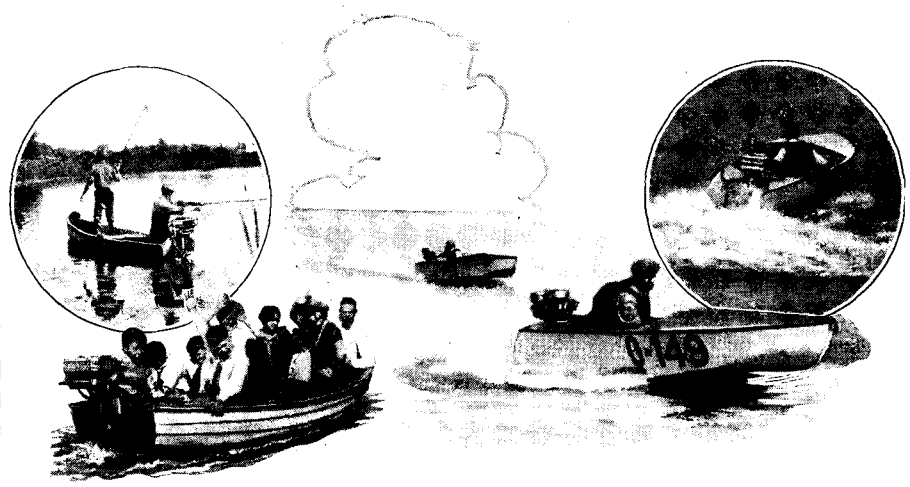
"Not at all!" Ambrose protested. "I hardly ever go around: nobody knows me—"

"I came from a little town where I was somebody," the girl interrupted, "and I didn't like being nobody in New York. I'm secretary to the manager of a restaurant—not the kind of restaurant a famous author eats at—and I thought I was too good for the people I was going around with. Then one night at a party I met a man who was introduced as Ambrose Weir. I asked him if he wrote The Outline of Progress, and he said he did; so at last I felt as if I really lived in New York." Ambrose was crimson once more, but she didn't notice it. "And then when he started taking me around to night clubs—well, I'd always heard about night clubs, but I'd never been to one. So you see!" Ambrose admired her strategic reticence.

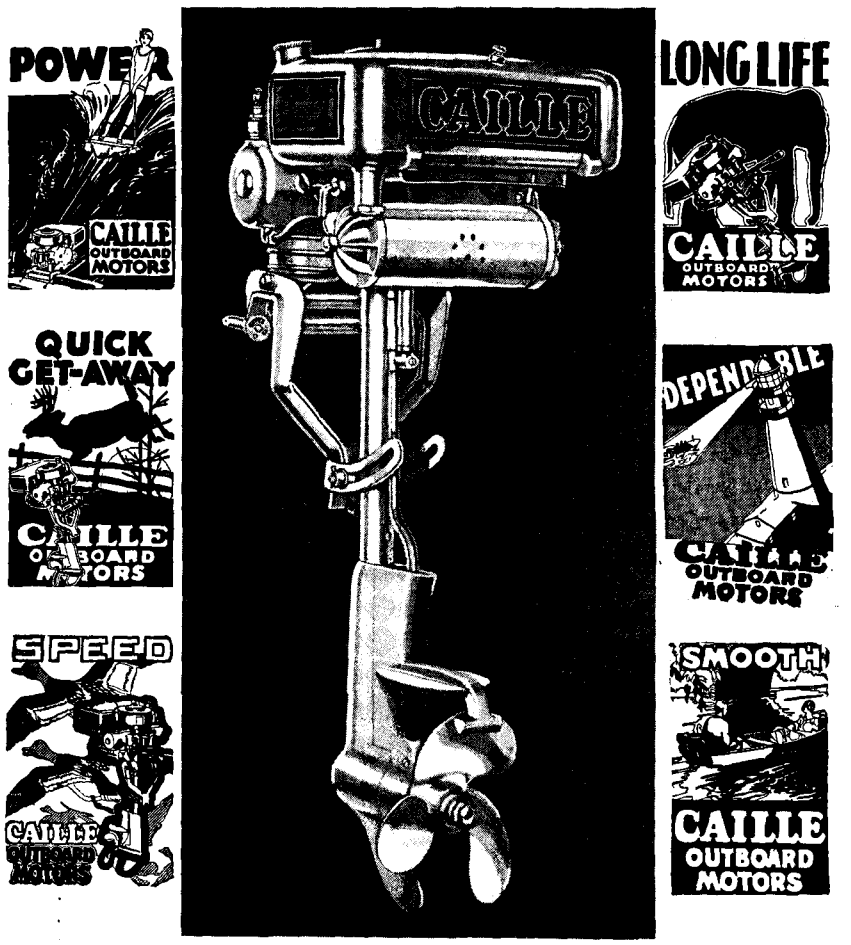
"Yes," he said gloomily. "And do I understand that he's—er—missing at present?"

(*Continued on page 38*)


# THE CAILLE "30" THE DOUBLE DUTY MOTOR



AGAIN Caille shows the way — Caille has whipped the problem of making a single outboard motor meet every owner's need — the Caille "30" is the world's first double duty, all purpose motor — it offers you what you want in an outboard motor. First and foremost you have the safe, sturdy, thoroughly dependable feature which has made the Caille known as the best "family" motor wherever outboards are run. Then, by merely changing the propeller, you have the racing motor that takes no one's backwash—that has set many records and continues to win in race after race. These two features — general utility and speed—both in one motor—are going to make the Caille the King of the Waterways this Summer. If you're buying a motor the whole family will enjoy, you're bound to buy a Caille.




CAILLE MOTOR CO., 6268 SECOND BLVD., *Dept. F*, DETROIT, MICH.

Without obligation, send me your Caille Book and full information on your easy payment plan.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WATCH CAILLE THIS YEAR


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

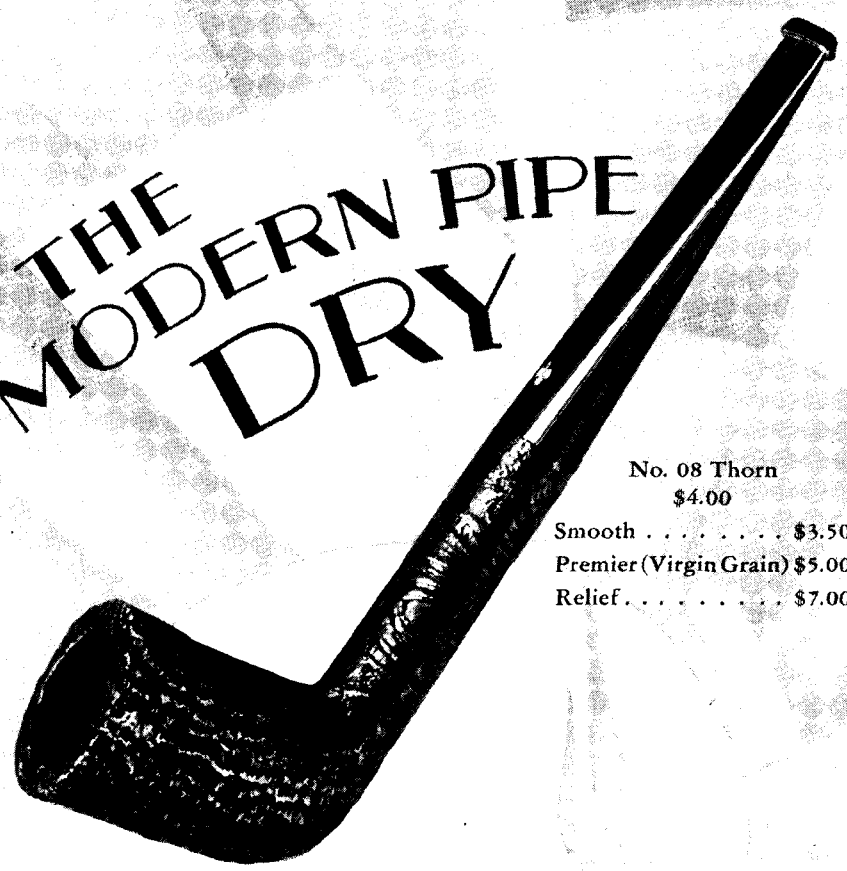
# Drinkless

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## KAYWOODIE

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

THE MODERN PIPE DRY



No. 08 Thorn
$4.00

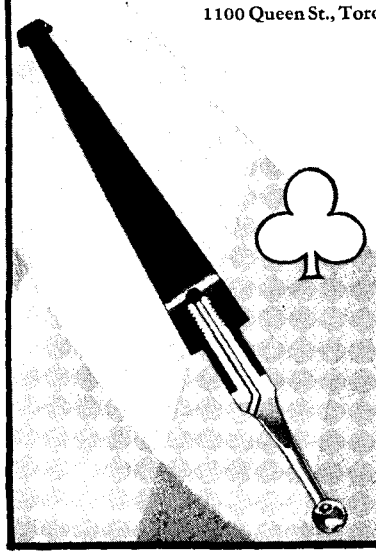
Smooth . . . . . $3.50
Premier (Virgin Grain) $5.00
Relief . . . . . $7.00

No matter how many pipes you own, you need a Drinkless Kaywoodie—the modern pipe! Here, at last is the pipe that gives a dry smoke—sweeter, smoother, cooler. The Drinkless Attachment stops all moisture from the bowl as a damper stops a draft. 100 personable styles, smooth or thorn; for every fancy and every face. $3.50 to $7.00. Write for illustrated booklet.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc.
Established 1851
120 Fifth Avenue
New York

THE CIVIC COMPANY, Ltd.
81 Fulham Palace Road, London

IN CANADA:
1100 Queen St., Toronto, Ont.



How to Know
GENUINE
Drinkless Kaywoodie.

There is only one *genuine* Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe. You'll have no trouble in identifying it. It must have the Kaywoodie clover leaf inlay on the mouthpiece; and the Drinkless attachment shown herewith. The word Drinkless is also stamped on the attachment. Any other offered you as Drinkless is an imitation.

*All cigarettes are kind to your throat in* Drinkless Kaywoodie Cigarette Holders. Price $1.50


# Lion's Skin

*Continued from page 37*

She shrugged. "He lived in the Saskatchewan Hotel—but he's gone, and left no address. . . . So I'd have found out sooner or later, I suppose. Idiot! To feel that I was somebody, just because I knew a famous author—"

"Uh!" said Ambrose disconsolately. "Well, of course—"

She looked up at him and burst into sudden laughter.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean—Only I don't know you, of course—"

"See here!" said Ambrose with sudden firmness. "I've met a lot of famous authors, and outside of office hours they look pretty much like anybody else. But if knowing them makes you feel like somebody—Arthur Misrock's having a party tonight for all his authors. I suppose you think I'm— Of course you don't know me, but I did write The Outline of Progress. What I mean is, if you'd like to meet a dozen famous authors all at once—"

He choked; he could go no farther. He had snatched up this idea from a feeling that he owed her something, but now he began to see how it might look to her.

Her laugh rippled softly.

"I think it would be lovely," said Doris. . . .

Lovely was hardly the adjective Ambrose would have applied to the lush turbulance of Arthur Misrock's party, but lovely Doris seemed to find it so. An hour later Ambrose sat in the corner, sipping a highball, watching her dance with a novelist of indubitable fame and wishing that his own dancing were a little more worthy of hers. And here Misrock, who had been absorbed in a tête-à-tête with a dashing girl poet when Ambrose arrived, descended upon him at last.

"Did you bring that red-headed girl?" he demanded.

"What's the matter with her?" Ambrose rasped.

"Not a thing—very much not. But—*is that the red-headed girl your double* has been going around with? Ambrose, you haven't—"

"Certainly not," said Ambrose with dignity. "That's an old friend of mine—a Miss Clayburn."

A MONTH later she really was a friend of his—and Ambrose was aware that he had been in love with her ever since Misrock's party. That night he had found in her fresh eagerness something he had always missed; with her collaboration, since then, he had explored aspects of New York that he had been missing for twenty years.

Of course he was bound to fall in love with her: she was the only young girl he knew; she was pretty, she was gay; with her help he gradually rediscovered a lost talent for dancing and for laughter; with her he learned to order a dinner and give lordly acknowledgment to the respectful attention of head waiters; she was his companion in his first ventures into gayety, his comrade in the rediscovery of life.

But more than that, she was Doris Clayburn, a person of intelligence and charm, and Ambrose wasn't altogether confident as to what Doris the person thought of him. For she was twenty-one and he was thirty-eight; she was an eager young somebody, and he was a famous author; and in sedulously taking her about to night clubs and prize fights and the opening nights of plays, amusing her, giving her the glitter she craved, he was uncomfortably conscious that, in a sense, he was practically impersonating his impersonator. He had learned a good deal in that month; he had gone a long way toward giving himself a public personality; Arthur Misrock was delighted with him. But whether Doris was delighted with him he didn't know.

Then he kissed her.

It was in a taxi, going home from a night club to her furnished-room house on West Eighty-eighth Street. He kissed her with the awkwardness of inexperience; her warm lips responded for an instant. Then she drew away.

"What's the matter?" said Ambrose. "Don't you love me?" Then, at her gurgle of laughter. "Oh, I'm an ass!" he groaned. "But I thought you could see that I'm crazy about you. I want you to marry me—" Her hand closed over his.

"Of course I know, dear. And I'd be sure I'm crazy about you if I hadn't been so sure I was crazy about the other Ambrose Weir."

"Damn him!" said Ambrose. "Has *he come back?*"

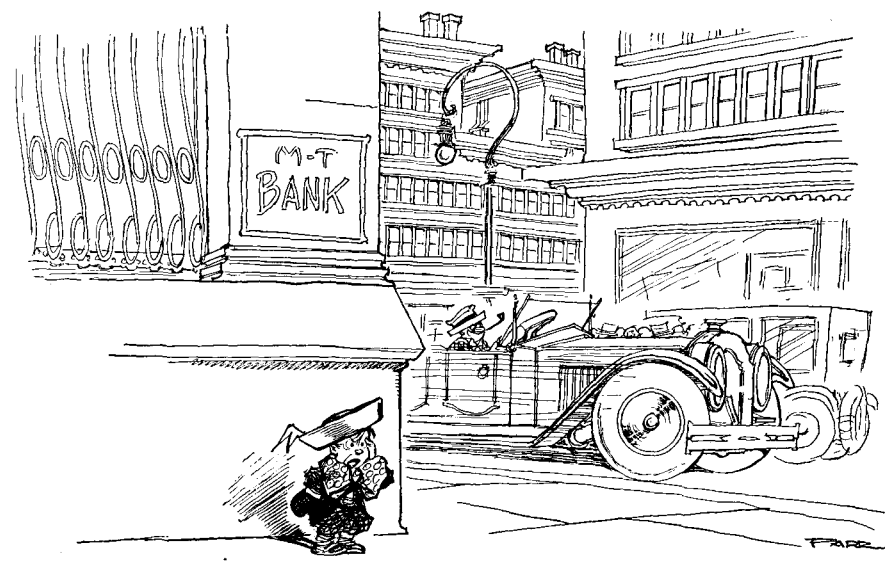
"No, I haven't heard a word from him or about him. I asked the people who introduced us, but they didn't seem to know anything about him—he just drifted into that party where we met, the way people do. But I really was in love with *him*—"

"Well?" asked Ambrose, shivering. "Are you still?"

"Oh, I don't know! . . . You see, he took me around and showed me the things I'd come to New York to see and wouldn't have had a chance of seeing if I hadn't met him—and I thought he was a famous author. But it wasn't just that! I mean I was sure it wasn't just that—I was sure I was in love with him. . . . Well, you've done for me what he did, and I feel the same way about you, only about ten times more so sometimes—but how can I tell, Ambrose? It does seem silly to fall in love hard twice within a couple of months. It looks as if one *or the other must have been imagination.*"

"The first time was imagination," Ambrose suggested with a confidence he didn't feel.

"Oh, I hope so! But if he came back—Maybe I'd find out that I was cured,




*"I can't always be wrong. This time it's my mother who's lost."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it wouldn't be fair to ask you to take the chance. I like you too much."

"Did you—did you like him too?" asked Ambrose diffidently.

"Oh, I don't know. He had a way about him—"

"A way that I haven't?" He seethed with jealousy.

"Please, dear! Don't you see that I just want to be sure—for your sake and mine too? But you and he both dazzled me. If I'd known you before you started going around—when you spent your evenings reading at the public library—"

"You'd have passed me up as a stuffy old owl," said Ambrose. "And you'd have been right. I suppose I'm a sort of lion, since I wrote that Outline, but I'd been wearing an ass's skin for years and never knew it. If I've turned human, I owe it to you—and to him. I'll always owe you that much, whatever happens. But that's not enough—"

Then Doris kissed him, and for two minutes he thought all was well. But it wasn't.

"No, I can't marry you," she sighed. "Not yet. Wait a while; perhaps I'll be sure—"

THE next evening they went from the theatre to the newest night club, where Ambrose had reserved a ring-side table, and when they sat down after the first dance they saw a man coming to them across the floor—a tall, handsome, pink-faced man who looked as if he had been born in evening clothes. Even before he heard Doris' gasp, Ambrose knew him.

"Doris!" said the newcomer. "I've got such a lot to tell you—"

He gave Ambrose a look that was like a blow in the face.

"You've got a lot to tell me,'" said Ambrose. "I'm Ambrose Weir."

The pink-faced man paled ever so slightly; then he looked back at Doris.

"So am I," he told her. "One of the Ambrose Weirs that nobody ever heard of. When you asked me that evening we met if I was the man who wrote The Outline of Progress—well, I was half stewed and I said yes for a joke, and then when I saw that I seemed to be making you on the strength of it—well, I wanted to make you, and all the time we were playing around together for the next two weeks I never could be sure what you'd do if I told you I was nobody."

Doris gave a queer little hurt shiver. He went on, gloomily:

"I was ashamed to tell you! I'd tried about everything and never put over anything; whatever I did was a flop. I got by for a couple of weeks on another man's reputation, and then I decided that it was time to pull out and try to do something on my own. I heard about a proposition where I could clean up quick, in a week or two, make all the money I'd need to come back and talk to you—"

Again she shivered.

"So," Ambrose, the author, put in, "you cashed a check at the Green Macaw—a check on a bank where neither you nor I had any money."

The pink-faced one reddened more deeply, but his pale eyes were unwavering.

"That was all right—the Macaw wouldn't miss it; they were cleaning up. And I knew something on the manager, in case he'd made trouble about that check. . . . Well, I was ashamed to tell you, Doris, that I was leaving town; I was so sure I'd clean up in a week. So I went on from one thing to another till finally I did clean up." He turned on Ambrose. "Well? Miss Clayburn will excuse you, I think."

Doris heaved a long sigh that turned into wistful laughter.

"I certainly won't," she said. "I'm going to marry him."

"What?" said both the Ambrose Weirs. Doris' hand reached out and linked in the hand of Ambrose, the author.

"I know now!" she said. "I know now! He wouldn't trust me—he never trusted me—"

"Trust you?" said the pink-faced one. "Didn't I know you? You were crazy about a famous author, not about me. And when I dropped out you got to asking questions, and you met this bird—"

"Yes, and I fell in love with him!" she blazed.

"Huh! I know you! You fell in love with his reputation, his royalties—"

Ambrose, the author, stood up; he jerked the other Ambrose to his feet. And as the other man's head lowered with a savage scowl Ambrose's nerves gave way: he struck his impersonator in the face.

What happened in the next flurried moment he could never remember exactly—Doris starting up, her eyes frightened; a clamor of excited voices; a blow that glanced off his temple, a moment of furious swinging. Then Ambrose, the author, caught Ambrose, the impersonator, square on the chin, with a blow that sent him plowing on his back halfway across the dancing floor. Ambrose turned back to Doris with a shuddering sigh.

"Come!" he said. "Let's get out of here."

Hands fell on his shoulders—the hands of waiters; behind them hovered the head waiter, issuing orders from a place of safety. Ambrose shook off their hands.

"Let me alone!" he roared. "Don't you dare touch me." His eyes fell on the slip of paper in the head waiter's hands; he took a fistful of bills out of his pockets and tossed them at him.

"Take it out of that," he commanded, and shepherded Doris toward the door.

"Stop him!" cried the head waiter. "These are all singles—"

Two or three waiters swarmed toward Ambrose—and halted as they met his hysterically glaring eyes.

"Try and stop me!" he told them. "Try and stop me!" He picked up a chair and swung it menacingly. "Send that bill to Arthur Misrock—he'll pay it. I'm Ambrose Weir."

Nobody tried to stop him; waiters fell out of his way as he led Doris out, down the steps. . . . On the sidewalk the soft air of a May midnight fell on them gratefully; beneath the glaring electric sign, in plain view of a doorman and a policeman and half a dozen taxi drivers, Doris kissed him.

THE frantic jangle of the telephone woke him next morning; he heard Misrock's voice, no less frantic.

"What have you been up to?" Misrock blazed. "I get a big check from the Cerise Club, with breakage and everything—"

"Pay it," said Ambrose. "I don't remember any breakage, but pay it, anyway. It's all right."

"All right? I hear you have been beating a man up and swinging a chair at the head waiter and God knows what! Do you think that is good publicity, to get drunk and disorderly before all the out-of-town buyers?"

"Please don't bother me," said Ambrose. "I'm going to get married this afternoon. You can be a witness, if you'll come down to the municipal building."

But Misrock's congratulations were tinged with dismay.

"Yes, but what shall I say about this jam you got into? Variety is sure to hear about it—Variety hears about everything—"

"Refer them to me," said Ambrose largely, and proceeded to forget all about it in the excitement of preparing for his wedding.

But just as he put on his hat to go to Doris the doorbell rang.

"Mr. Weir? I'm Mr. Gerber of Variety. About this affair at the Cerise Club last night—"

Ambrose thrust his hands into his pockets, hiding his skinned knuckles.

"Cerise Club?" he said. "I don't know anything about it. Last night I was reading at the public library till they closed it up; then I came home and went to bed."

"Well, Mr. Weir, some people who know you by sight saw you at the Cerise Club. They say you punched some fellow's face and swung a chair at the head waiter—"

Ambrose smiled tolerantly.

"Ah, I see! I've had to explain more than one affair like this lately, but fortunately my friends understand. You see, Mr. Gerber, somebody has been impersonating me."

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. — for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

*No. 130S.*
*White Buck Oxford*
*One of fifty-two smart styles*

# The 200% SHOE
## ..100% STYLE..
## *PLUS* 100% COMFORT!

WHEN your shoes look exactly right — that's only 100% style! You add another 100% when you wear shoes that give you poise (yes, men should have it, too!), vigor, hustle. Chaps who stand out are the ones who *step out!* You get the idea of shoes when you stop and consider that your own two insignificant feet must take 18,908 steps a day. What you do taking those steps is your Circle of Activity. Every step a boost means a real Circle, with fun and success and life! Every step an ache means — discard! Yet, after all, it is as easy as buying a cigar to get the right shoe. Merely ask for Arch Preserver Shoes — thousands of men are doing it — and you'll have all the style and comfort you can handle. You'll take those 18,908 steps and still be eager for more. It's a big thing in your life to use that little coupon.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. C-79, Rockland, Mass.

Made in Canada by Scott-McHale, Ltd., London, Ont., licensed by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.

Healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet — in smartly styled shoes — are assured by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining; the special modeling of the sole supports the metatarsal arch; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. These features are patented; they are found in no other shoe. The Arch Preserver Shoe is superior, not merely because of one feature, but because all of its features are right. No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with the Trade-Mark.

*Sold by Leading Dealers*

Widen the circle of your activity by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe.

THE
# ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Send Coupon for Interesting Folder

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. C-79, Rockland, Mass. Send me "Foot Aches Chart," style folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

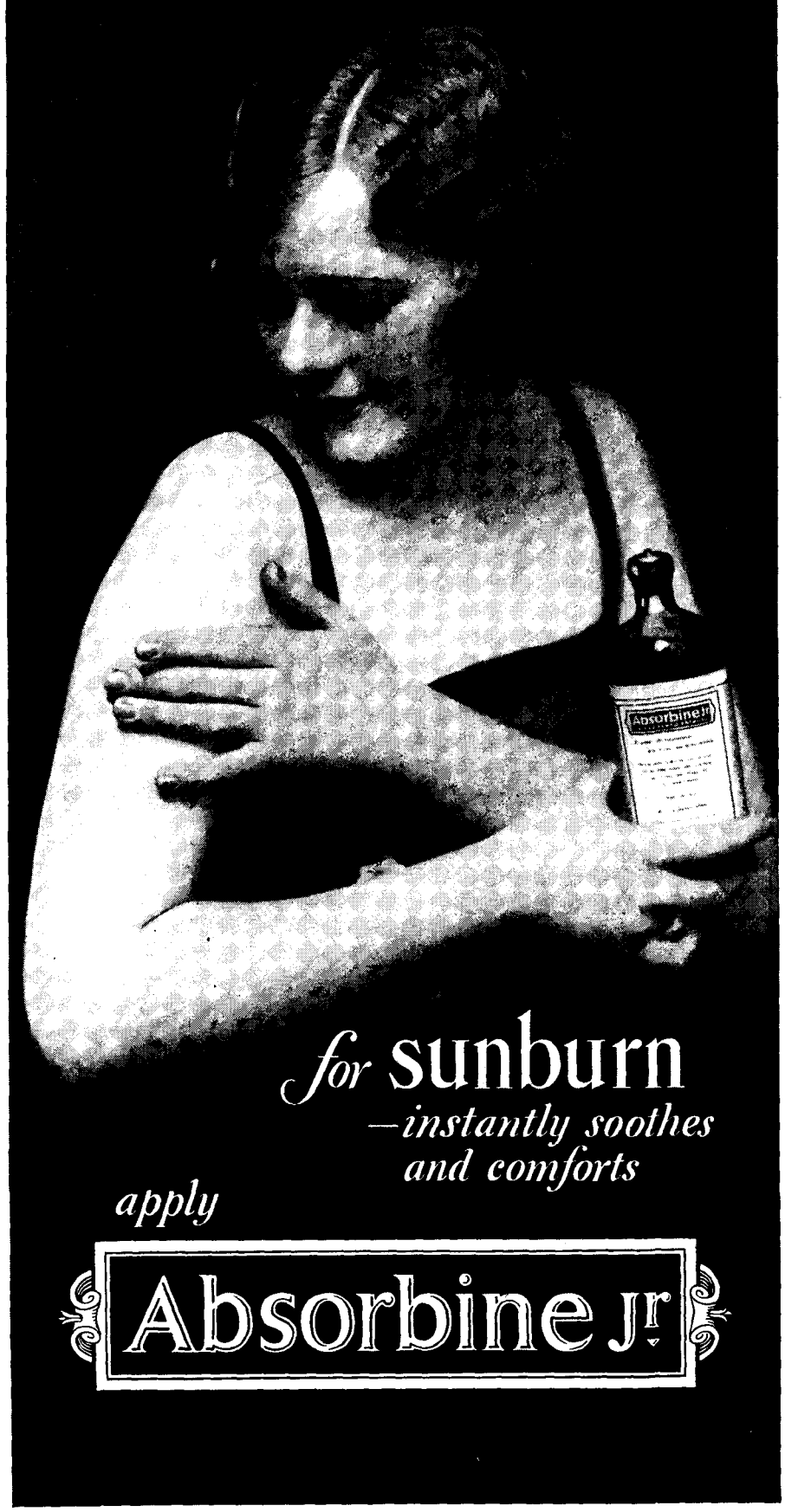

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPLASH on Absorbine, Jr. as soon as possible after exposure. It is cooling, soothing and comforting. No disagreeable odor; no stickiness; does not stain the skin. In severe cases pat the raw, blistered skin with Absorbine, Jr. diluted and soaked in absorbent cotton. It cleanses, and helps to restore the skin without leaving blemishes.

Keep Absorbine, Jr. handy for small insect bites, ivy poisoning and sore muscles. It is an invaluable vacation aid.

*At all druggists', $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50*
*Send for free trial bottle*

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.




*for* sunburn
*—instantly soothes and comforts*
*apply*
Absorbine Jr.

By JACK BINNS

# The Gogettingest Radio

**WELLINGTON MUIR of Lockport, N. Y., has constructed a radio receiver which employs twenty-four tubes. It is said that with this complex set he can pick up the signals from 2LO, London, England, during daylight and amplify them to a point where they can be rebroadcast from the local transmitter WMAK. His receiver is tuned to receive the regular wave of 2LO, and not the ultra-short waves that are being used experimentally for transatlantic work.**

**The energy that he picks up on his aërial after the waves have crossed the Atlantic probably amounts to as much as one microbe-power.**

## Mixing Melodies

HAVE you ever wondered at the magic of modern stage-lighting effects? If so, you may have contrasted its merging of one effect into another with the abrupt changes in harsh brilliancy of a decade ago. The engineering which has brought about this delightful change is somewhat analogous to the development skill that has given us the "mixing panel" in the modern broadcast studio.

Through the medium of a mixing panel an operator is enabled to fade out one program and merge into another without break or abruptness. The mixing panel is vitally important for remote control pick-ups, such as the Roxy periods, where the program necessitates quick jumps from stage to studio—or the emphasis of a soloist above the accompanying music. It is also vital in all musical productions on large stages because it permits the use of a large number of microphones as pick-ups and then merges the whole together harmoniously to give the listener a well-balanced and thoroughly enjoyable reproduction of the original.

## I Own a Perplexodyne

IT BEGINS to look as though the French may take to broadcasting after all. According to report, they have advanced to the stage of giving freak names to each radio circuit.

The two prize circuits seem to be the Zutterodyne and Stazodyne, although the Strobodyne is said to be no slouch.

## Soothing the Savage

FATE in the form of business necessity recently took me to the quaint capital of Delaware. Upon the completion of our business my companion went with me to the local restaurant. As we entered the door the strains of an orchestra playing classical compositions in a New York hotel came to us through an excellent loud speaker connected with the latest type of electrically operated radio receiver.

At the tables were all sorts of persons: judges, lawyers, legislators, tradesmen and workers. The usual hubbub of a busy eating place was strangely absent, and what little conversation there was ran its desultory course in subdued tones.

"What will be the effect of all the unconscious education that radio is thrusting upon us, especially in the realm of music?" my companion asked.

Before I could answer a jaunty truck driver with hat atilt and a banded cigar in his mouth entered the door and began to walk cockily down the center of the room. He had taken scarcely half a dozen paces when the self-satisfied look faded from his face and his step began to falter. He raised his hand and hesitatingly removed the cap from his head and then the cigar from his mouth. Finally he eased himself quietly into a chair.

I turned to my associate and said: "There is the answer to your question."

## Almost Instantaneous

THE successful transmission of pictures by radio is the culmination of more than half a century of patient labor by many devoted workers. The possibility became apparent when the peculiar properties of the nonmetallic element selenium were first observed. This element acts as a variable resistance to an electric current when subjected to light, and the value of its resistance is controlled by the brightness of the light thrown upon it.

To the early observers it was quite apparent that they had the means of translating a picture into pulsating electric currents through the medium of this property in the same manner that a microphone transforms sound waves into low-frequency electric currents.

Alas! No matter how hard they worked, their efforts were wasted because of the sluggishness of selenium. It was not until a similar property was discovered in the metallic element potassium that success came. The trouble here was the extremely small current produced, but with the aid of vacuum-tube amplifiers this defect was overcome.

The present transmission of pictures and the possibility of television in the near future rest entirely upon the rapid action of the film of potassium in a photoelectric cell. In recent experiments Dr. E. O. Lawrence and Dr. J. W. Beams have determined that when light strikes this film an electron is knocked off in one three billionths of a second. That seems to be about fast enough for any picture.

## Lucky Man

ONE dealer of radio supplies in New York City advertises that he "knows all about Radio."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# They Also Ran

*Continued from page 8*

who should represent Greece, he had run away from everybody. He was without doubt the best Marathon runner present at those first games from any country.

There was another Greek, Loues, who ran second in the trial race.

Vassilakous took his Marathon practice as casually as he took his meals. Loues was another kind. He wanted intensely to win. For Greece? Oh, yes, but not altogether for Greece. He wanted to marry a girl of his village. But, because he did not have a good job, the girl's parents were opposed to him. So Loues was wild to distinguish himself. If he could only win the Marathon race!

### The Tortoise and the Hare

VASSILAKOUS also wanted to win. He took the lead at 18 miles, and from there on left his rivals steadily behind.

Three miles from the finish he was stepping along so lightly and easily and was so far in the lead that some friends of his, waiting at this point to greet him, were overcome with joy. They insisted that their hero step into a little wine shop just off the road and have a refreshing drink.

Now, it was a hot day, and the road from Marathon to Athens is a dusty one on a dry day. So Vassilakous, looking back to the bend in the road half a mile behind and seeing no other runner in sight, joined his friends in a beaker of red wine. After 22 miles over that dusty road the drink tasted good. He had another, and one more.

In the meantime Loues, his mind on only one thing, turned that bend in the road, padded along in the dust, and passed the little wine shop without Vassilakous or his friends seeing him.

He had barely crossed the line when in came Vassilakous running high on his toes and trying to explain with both hands and a robust voice why it was he hadn't arrived sooner.

Imagine anything like that happening to an American or English athlete! I know trainers who would have taken such a man out and shot him! We northerners take our Olympics seriously.

The southerners later came to take their Olympics seriously too, though too often they overlooked many details and failed to provide for some vital matter or other. There was an Italian named Dorando in the Marathon at London in 1908. He was very poor; and so a compatriot, a waiter in the Hotel Savoy, was grubstaking him.

He took the lead from the start and forty or fifty wise ones at once fell in behind him figuring that he would serve admirably as a pace maker until he blew up.

Dorando refused to blow up. He ran the first 12 miles of that race in 63 minutes and a few seconds. The road from Windsor to London is slightly down-grade; but even so he set an awful pace for the first half of a Marathon. At the 12-mile point pretty nearly all who had tried to stay with him were baked. Three miles more and they were all baked.

From the 15-mile mark onward Dorando ran alone. But he had an attendant, provided by a friend. This man, on a bicycle, had with him a small round carton of strychnine tablets, the same provided by another friend of Dorando's with the explanation that strychnine was a wonderful stimulant for a flagging heart. Dorando had not complained of his heart, but here were tablets, and why not make some use of them before the race would be over? The trainer had Dorando swallow three of the tablets. A few moments later he slipped him three more.

Dorando reached the stadium far in the lead and started his jog around the track to the finish line. He was halfway around when the reaction from the strychnine set in—and down on the track he flopped. Officials stood him on his feet, urged him onward and pushed him across the finish line. But to be helped to your feet in a Marathon race is to be disqualified.

Dorando came to this country after that 1908 meet and upset all our traditions about long-distance running. Before his day we believed that two or three Marathon races a year were plenty for any man. Marathon runners used to prepare months in advance for a race, and after running one they would take a long rest before tackling another. Dorando traveled over a good part of the United States running a Marathon a week for months. Some weeks he squeezed in two.

The days when Continentals knew nothing of training are past. Something else is also past.

When we competed in that first Olympic meet, pretty nearly everybody there seemed glad that we won; as glad almost as if they had won themselves. Also, they seemed to take it as a matter of course that we would win: an attitude not so surprising, perhaps, in a day when we held the big majority of track and field records.

Ten years after that first meet I was back in Greece taking in the Pan-Hellenic games, and right away I saw that things were not as they had been in Greece before. The national pride was looking up. They were no longer taking it as a matter of course that we would win. They were out to win themselves. That will to win increased with time among the Continental nations.

Of the nine running championships at Paris the Finns won five (and that does not include the steeplechase), and therein is something for us to think about with another Olympic at hand, because, beside the Finns to make us step along, there are Wide and others of Sweden, Peltzer and others of Germany, two or three flying Frenchmen and half a dozen fleet ones from countries in central Europe that ten years ago were unheard of not only in the athletic world but also in the political world.

The best hop-step-and-jumper at the last meet—the best that ever showed up anywhere, barring Dan Ahearne of Ireland—was an Australian. It is a long road from Australia, but they may try it again, and in greater numbers. If the Irish Free State—which is where great jumpers and weight throwers grow on the very bushes—ever gets going again there will be something else to think about.

### We'll Win—Maybe

WE HAVE been given a few athletic shocks lately. The Finns trimmed us properly at running four years ago. In other lines the French have since licked us at tennis, the Canadians at hockey, the Scandinavians at speed skating, and Lord knows who will hop up next. We excel in athletic organization; also (perhaps) in elaborate machinery to turn out athletes; we have more money than any other country to finance athletic programs; but in the two things that count for so much—in the will to win and a national pride in athletic victory—I doubt if we excel nowadays.

I should say that four years ago the Finns excelled us in national pride and the will to win. The talk there had it that every morning of the games the great Finnish runner, Nurmi, got down on his knees and prayed fervently that God would give him strength to go through with his racing that day. Take men of that kind, who have their full share of strength to begin with, add a willingness to sacrifice any creature comfort to condition themselves, and they are tough ones to lick.

The belief here seems to be that we are going to win once more. And perhaps we shall. But no one who has witnessed the change in those Continentals can fail to foresee rough spots in plenty when our athletic bark goes sailing through this coming meet at Amsterdam.


# what this new Simplicity *means to buyers of* Adding Machines

***Test for yourself the utter difference in speed, convenience, durability—then compare the price***

You have seen engineers develop the typewriter, the oil burner, a thousand other mechanical devices.

At each stage how much more simple, yet more efficient, have been the products offered you!

Now master designers likewise have improved and simplified the standard size adding machine. The result, new in appearance and performance, has changed adding machine preference in hundreds of offices.

This new machine is called the Corona '10'.

In it there's a new division of tasks. Over 500 moving parts, until now thought necessary, are eliminated. Space so gained goes to increase size of wearing units. Greater durability, longer life, follow.

Corona '10', a nine-bank machine, has full ten column accumulative capacity, (99,999,999.99). It subtracts automatically. Printing mechanism is enclosed, away from dust and dirt. Type large and legible. Lever action swift, easy.

For this remarkable machine you pay just $100.00. (Slightly more in the West and in Canada). Such is the reward for simplification.

See and test Corona '10'. Your dealer will lend you a machine for trial. Requests are being filled in the order received. For convenience use coupon below.

**THE STANDARD SIZE**

# CORONA '10'

## ADDING MACHINE

***with Automatic Subtraction***

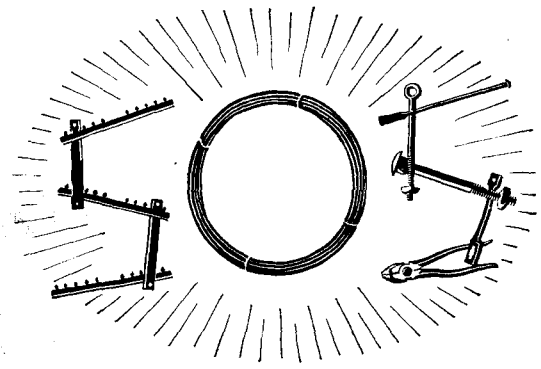
**COUPON** PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please arrange to lend me a Corona '10' for trial in my office. The same to involve no obligation on my part.

*Firm Name*_____ *Address*_____

*Individual making request*_____ *Title*_____


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# —a signal with a double meaning

S.O.S.—flashed from out of some sea disaster sends its tragic appeal to "Save Our Souls."

S.O.S.—in France with Pershing these letters meant a prompt and thorough Service of Supply, backing up the front lines.

Here in America today the business of telephone manufacture and distribution too has its S.O.S.—the prompt service of supply with which Western Electric backs up the nation's telephone companies.

The emergencies, when fires, floods and storms threaten to cripple telephone service, are a part of the day's work, and are anticipated and provided for—by previous planning in building up reserves of equipment in a nation-wide chain of 33 distributing houses.

And then there is the greater, though less spectacular, every-day job of providing the sinews of telephone service for the nation—a service of supply challenging comparison in efficiency and cost.

Thus as distributors, and also as manufacturers and purchasers for the Bell System, Western Electric finds its adventures in many fields.

All to serve you when you raise your receiver off the hook!

**Western Electric**

*Purchasers Manufacturers Distributors*

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM


# The Dancer of San Jorge

*Continued from page 17*

"Marya!" he said, making a caress of it. "Marya!"

She made no sign, no sound. Then simply he told her that he loved her—he, Ian Macgregor . . . told her of his need for her, whom he loved so . . . as no other man could love another woman. Sweet names he called her, in the Scottish and in the Spanish and in his voice was some of the thrall, the magic of his music.

"Marya!"

Imperceptibly she moved. As he picked up what she had dropped to him the tall window slowly shut. He kissed the rose, kissed it as he would kiss her mouth, with a fierce gentleness, letting escape there his pain and longing.

Voices cackled in harsh Spanish from the posada. He stepped swiftly back into the shroud of the shadow, found a dark alley that led him to the stable and his mare. The rose he tucked into the breast of his heavy shirt while he saddled the mare, led her out of town.

The mare climbed steadily, pebbles from her hoofs spinning and clattering down the cliff side into the dim lakes of mist still fired by the dying moon. He rode as a man in a dream; for him there was no rocky trail, no wind-swept gray mountains. In his hand he held her rose; before his eyes was the vision of her face, her body as she danced. . . .

The white mare stumbled, sidestepped wildly, the reins loose on her neck. Macgregor jerked madly, tried to swing in his deep saddle. The mare shook with fear, came back on her haunches, stones scattering under her hoofs. The rose dropped from Macgregor's hand; he tried to draw his feet from the hooded stirrups, failed. A terrible scream came from the mare. Together they fell downward toward the dim lakes of mist.

MEN from the mine, coming the next day from down the trail, saw the vultures, found the rose, the deep, jagged hoof marks on the edge of the trail. . . . With infinite labor they sought out the body, buried it there among the jagged rocks, rode on down to San Jorge, one of them carrying the rose. In the town the posada keeper told with many gusty sighs and gestures of what had happened the night before in the moonlight of the plaza. . . . By sundown, by the time Greudner opened his café for the evening, all San Jorge knew of it and came to watch the dancer . . . to see how she would take the death of the man to whom she had given a rose. . . .

Biguarra and Adams were early inside the place, sought out little Greudner, talked to him about it. The Viennese would tell them little more than that she was going to dance—as usual. . . . The two men looked at one another a bit unbelievingly; it was Biguarra, the matador, who spoke first. . . .

"She . . . will dance because she loved him, Señor Capitano. Thinks that he would like it better so if she did—could he know. . . . In Spain, I have seen the same thing. *Ay de mi!* Life—a glass of wine which can be drained only once!"

Then Greudner bent his pallid face over his violin, began to play.

The door swung open. She came slowly in, danced for them.

Toward the end they whispered to one another and began to go gradually from the place. She was a siren, one without heart or soul, they muttered. . . . It was whispered that she was in league with the old Indian mountain gods: had, no doubt, got her strange and terrible beauty from them. . . . From the door they looked back at her, who looked at no one, and the more superstitious crossed themselves. . . .

It was almost at the end that Greudner abruptly put down his violin and shrilly ordered those that stayed from the place.

In the plaza Adams and Biguarra halted before parting from each other for the night. Biguarra, rolling a cigarette, looked suddenly at the other and laughed deep in his throat.

"It is strange—this," he said musingly. "It is we three who loved her; I can read your passion as well as you can read my own, Captain. . . . And now it is we two who are left, still loving her. . . . If what these dullards say is so we two are also doomed! Name of a goat! It will bring a great crowd to the bull fight and a full purse to Biguarra anyway. You do not sail for three days yet, eh, Captain? You will be here then for the fiesta and to see me amuse myself with the 'little ones.' . . . Perhaps you shall see me killed—or I shall stand on the beach and see your tall ship tear herself to pieces on the rocks at the harbor mouth? . . . Ah, me, this life! A laugh, a sigh, a little love, a little blood, a bottle of wine, and it is over!"

"You talk like a fool, Biguarra," said the American, and swung rapidly away toward the harbor and his ship.

IN THE morning those of the town, dressed for fiesta, filed into the cathedral, where the black-garbed priests droned their Latin beneath tall, flickering tapers that stood about the gaudy statue of the saint. At noon they came forth, their fast at an end, to eat mightily and then go, laughing and singing and carrying flowers, fruit and wine, to the old, whitewashed bull ring on the edge of town.

Adams and his mate had seen the last of the bullion into the holds the night before; waited now only for the native boatmen to work the big bark out of the narrow harbor. But no boatmen would work until after sundown and high tide; today was fiesta.

Nervously Adams paced his poop, gazing at the open sea outside, at his ship, at the harbor, at anything but the white town astern, where he had not been for three nights. Soon now, he thought, old Biguarra would be stepping out there with his red cape and gilded sword, to test the evil prophecy forecast for him by the superstitious ones. Would she—would the dancer—be there with little Greudner and his wife? Adams' fingers clenched and unclenched; he jerked his whistle from the breast pocket of his watch coat, blew for the bosun, ordered him to put the surfboat overside for him. . . .

Head down, he walked hurriedly up the shale of the beach, the two sailors dragging the surfboat high ashore to wait his return. He was shoving off tonight, Adams told himself. . . . He would not see her again, would forever steer clear of this port after this. . . . But if by chance old Biguarra was killed this afternoon, that superstitious rabble might— He'd better be there: that was all. . . . He settled the big revolver more comfortably in his hip pocket, unbuttoned his watch coat; sweat was running down his face. . . .

"BIGUARRA—Biguarra! *Bravissimo!*" cried the crowd. Adams moved on down through them, looking about him, seeking for Greudner, for the dancer. . . . She was not here. But there was little Greudner, crouched low between two yelling, drunken peons. roughly he shouldered through, pushed one of the peons aside, sat down beside the startled café keeper.

Greudner looked up at him, caught his hands in a nervous, moist grasp.

"Himmel, you gave me a fright, Captain! But I am glad that you are here. . . . *Ach!* what a time I have had. . . . I am going mad—mad!"

The big captain tightened his finger grip on the other's wrist until he was silent.

"What is the matter?"

Greudner gestured dramatically downward toward the ring, where Biguarra, red cape trailing the sand, was baiting his first bull.

"Last night that fool there, while half the town listened and watched, came drunk to stand beneath her window. To sing and play to her, Captain. . . . Like a boy who has not had his first kiss, or like a madman. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He stopped, stared; the captain, the crowd, had sprung up, were gazing wide-eyed down at the sand of the arena, where a moment before Biguarra had been laughingly playing with his bull. The red cape lay in tatters before the stamping, sharp hoofs now; the evil horns swung to and fro as, slowly, the bull advanced. Straight, assured, Biguarra waited, left hand up like that of a fencer, thin sword poised.

The bull sprang, swerved. Biguarra made his thrust, missed. The blade snapped against bone. Biguarra, lithe, sure of himself yet, threw hilt and stub at the bloodshot little eyes and turned to run for the barrier. Picadors with their lances down spurred in to drive off the bull. One horse went moaningly down, a great gash in his side. Biguarra leaped for the top of the barrier; slipped to his knees in the bloody sand. The bull gored him through the back. Two of the rurales who stood behind the barrier aimed their rifles, shot until the stamping, tearing bull sagged to his knees, fell, rolled in death.

Somehow the American dragged the little Viennese through the crowd and to the safety of the street outside. Rough hands had torn and beaten at them both; men had tried to draw their knives, stab them, screaming the name of the dead matador, the dancer, whom they called a witch, a foul harlot. . . .

The café door was locked. He hammered on it violently with his gun butt. Greudner's wife, staring, breathless, opened it. He shoved her husband into her arms, swung past her into the dim café.

Standing at the rear door, her hands by her sides, was the dancer. He stopped before her, his impetuosity, his hot anger, leaving him. At last, slowly, with the back of his sleeve he wiped the drying blood from his lips.

"Biguarra, the bull fighter," said the captain slowly, "has just been killed in the bull ring. . . ." Her long, thin hands lifted, caught again tightly at the beads about her throat; he was thankful that he could not clearly see her eyes, her face. Outside there was the sound of many bare feet running across the cobbles; the mutter of angry voices. "Fools!" thought the captain, "but—dangerous fools."

Suddenly the captain reached out, caught the dancer's moving hands in his, held them still.

"Come," he said.

"Where, Capitano?" Her voice was like that of a child's, awakened from sleep by a dreadful dream.

"To the cathedral. I am going to marry you; take you from here. That is my ship in the harbor."

Her hands were quiet, cool, in his.

"You are doing this because you love me?"

"Because I love you—Marya."

"You do not believe—what they out there are saying?"

He laughed hoarsely, pressed her hands, brought her to him.

"No! They are ignorant clowns; what one booby cries they all echo. . . ."

A STONE rattled the jalousies, clacked back onto the cobbles. He stepped back from her.

"Go for your clothes," he said calmly. "Señora Greudner will help you."

Unhesitantly she turned and walked from the room.

Adams took the revolver from his pocket, flung back the front door. Two stones hit at his feet, spun droningly into the room behind him. He fired a shot into the air. The men who stood across the plaza from him dropped their stones, stumbled swiftly backward. He fired another shot into the air. They ran. He watched, laughing grimly; put away the revolver.

She stood beside him, the worn shawl about her shoulders, her feet bare. He stared down at her.

"They were not mine; belonged to those two," she said, eyes on his.

He nodded, smiling a bit.

"Greudner!"

While the little man gaped slack-mouthed at the pesos the two walked straightly across the plaza toward the dark, high door of the cathedral.

The young priest jerked nervously at the girdle of his robe, turned into the dimness of the cathedral, and silently they followed him to where the tall tapers fluttered; whispered about the figure of the saint. They knelt, and his voice squeaked over them.

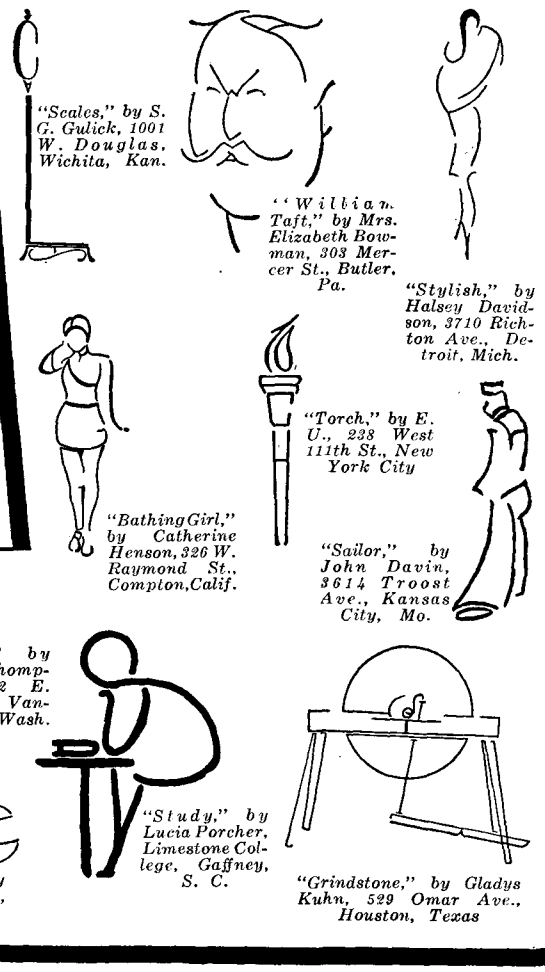
He watched them go, their shadows merging into the other, greater shadows of the place, then standing out clear-cut

(Continued on page 44)


# NAMEOGRAPHS

THERE'S infinite variety in the Nameographs that are coming in. Proving that ideas for them are plentiful. We pay $5 each for acceptable ones. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs from your bookseller or from Reilly & Lee, Chicago, Ill., for $1.35.



"Scales," by S. G. Gulick, 1001 W. Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

"William Taft," by Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, 303 Mercer St., Butler, Pa.

"Stylish," by Halsey Davidson, 3710 Richton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"Torch," by E. U., 238 West 111th St., New York City

"Bathing Girl," by Catherine Henson, 326 W. Raymond St., Compton, Calif.

"Sailor," by John Davin, 3614 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

"Girl," by Louise Thompson, 412 E. 24th St., Vancouver, Wash.

"Study," by Lucia Porcher, Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C.

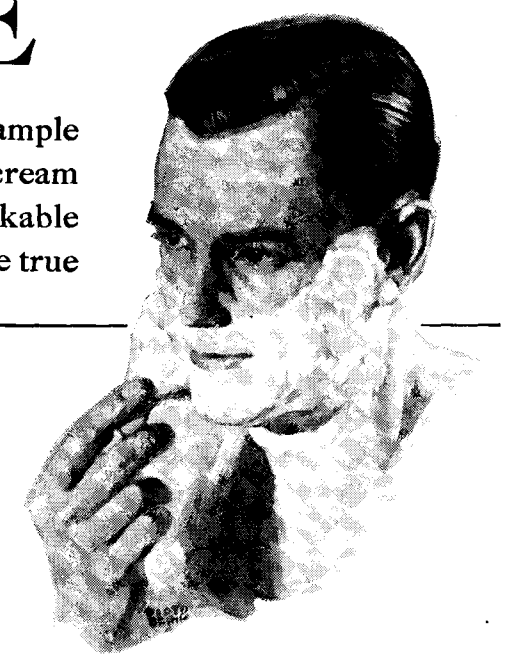
"Wrench," by J. Harry Day, 1340 West 48th St., Norfolk, Va.

"Grindstone," by Gladys Kuhn, 529 Omar Ave., Houston, Texas



# Take 10 Shaves—FREE

**Accept a generous test sample of this amazing shaving cream to prove that the remarkable claims men make for it are true**



GENTLEMEN:

Advertising claims may sound much alike. And meritorious products that suit one may fail to please another. Hence we feel, in common fairness, that the way to introduce our new shaving cream is by offering a free test at our risk.

Thus, if it suits you—as it does the majority of those who try it—you will then buy it. Whereas, should it not, you will be out nothing.

If this reasoning appeals to you, detach the coupon now. Send it before you forget. We promise 10 delightful shaves which we believe will win *you*—as it has thousands—to this new delight.

### *1000 men helped us*

Palmolive Shaving Cream has five unique features—things 1000 men told us they had sought. With their wishes to guide us, we set out to reach a new goal in shaving comfort.

Our laboratories spent years in experimental work. In all 129 formulas were discarded before we succeeded.

That creamy lather which multiplies 250 times to soften the stiffest beard—that unguent-like blandness from the palm and olive oil content—they are no accident. They follow naturally as a result of our 65 years of successful soapmaking.

### *These 5 exclusive features*

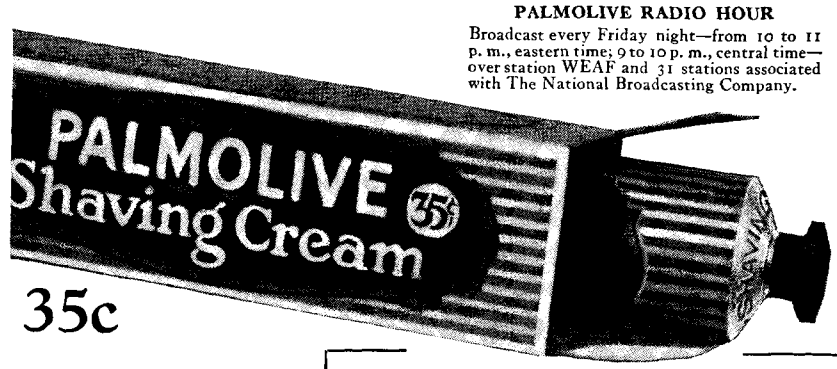
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

### *Now make the trial, please*

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now, before you forget.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**

Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.




35c

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Just mail the coupon.

3974A

## 10 SHAVES FREE

**and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc**

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1516, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Your Motor is getting

*Real Lubrication*

if you've re-cartridged the

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

*every 8,000 miles"*

When does lubricating oil cease to be *lubricating* oil?

That sounds like a conundrum. But it isn't! It's a mighty important question to every motorist. And here's the answer:

Lubricating oil ceases to *lubricate* efficiently when it contains dirt, metal particles and hard carbon. That's when motor wear begins.

The Purolator on your car will take all the harmful foreign matter out of the oil for 8,000 miles. After that it has all it can hold—and it might as well not be there.

To be sure of clean oil—*lubricating* oil—always have your Purolator re-cartridged after every 8,000 miles of driving. You'll have a sweeter running motor, longer, at less expense. Ask your garage man.

*To re-cartridge the Purolator the garage man simply detaches the old metal housing and puts on a new one, containing a new, clean filter element.*

MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC., Newark, N. J.
354 Frelinghuysen Ave.
*Licensed under Sweetland Patents*

# The Dancer of San Jorge

*Continued from page 43*

for a moment as the captain opened a wing of the door and the red gold of the late afternoon sun rested on them.

It was the mate who bighted the line rope overside for them, lowered the accommodation ladder.

"This is my wife," said the captain bluntly when they stood on the deck. The mate nodded speechlessly. The captain's fingers wrapped about his broad leather belt, made the stiff leather bend and stretch.

"Where's the watch?"

"For'd."

"Where's the bosun?"

"For'd."

"Go and get him."

"He won't come; I just tried to get him."

"Take her aft into the cabin. Give her some cake and wine."

The dancer came forward to him, put her hands on his trembling arm, caught at his eyes with hers. Steadily, sure of his course now, he looked down at her.

"These men—are like the others ashore. That is all. I must go and talk with them. I will come at once to you. Please."

She took her hands from his arm, stood from him for a short while as she looked back at the sprawling town, reddened, made distant now by the sunset.

"I cannot go back there," she said.

"No. You are my wife."

Steadily they looked at one another.

"Yes, I am your wife."

Then, her great calmness returning to her face, she went silently aft, the mate clumping nervously behind her. The captain watched them until they disappeared down the companionway. When he could no longer see them he took off his watch coat, tossed it on the hatch. From the main fife rail he took a belaying pin. With it in his hand he went forward to the foc'sle.

THE bullet-headed bosun rose up from the mess table, made a sullen, apologetic gesture with his tattooed hands. In their bunks the men rolled over hesitantly, to watch, to listen. The captain stood, head a little forward, directly beneath the slow-swinging lamp, wordless, waiting. The bosun cleared his throat, looked around him at his mates, as if for more articulate spokesman than himself.

For perhaps three minutes they stood so. Sweat dripped from the bosun's chin, to the mess table, to the deck. His nerve control gave way slowly; haltingly, he stuttered it out:

"Us all 'ere 'as heard about her, sir. We ain't takin' her t' sea with—that—with yer wife—aboard, sir. Me, 'n' Hakker, 'n' Lars, 'as got wives ourselves t' home. . . . You—"

He ducked flinchingly. The captain hit him three times, on the face, on the neck. From the top bunks men jumped cursing and kicking. He fought silently, terribly, without mercy. With a great sweep of his arm he sent the lantern crashing down, from the bulkhead by the ladder, fought there in silence until men no longer leaped screaming, biting, tearing at him. He pawed at the companion ladder, staggered up on deck.

With the head of the belaying pin he hammered on the scuttle. One by one, knowing him, they dragged up the ladder, went past him wordlessly to the anchor capstan, to halyards, sheets and braces. Pawls chattered, grated; the anchor came up dripping slime. Sweating, breathless, they worked it to the cathead, made it fast. Canvas fluttered, bellied whitely, became taut in the offshore wind.

The mate bumped up the cabin ladder, came out on the poop.

"You're taking her out under her own cloth?"

"That's right."

The mate squinted at the tall, terrible man beside him, at the white spate of water that roiled through the narrow breakwater mouth.

"It's your ship," said the mate, in absolution of himself.

"Bear 'em a hand for'd there."

Gladly the mate ran forward to where the men hauled with bruised, torn hands, heads down, backs bowed. On the poop the captain stood before the wheel, feet wide, head back, feeling the ship—his ship—pulse and jump beneath him as she raced for the frothy flood of the breakwater mouth. He'd show 'em—give 'em something real to fear, these dock rats!

BELOW, alone at the big cabin table, the dancer sat staring with darkly brooding eyes at the untouched cake and wine. On the deck above her men's feet pounded, banged; she could hear the long, hoarse shouts of the mate and the captain—the man who was her husband.

The steward came apologetically to lay the table for dinner. She did not move, did not look up. He stared at her, snuffled through his nose; she did not move, make any sign. Spray spattered down through the open skylight to the table. Complainingly he closed it, went back to his pantry, leaving the door open so that he could gape at her. The captain—her husband—appeared and sat at table.

There came a vast, tearing report The captain raised halfway to his feet. napkin in his hand. The mate, wate streaming from his sea boots, oilskins stood in the door, white brine about hi eyes and mouth.

"Fore t'gallants'l."

The captain nodded, sat back in his chair, wiped his lips slowly with his napkin.

"Leave 'em on her?"

"Leave 'em on her; I'm bound home."

"I've got a wife too," said the mate at last.

"Get on deck; you're like the rest of them. . . ."

The mate turned jerkingly and left the room.

The captain put down his glass, looked over at her.

"Why," he asked softly, his wild eyes on hers, "did you dance that night after the Scotch lad had been killed?"

"Because I loved him," she said softly, slowly. "Because I thought that he would like it if he could have known. It was there, in that place, that I for the first time found happiness. . . ."

"You—love me?"

"You have been very good to me. . . ."

"That is all?"

"That is all—now."

The captain rose up from his chair, stepped wordlessly past her into the passageway. When he came back he wore oilskins, sea boots. He stopped beside her, placed a small iron key in her hand.

"THE key to your cabin," he explained, not looking at her. "The second to the left. You will find the door open, the lamp lit."

He tugged at the brim of his sou'wester, walked past her to the companion ladder, his oilskins making a dry rustling as he moved.

She did not know how long she had been sitting there. Only that she was very stiff, very cold, that water slapped and gurgled across the deck and about her bare feet as the ship pitched and heeled. The skylight above her leaked from time to time as a black wave crested across it, and cold rivulets slipped down about her. She rose to her feet, was thrown roughly against the table edge as the ship lifted, dropped, whimpering like a living thing. Then her whole world trembled, pivoted madly as, above, wood, wire, canvas, wrenched away and the main and mizzen topmasts toppled.

The shock of it threw her to her knees, bruised, stunned her. Glass crashed, water hissed through the skylight. The lamp was out. Groping, for the first time really afraid, she reached her feet, stumbled forward. Her numb fingers found a bulkhead, a small door. She opened it, fell within.

The frightened mewing of a cat came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to her. She cried out in relief, called to it, held its warm, scrawny body to her. The place she was in was warm, dry. Dishes rattled and clucked about her, pans chafed one against the other. Reaching out one hand in the darkness, she found a long cloth, wound it closely about herself and the cat, crouched down in the corner, knees and back braced between two bulkheads. The cat purred in deep contentment against her breast; she was warm, dry, very tired. . . . She slept—the scream of the wind, the wailed torment of the ship in her ears.

THE captain banged against the edge of the saloon table, cursed mechanically, raised his deck lantern, called her name again. He waded down the passageway, opening doors, calling constantly, a note of hysteria, of fear, in his voice now. He came to the last cabin, searched it. She was not there. He jammed the lantern in a corner of the empty bunk, pressed his aching hands to his head, his eyes. . . .

In the end he straightened up, took his lantern from the bunk, went wearily out into the passageway. She was gone —that was all.

Macgregor . . . the old drunken matador . . . now she herself, whom he had married so that— And he—he and his ship, which he had sailed like a madman, still lived. . . . He had been the third one—the last of the three—and he lived—and his men. . . . Blindly, mechanically, driven on by instinct alone, he found his way to the deck, to where the mate crouched beside the lashed wheel.

The mate stared up at him out of brine-crusted eyes. The captain's great hand whipped out at him, dragged him close so that he might hear.

"Go for'd," he screamed insanely, "and tell them they are safe—the ship's safe; she is gone!"

The mate hesitated for a moment, stupefied by the thought. The captain beat at his head and back madly; the mate ran for the ladder, head down against the blast of the spray, fists gripped about the life line. In the waist, where they chopped and tore at the smashed gear to clear her from it, the mate let out a great shout in the tumult of the wind. The battered bosun leaned close to him, ax in his hand.

"She's lost!" bawled the mate. "He's been searchin'; can't find her. You hear? Tell 'em!"

The bosun's torn lips came back from blue gums, he moved away swiftly; howled into the ear of the man next to him, and so from man to man. Unbelievingly they looked up and aft, to where they could just see the tall, stooped figure of the captain by the wheel . . . alone. . . . They laughed, and slapped at one another in their mad joy, shook their fists at the sea, at the wind. Croakingly the bosun began a chantey, others took it up, although the words were whipped from their lips as they shouted them. . . . Smiling, somehow reassured, the mate reeled aft along the life line, singing to himself the chantey the bosun had just started.

With the dawn came rain, then a slow, sweet breeze. In the gray light they cleared the last of the wrecked gear away from her, spread her courses and lower topsails again and set a pump watch to get her dry. The captain leaned against the chart shelter, vague eyes on the toes of his boots, a great, throbbing ache at the back of his brain. Beside him, the mate stood drinking gulpingly from a pannikin of coffee, sextant case under his arm.

Feet pounded up the companionway from the saloon. The mate dropped coffee pannikin, sextant, his mouth slack. The captain looked dully up.

The steward gulped and gesticulated dumbly down the companionway, bulging eyes on the captain.

"If you ain't the dumbest—" began the mate to the steward, but the captain was brushing by them toward the companionway.

He found her standing in the door of the steward's pantry, the red tablecloth still wound about her, the steward's thin gray cat in her arms. He started to speak, could not. Finally he reached out to her, and unhesitantly she came to him. He held her a little away from him, looking down into her wide eyes, and found there the answer to the mad thought that had ridden him all night.

"The storm is all over. You can—love me now?"

"Yes, my dear, I can love you—now. . . . Last night—you understand? There had been you three who loved me so; I, who did not want love—but wanted to dance—dance— And then that young one with the blue eyes and the sad mouth, the one who played with those strange pipes so that at last he, and I, the whole night, were drunk with his music. . . . He was killed. . . . And that old torero yesterday went down loving me. . . . You alone were left; you who were brave enough to marry me—brush aside all that, which even myself was beginning to believe. . . . You see? If I *had not* loved you I would have thrown myself into the sea—for even San Jorge would be better. . . . But last night I could not tell you that I loved you—felt that I must kill your love for me if I could. . . . For those two had died so, and you were the only one —I . . . I did not know until now, with you here safe before me, your ship safe. . . ."

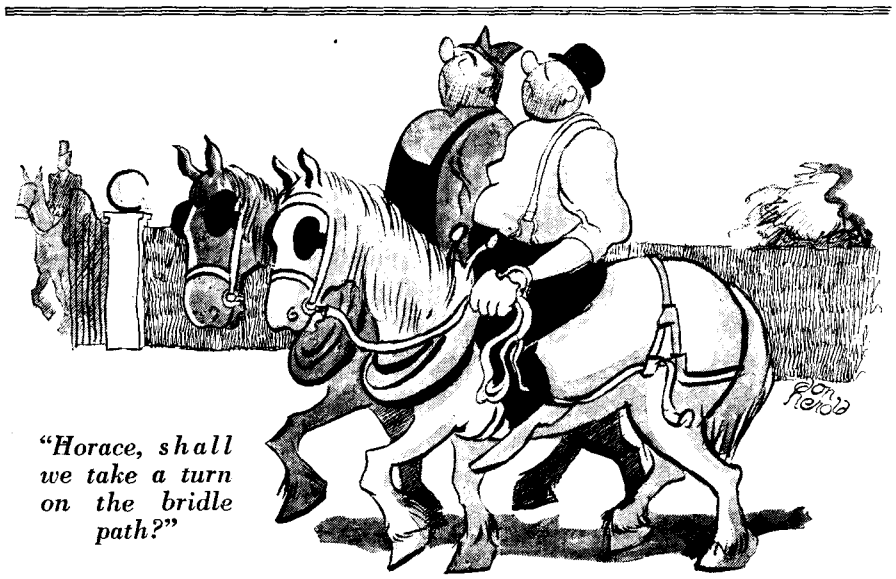
THEN she reached up her hands to stroke his throat, his head, bring his lips down to hers, kiss him—as he had dreamed last night during his madness in the storm that she was kissing him. . . .

Slowly the sun rose; rusty gold rimmed the blue sea. In the soaked cabin the mate sat alone at his breakfast. On the poop the captain walked back and forth with her beside him, her hand on his arm. He looked down at her; they stopped their pacing, stood closely together.

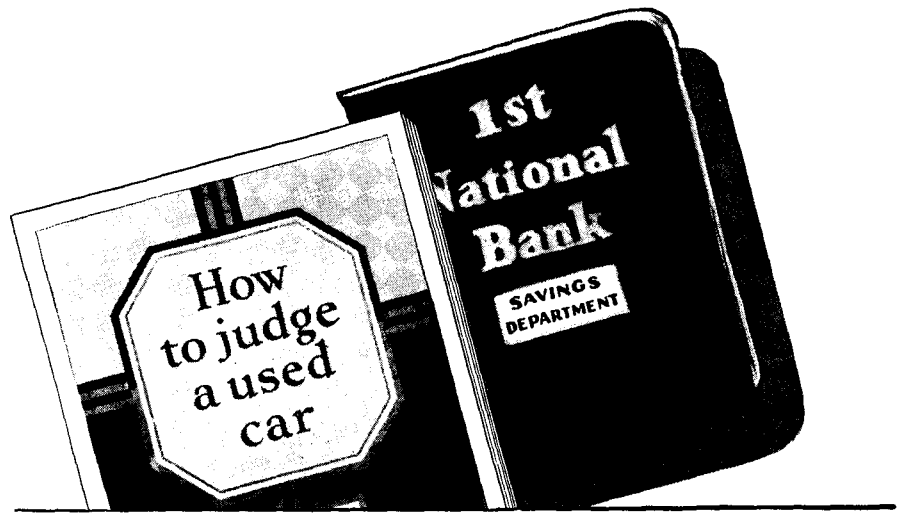
"You—love me?" he asked, just to hear the small, soft music she made of it.

"I love you, Señor my Husband," she said, and into his hand she pressed a small iron key.

In the waist, where they had long ago done with their gaping at them, the watch began to sing at their work. They were homeward bound.



*"Horace, shall we take a turn on the bridle path?"*


# There are *savings* in both of them!

## *This free book will put money in your bank account*

"The money I saved on my used car by spending an hour with your free book, 'How to Judge a Used Car,' has added more than a hundred dollars to my bank balance!" writes one motorist.

"How to Judge a Used Car" tells what code prices on used cars mean —what the speedometer should tell—how to judge a car's actual condition—how to avoid "orphans"—how to set a fair price on a used car bought of a friend, etc. Compiled by experts who have spent years in buying and selling used cars, it contains information never before made public.

And it costs only a 2c stamp!

This free book explains also the famous Studebaker Pledge —what it means to your safety and satisfaction—how it assures you of prices marked in plain figures, permitting 5 full days tryout and a 30-day Guarantee on Certified Studebakers.

More than 137,000 motorists have profited by the information contained in "How to Judge a Used Car." Send for your copy TODAY!

**Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales**

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock —new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

©1927, The Studebaker Corporation of America

*Where this Pledge is displayed by Studebaker dealers, you can buy a used car safely.*

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. G-70, South Bend, Ind.
Please send me my copy of your valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car".

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

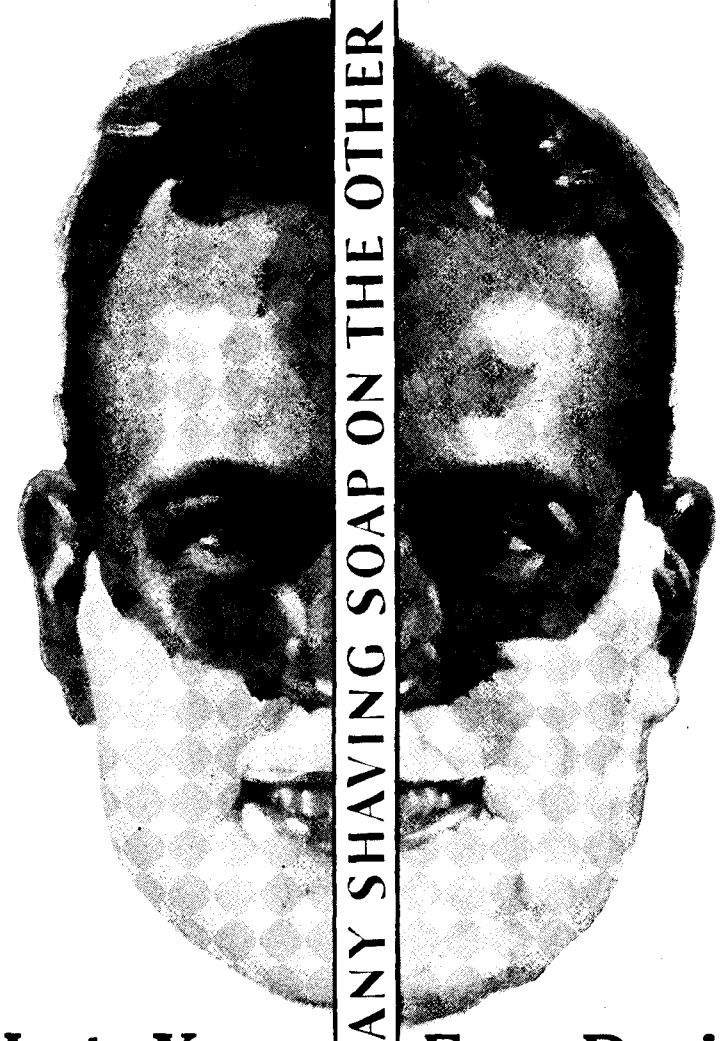
*City*..... *State*.....

# STUDEBAKER

**The Great Independent**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Barbasol* vs. the Field!



—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

## —Let Your Face Decide

**You have your shaving hobby**
Maybe you've stayed with the same soap or other preparation for years. Pretty hard to get you off it.

Yet you may be missing the shaving bet of your life by not playing BARBASOL. We *know* BARBASOL is *faster, smoother, cleaner, closer.*

Why not match BARBASOL against your pick of the field? All you have to do is

*Make This 3-day Test*

Use any shaving soap just the way soap has to be favored—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet).
2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in).
3—Shave!

Do this for three successive days, and—

*Let Your Face Decide*

Notice how rough and harsh the soap side is—how the soapy alkali burns, and how the razor pulled and the beard fought back!

—USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—

Feel how silky soft and cool the BARBASOL side is—because Barbasol is a 100% beard softener—no air bubbles—and the natural oils are left right in the skin. Your face will tell you that BARBASOL is *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

We know the winner!

Barbasol's a great protector and relief from sunburn, wind-burn, chap.

*And here's something New!* Barbasol Skin Freshener, a great pick-up for the tired skin. Use it after shaving, after bathing, any time.

Let your face know Barbasol! Big tube of Barbasol 35c and 65c. Barbasol Skin Freshener 65c. All Druggists.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

**Barbasol**
*For Modern Shaving*


# A Thousand and One Fights

*Continued from page 18*

accompanied by more vigorous yells from Mr. Kane.

"Wild, me eye!" John L. bellowed. "Where's a drink?"

Sam Harris, a deep sleeper, was awake by this time. He appeared in a riotous dressing gown, smoking his morning cigar, to ask by all the gods what was going on. Sullivan glared at him, but Sam knew how to handle John L.

"Join me in a drink, John?" he asked.

We repaired to Sam's room. He produced a bottle, and John L., pounding the table, began abusing Harris for his support of Tommy Ryan, the then reigning white middleweight.

"He's no Irishman, Harris," roared John L., between hefty drinks of bourbon; "he's a wop, and you know it. Why, he's scared to fight the naygur Walcott."

### Dynamite!

HARRIS looked John L. calmly between the eyes.

"Seems to me you don't like colored fists any better than Ryan," he said. "When did you fight Peter Jackson?"

That was dynamite. I expected instant murder. John L. boiled up like a side of corned beef. He smacked down his glass, clenched his fists. Harris eyed him steadily. Muffled groans choked one another in John L.'s throat. But the wave of fury passed.

An hour later John L. was snoring off his spree on a couch. When we awakened him for breakfast his mood was repentant. He shed big tears into his black coffee. Then he apologized to all of us, seriatim, giving Annie, the cook, a ten-dollar bill he borrowed from Sam Harris as solace for her injured feelings. The hack driver offered to drive him back to town free of charge. John L. declined with a trembling voice. He even apologized to the wild cat. After which he stalked away, head up, shoulders square, like a walking tower. At a bend in the road he stopped to throw a kiss back at Terry McGovern.

We survivors of the night lifted our hats reverently at the old champion, but I can't say we were sorry to see him go.

Looking back carefully over forty years of intimate connection with the ring and its leading characters, I can't think of any more exciting moment than that of John L. Sullivan's bloodless bout with Terry McGovern's wild cat.

When I was a kid I aspired to be a fighter myself. But I had only one recorded engagement.

A big fellow had smacked me because I'd out-yelled him during a recitation period in school. At recess we started mixing it. I had collected one on the chin when a lad of about fifteen stepped out of the ring around us.

"You'd look better fighting one your own size," he said to the bigger boy.

That lad was Al Smith. The cool way in which he said what he had to say stopped the fight.

All the neighborhood kids liked Al. He was pretty good himself with his fists, and he was great at squaring things among the boys of his own school so that we'd be united when lads from other districts made forays on us.

The next fight at which I saw Al Smith was during the war at a Red Cross benefit. As president of the board of aldermen in New York he was invited to witness the bouts. Governor Whitman had threatened to stop them, but we went ahead.

Between those two events attended by Governor Smith lies the bulk of my career as an announcer.

It began in "the good old days" of the free-lunch-and-seven-petticoat era.

The ring was taboo in those days. There were amateur clubs stretching all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but no prize fights—if the sheriffs could stop them. As a youngster I joined two amateur outfits. The scraps were good, and when the boys were slipped from five to fifty dollars each and a tin medal they put on as good battles as you'll see now when featherweights want fifty thousand on the nail before they'll make a feather fly.

My first job was in a lawyer's office. Nobody showed up all week—until Saturday, when the lawyer came in and gave me my salary.

I discovered that for some trick legal reason it was necessary for that lawyer to maintain an office in that building. I was the office. So I arranged to sell papers and run general errands for every week day but Saturday, when I showed up at the office for my $2.50. Then the lawyer fooled me by showing up on Friday morning, and I was fired.

After that I changed my ambitions from law and politics to printing. That is, several of us boys from the Henry Street neighborhood were hired by a German printer. Our job was to tear the covers off hymn books for one large denomination and stitch on covers for another denomination.

This literary work wasn't suited to my temperament. My natural bent was for theatrical and sporting life. Although every kind of public fighting was forbidden, the boys staged bouts regularly in saloons and barns and out-of-the-way places, even on barges. And an announcer was always present. That was how I got my start.

The first fight at which I officiated was held at the old Donnelly place, then supposed to be way uptown in New York—in Harlem. The doors were opened at 9 P. M. and those attending—about a hundred wealthy sports—advised that they wouldn't be allowed to leave the premises until 6 A. M.

Tickets were $100 each and refreshments free. Of course no ladies were present, although many of the men at the ringside were members of distinguished families. The program included dog fights, cocking mains, two ten-round bouts with gloves, one fifteen-round bout with gloves, and a fight to the finish with bare knuckles. Brutal? Of course it was. But that's what happens when sport is driven to cover.

It was almost as much sport in those days ducking the police as attending fights. Fans had their choice between amateur sport, which was always legal, and professional sport. They picked the professional game every time.

The first night I ever spent in a police cell was for announcing a "boxing meet" at the old Anawanda Club. It was shortly before an election. The memory of Boss Tweed still lingered, and the powers that were looked around for some spectacular display of righteousness to set them right before the voters.

When this raid was made some of us chased up an alley and crossed a street. A blizzard was raging. We ran in the blinding snow—full tilt into a cordon of cops! We wanted to go back, then, and get our overcoats, but the cops said they'd take care of all wardrobes. They jammed us in one cell for the night, and the next morning haled us in court on the charge of disturbing the peace.

### One on the Judge

THE judge sat at a desk with a bottle of rye whisky in one hand, a gavel in the other. If a prisoner got unruly, either the bottle or the gavel hit him.

I reminded the judge politely that we were all his tenants and all short of cash. He asked how much I had on me. I said, "Five dollars."

"Five dollars for you," said the judge. He'd already soaked Murphy, self-confessed clog dancer, ten.

He sent all of us out broke and muttering. A week later he came around to collect rents. We were organized. Murphy met him first. As the judge smiled a cheery good morning, Murphy threw him eight dollars in bills.

"Eighteen is your rent, Mr. Murphy," said the judge.

"You got the other ten in court," said Murphy.

So it went down the line. After that, the judge looked out for his tenants.

Between announcing fights and wagon-tail speeches it was possible for a fel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low to make a fair livelihood. I'd get from five to ten dollars for announcing and about two dollars each for the speeches, depending upon whether hecklers just asked questions about a candidate's past record or threw tomatoes at me and called him a crook.

But when the Horton Law came in and 25-round fights to a decision were legalized, the job of announcing became a regular meal ticket. John L. Sullivan had toppled from his heavyweight throne while Corbett, "Gentleman Jim," gave an air of respectability to the ring game.

I first met Corbett after he had lost the title to Fitzsimmons. Jeffries and Sharkey were coming along, and Peter Maher, the Irish giant, was showing that he could toss about ham heavyweights as easily as the barrels of stout he had handled for a livelihood in Guinness' Dublin brewery.

I was managing Terry McGovern in and out of the ring.

It was on Sullivan's advice that Terry went after by-products in show money.

"Show business is a cinch, Terry," he told McGovern one day in a Chicago hotel where Sam Harris and the rest of us were lunching. "You get your money easy without hard training."

### John L.: Hero Again

ALTHOUGH Terry followed John L.'s advice in going into show business, it was lucky for all of us he didn't follow Sullivan's example.

That same week in Chicago John L. had been billed to appear at a downtown theatre. He hadn't shown up.

The little theatre manager found Sullivan in bed, gummy-eyed and weary. He lashed him unmercifully (in speech) while John L., a penitent hulk, merely grunted. "The room's stuffy," he complained.

"Come out and get the air," scoffed the theatre man.

Sullivan walked over to the window and threw it up. Then, with the speed that he never quite lost, he grabbed the theatre manager by the scruff of the neck. "Come here, runt!" he growled.

When the house detectives burst into the room in answer to the manager's frantic yells they found Sullivan with his victim halfway out of the window. A riot call brought a quartet of cops racing to the hotel. When they found it was John L. Sullivan there was a gala occasion. A city magistrate came out to give John a personal greeting.

A reception was held, with cops in fan formation back of Sullivan, while men, women and children passed. Finally a hobo edged up and asked John for a dollar. Sullivan turned to me.

"Give this bum a dollar," he said. "I'm broke."

I gave the hobo a dollar, and a cop bade him move on, but he seemed aggrieved.

"A dollar ain't enough for car fare to Milwaukee, John," he complained.

Sullivan's eye pupils blackened, as they always did when he was angry.

"Exit," he roared, "or I'll throw that cop at you."

At the opening of a new play in New York John L. invited Terry and me to see him in the part of a Harvard halfback.

When Sullivan strode out there was wild cheering. A super, every bit as big as Sullivan, waited for the ball to be touched and the whistle blown. Then, before Sullivan could pull his foot back

(*Continued on page 48*)

# *Your Honor, Sir*

OF COURSE it's not for us to say how these jingleers of ours show up when they get out on the fairways of the land. But back in the clubhouse when they exchange a driver for a pencil they strut some wicked stuff. No wonder, when you consider that their jingles may win them flabbergasting gold luck-pieces with their initials engraved thereon.

Here's how Fred Proser of Columbus, Ohio, earned his:

*A sixty-eight sent a smiling pro*
*Into the depths for a week or so;*
*While I went to bed with a smile divine*
*When I'd made a round in a ninety-nine.*

You see? It's all in the point of view. As F. A. Yeager of Johnstown, Pa., points out:

*Said the pro to the dub, "Man alive!*
*You're too close to the ball when you drive."*
*Said the dub, "You don't know it at all—*
*It's after I drive I'm too close to the ball."*

And where is the golfer who cannot share the woe expressed in this entry by Dr. C. C. DeFord of Columbus, Neb.?

*The shades of night were falling fast*
*As through the air a golf ball passed.*
*A splash! A gurgle! All was still.*
*The lake had claimed another pill.*

The utter futility of the whole thing is summed up by the pessimistic Hayden Clement of Salisbury, N. C., thus:

*On many weary lessons*
*I've many a dollar spent.*
*But when I get a good, clean drive*
*It's just an accident!*

We can't help feeling that Richard Joe McNiff of Virginia, Minn., underestimates his skill as a golfer if not as a jingleer in this:

*I shot a 36 today,*
*I did, upon my soul—*
*But then I did much better*
*On the second hole!*

**Send your efforts to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You may get a luck-piece, too.**

*"I've Found All of the Genuine Pleasure and Comfort of Pipe Smoking . . ."*

**. . . "I was surprised that you can put out such a fine tobacco at such a moderate price." . . . "Old Briar is the best tobacco I have ever smoked, and I have smoked more than thirty brands during my life."—Messages such as these are reaching us every day, from pipe smokers everywhere.**

**Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.**

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

# Old Briar
## Tobacco

*"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made"*

*A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.*

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

## *Special Offer*

**Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco—enough for many hours of complete enjoyment.**

**Tear out and mail with 10c—coin or stamps—to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U. S. A.**

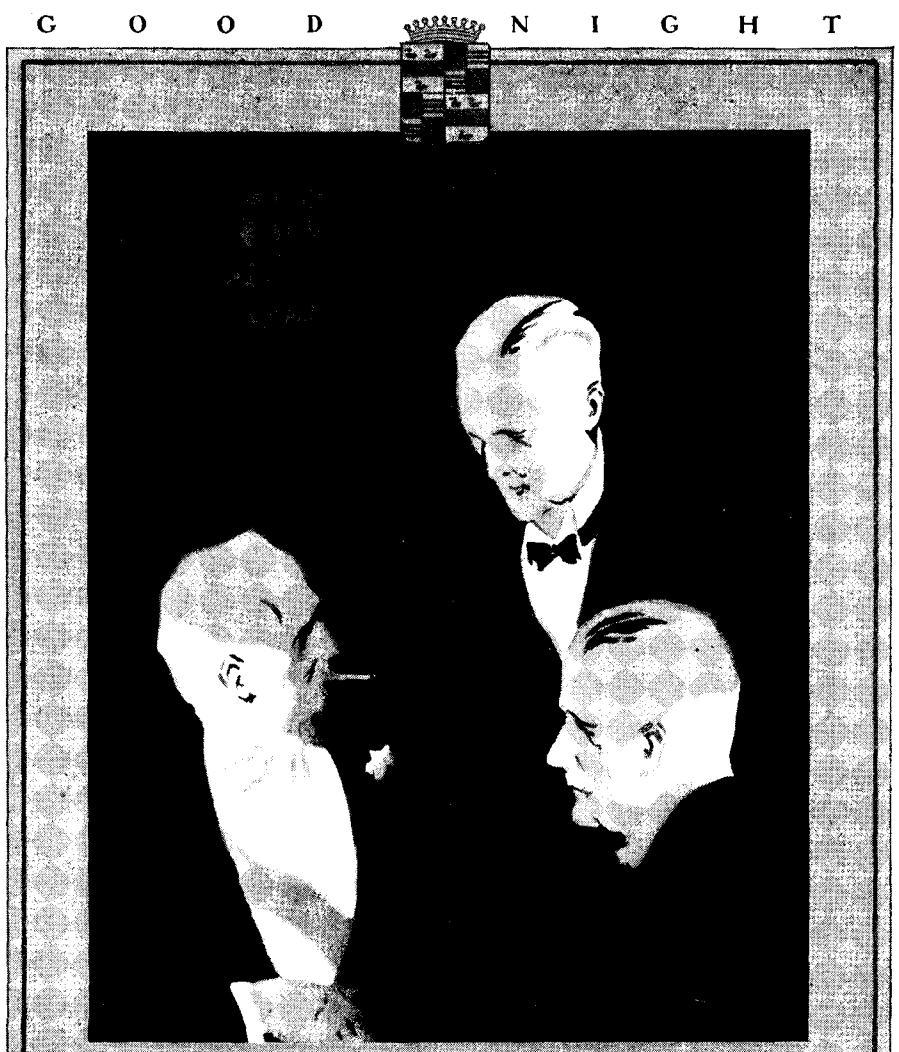
C-7-14-28

**Print Name**..... **City**.....

**Address**..... **State**.....

**OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




GOOD NIGHT

In all the world, wide as you'd choose to ramble, there's no other hotel that excels this old Book-Cadillac, the beautiful. All that men love in inns is part of it, even to an atmosphere that is old France. The sophisticates, the wise of earth, come here to rest and they find it. They find delicious food, incomparable. They find a service that is well mannered and swift and silent. They find beds as soft as old pillows, as sleepy as a winter's night. * * * And when you retire, when you think the old, old sweet thoughts of those of yours at home, when you raise an arm to your bed lamp to flood your room in darkness, you'll smile and you'll sink deep into a sleep that is sweet and sound. *Good night.*

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
DETROIT

# A Thousand and One Fights

*Continued from page 47*

for the kick, the super rushed him. He got the kick instead of the ball, and Sullivan was knocked sprawling into the scenery. The crowd cheered. Then Sullivan arose, and— The cops were the principal critics of that first night.

### Sullivan Plays Football

I HAD no rough trouble of this sort in managing Terry McGovern. He was as gentle outside the ring as he was savage in it.

Playing Baltimore in Night Life on the Bowery, a hop-joint scene suggested advertising possibilities to salesmen of a well-known distillery. In this scene Terry, as the hero, was supposed to rescue some girls who had met with hard luck at the crossroads. The dive keeper was supposed to tempt him with a bottle of whisky, and Terry's smash line was to point at the whisky bottle, solemnly raise his hand, and declaim:

"No, not me. I'll not touch the stuff that has ruined many a good man."

The whisky agents approached us and bought up half the house one night on condition that we'd use a bottle of their whisky in the big hop-joint raid scene and amend Terry's crack line to read:

"Whisky? Not me. I know it's good whisky—Wilson's whisky. But not tonight, thank you."

The big scene came, and the distillery men and their friends filled the boxes waiting to see how their stunt went over. A Wilson whisky bottle stood in the center of a table and the hop-joint keeper tempted Terry with its contents. Terry spurned it, but muffed his big line. The dive keeper prompted him.

"This is good visky, Terry," he bellowed. "Vilson visky."

The gang in the boxes applauded. Terry got mad.

"I'll not touch the rotgut," he shouted. "It's ruined too many good men."

The whisky crowd left the theatre muttering fiercely and tearing up their rain checks.

Poor actor, yes. But what a sweet fighter! To pinch-hit for a quitter, Wilde, our hero, ran over the Brooklyn Bridge—warming up, he called it—to take a beating from the welterweight Hanlon.

A year or two later, when he'd battled mighty George Dixon, the colored marvel, and come to be king pin among the featherweights, we were both present with Sam Harris at the weighing-in of Joe Gans for his lightweight championship fight with Frank Erne. Rob Smith handled Erne, and he was a villain for weights.

Articles stipulated 135 pounds. Gans went in three quarters of a pound overweight, and Smith claimed and got the forfeit. Which made Harris so mad that he branded Smith no sportsman and bet him that McGovern could lick Erne at 128 pounds. Smith rashly accepted the bet. They met; Harris forced Smith to dry out Erne from 135 to 128 pounds, and Terry licked Erne in a famous battle, but magnanimously refused to accept the lightweight title because the lightweight champion had made a lower weight than his proper class.

Generosity of that sort characterized Terry throughout his career. And it's been no less a trait of all the great ring men, especially of the past. Scorned by some as ignorant, which most of the pugilists were, by others they were set down as toughs, which most of them were not.

### "The Fight's Yours"

WHEN Jack McAuliffe and Young Griffo fought in Coney Island for twenty-five rounds, Griffo, the Australian defensive marvel, easily won. But the referee gave McAuliffe the verdict. The crowd roared disapproval, and McAuliffe raised Griffo's arm in the middle of the ring.

"I've been eating boxing gloves all night," he said to the grinning Griffo. "The fight's yours, but the verdict's mine."

It was for the same young Griffo, not-so-simple child of the great Australian waste lands, that all the talent of fistiana turned out when we staged a benefit for him. He had squandered his earnings; we wanted to raise enough money to send him home—in funds.

Terry McGovern, McAuliffe and a host of other fighters appeared. The gate was substantial. When I handed Griffo the money he tucked it away in his coat pockets, doffed his hat and said:

"Thank you, ladies and gents. I'm grateful for this money. But I'm not goin' back to Australia beause my old man wouldn't know me if I did."

With which he left the ring, thus making us, the sponsors of the benefit, look like a bunch of fakers. He never did go back to Australia. But the boxing fraternity gave him many a private benefit after that. They were benefiting him until the day he died.

The higher they come the kinder they are. Over on Long Island one night Terry McGovern was fighting a lad heavily backed by local betting men. Terry was winning. He had his man groggy, almost helpless. In the last round the lights went out, and in the confusion Terry might easily have put his opponent away. Instead, as I yelled for order, Terry held the man in his arms. In ten minutes the lights went up, spoiling the game of the gang who thought to queer the fight by rough tactics. The interval of rest gave the beaten man a chance to recover, and he went through on his feet.

Such bright spots of chivalry couldn't save the game under the old Horton Law from the obloquy brought upon it by dumb fighters, Shylock managers and crooked gamblers. Sharp tactics became a too common practice.

When Fitzsimmons gave Peter Maher a drubbing, but failed to knock him out, Peter's stock was boosted to a point where Kid McCoy, then a fancied comer, agreed to fight him.

The bout was billed for the old Coney Island Athletic Club on a winter night. Backers of McCoy went out there early in the afternoon and put the heating plant out of commission.

### Whisky Loses

WHEN Maher trundled into the ring at about nine o'clock the place was frozen and fans were standing on the ring-side seats with their collars up, windmilling their arms to keep warm. Peter had on nothing but green trunks and a thin bathrobe. His black mustache was stiff with cold as he prowled about the ring barking for McCoy to come on and take a licking. Five minutes passed—ten, twenty. Peter came over to me.

"Get some brandy, Joe," he growled, "before I freeze to death."

We sent out for a bottle of rye, and Peter took swigs of the stuff between prowls up and down the ring, roaring for McCoy to appear. The promoter told me to announce that McCoy was delayed in traffic, and Maher shouted:

"He's coming in a hearse, and he'll go home in one."

Ten more minutes elapsed, and no sign of McCoy. Maher had swallowed about a quart of straight whisky and his gait was noticeably wobbly.

Then, amid cheers, Kid McCoy came running down the center aisle and hopped into the ring. He was fresh and sober. Old Pete glared drunkenly at him. They squared off and Maher rocked on his heels to deliver a haymaker. McCoy beat him to the punch. Maher went down, cursing, digging his head through the canvas in his efforts to rise. He was counted out.

Peter came to understand the trick McCoy had played on him. He burned for a return match and got it. McCoy knocked him out again. Afterward it was revealed that McCoy's right hand had been coated with plaster of Paris.

Contrast McCoy's case with that of Peter Maher, the dumb type of fighter, but straight as a die. Peter got a job

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tending bar when Jim Coffey and others had persuaded him that his hopes of heavyweight championship honors were futile. He was piling kegs one afternoon when three English sailors roamed into the place and bragged that they were looking for the so-called champion of Ireland, Peter Maher, to give him a licking. Relations were then far from cordial between Ireland and England.

Peter knocked out one with an empty keg. Then, the other two having been laid flat on the sidewalk, he proceeded to tote the trio to the Hudson River for a free bath, when the cops intervened.

I admit those veterans of the ring were sometimes brutal, but they were always brave. One of the biggest bouncers in Chicago came down to New York under an alias. He called himself Mike Morrissey of Tipperary and challenged Peter Maher. When he came into the ring he wore a red mustache so the police wouldn't recognize him.

Peter walked up to him, pulled off the whiskers and knocked him flat. The fellow later joined the flying wedge of waiters at Jack's café and made a great reputation for spilling whooping college boys on the sidewalks.

### Fakers are Rare Today

TOM SHARKEY was of the Maher and Sullivan stripe. After Jeffries gave him a final beating, he opened a hotel. He didn't do so well because he had no head for business. I was in the place one morning when two notorious bums came in and made a bet on who could eat most of a smoked Irish ham hung in the lunchroom. Each made a great feed until it dawned on Tom that he was the goat. They went out in a heap.

These genial souls who made the boxing game colorful could not successfully balance their virtues against the vicious harpies whose faking and gambling, doping and general corruption outlawed boxing for many long years.

I think the sport today is governed better than ever. Fakers are rare. I think the same is true of wrestling, although there are solid sportsmen who will tell you that they'd sooner see a framed wrestling match than one on the square—the bouncing is better. I've officiated at matches between the greatest wrestlers—Hackenschmidt, Gotch, and the rest. Their bouts always struck me as being on the level.

The queerest match on the mat I've ever seen was the return engagement between two continental comedians brought to this country by Jack Curley. One of them, an Italian, was invited to wrestle at a theatre in Hartford on a percentage basis.

He spent $800 of the $900 received from the bout on a fur coat, which he always carried with him to the ringside. In the Garden one night, wrestling with a Turk, the Italian was winning until he lifted his eyes from the gasping and groaning Turk to see his fur coat vanishing up an aisle on the arm of a sneak thief. He leaped roaring from the ring—and lost the match.

Those heroes of the old Horton and Frawley Laws days were not the business men we know now who do not sit in saloons with beaming belles and bubbling wine to sign articles for matches. Our modern gladiators don't bear picturesque grudges or even smack one another offstage as Corbett and Jeffries and McGovern and Young Corbett did. They live more wisely, but I can't convince myself that they fight any better.

Looking back over the parade of the ring great of the past, I can write down the names Sullivan and McGovern and Jim Corbett as the three I most admire. The saddest afternoon of my life was in a hospital ward when I looked into the dying face of Terry McGovern. The hand that had been swift dynamite was wasted. Terry had barely strength enough to lift it. But he shook mine, and the last words he said to me were:

"Tell the boys I fought that I died their pal."

Comes likewise the picture of the last time I introduced John L. Sullivan from a ring—at the Jess Willard-Frank Moran fight for the heavyweight championship in 1916.

Somebody had handed me the belt of colors John L. had worn in his fight for the world's championship with Charley Mitchell of England at Chantilly in France a generation before.

As I presented John L., then jowled and paunchy and rapidly declining physically, I gradually drew the silk colors from an inside pocket. At the end of the announcement, which was received with thunderous applause, I passed the colors to Jim Corbett, who gave them to John.

Sullivan had sworn in a ring, glared in a ring and run amuck in a ring. That, I think, was the first time he ever sobbed in a ring. He kissed the silk flag, very tenderly put it in a vest pocket next his heart, and shook hands.

That was the last sight I had of old John L. He was not physically present when I clambered through the ropes to name his successors in line—Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. But there was one night when, amid the frenzy of thousands, I heard the ghost of his growl in my ears and seemed to see his wraith stalk across the ring with eyes of black fire and swinging fists; and in the thundering crash of a tremendous ring drama I was not the only one who fancied that John L. was a fourth man in the ring—urging and prodding a fighter of his blood to get up and fight on to an amazing victory.

*(To be concluded next week)*


KATHLEEN NORRIS

*has written another great novel,*

a characteristically wise and tender story of what happened to a lovable American girl who tried to find happiness in the security of marriage.

*Mrs. Norris' latest and, she thinks, most appealing work begins next week in*

*Collier's*

"*The* MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"

The *Light-touch* shave

*a good morning friend!*

SHOW your face how pleasantly the day can start! Meet the blade whose marvelous quality never varies! So keen is the new Gem Blade that *the slightest pressure of the razor* eliminates the toughest whiskers.

Heavier, tougher steel—forged to take a super-keen edge—reinforced with a rigid backbone—triple-inspected—Gem Blades are the finest that skilled workers can produce.

* * *

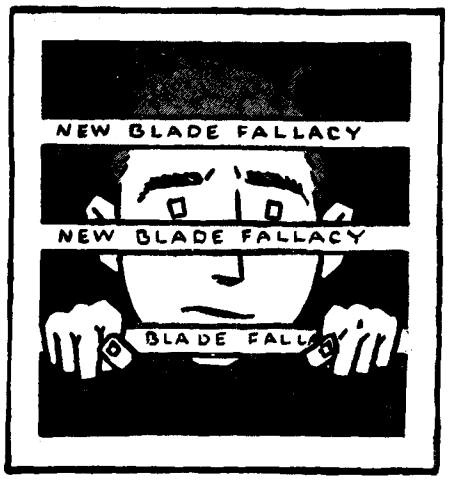
*Gem — the blade of quality — is on sale at all dealers. Insist on the genuine—avoid imitations.*

*Gem de luxe Safety Razor, $1.00.*

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEM *Double Life* BLADES


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Does the . . .

*New Blade Fallacy*

**Bar you from good shaves?**

If you think a NEW blade is ready for shaving when you unwrap it you are pretty effectively barred from getting good shaves. That idea is a fallacy which is responsible for so many men putting up with poor shaves when they might have marvelously smooth ones.

Highly tempered steel is like a high strung race horse—it requires constant care to keep it in condition. If you want that new blade to perform as it should, give it a rub down on a good strop just before you use it.

**This is interesting**

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

**Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped**

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1610 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Chicago - Montreal - London

*Twinplex Stropper*

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES


# The Thunder God

*Continued from page 22*

not relish doing that, because I am not a fool—not usually." He sighed. "Well, Jake Brander couldn't be bluffed, could he?"

"No, but he can be swindled—and I've swindled him. I've fixed his clock—and, incidentally, I've fixed Mercedes' clock, too."

"Why, my friend?"

"It's such fun to catch a pair of smart Alecks out on the end of a limb and then saw the limb off on them."

"What do you mean?"

"Watch and wait, Julie!"

"You knew she was living in Reno, of course; that she was establishing a residence there in order to sue me."

"Yes, I did," Whitton admitted.

"And you brought me home via this route in order that she might catch me in Reno and have me served legally with the summons and complaint?"

"I did. I concluded it would be a kindness to put you out of your misery as expeditiously as possible. I'd do the same for a yellow dog that had been run over by an automobile."

"I had an idea you were up to some funny business."

"Are you going to fight that divorce action?" Ben queried very quietly.

"I think I ought to, Ben. She can't win if I oppose her seriously, and I ought to oppose her as a plain matter of charity. It's my duty to save her from Jake Brander."

"Listen, you ass! When she gets tired of Jake Brander she'll have no difficulty getting rid of him, and he'll pay her well for the favor. You owe Brander a poke. In fact, I agree with you that you ought to kill him if that act did not entail melancholy consequences and if Mercedes was half worth it. Therefore let him marry Mercedes! At the risk of insulting you, I'm here to tell you she isn't worth one of your hangnails. She's made a little plan calculated to relieve her of the genteel poverty she has been accustomed to with you—"

"I should have told her about Uncle Jarlath, Butch. I'll tell her now—"

"You monumental idealist! You gibbering jackdaw! You—you silly baboon! She might come back to you!"

"Well, isn't that where she belongs?"

"Certainly—if you want second-hand or shopworn goods. Julie, I've had shadows on her too, and I think mine did a better job than yours. I got them on it first."

"I don't believe you."

"GOOD news. Julie, the next station is Verdi. Let's hop off, hire an automobile and motor back to Reno for a conference with Mercedes. You tell her all about Uncle Jarlath's legacy and promise to abandon your dream of an experimental workshop to discover the secret of the long-distance, high-tension transmission, without appreciable loss in transit of hydroelectric energy, and if she agrees to dismiss her suit and return to you, you'll know instantly that she still loves you a little. If, on the other hand, she rejects your offer, you'll know she's just a high-class gold digger and you will then have no objection to giving the gal a chance to make good by marrying the moron Brander."

But Julie only stared at him, and in his eyes Ben Whitton read the answer. Julie lacked the courage. He who planned to play with synthetic thunderbolts quailed before this experiment in marital surgery.

"You lose," Whitton cried triumphantly. "But, losing, you win. Let the tail go with the hide. You've played a man's game. Be a gentleman to the last and do not oppose the lady's wishes. You'd but demean yourself. All of your married life you've been a human doormat. You know you've done a lot of serious thinking up there in the tall timber, and knowing you I know you cannot think without coming to definite conclusions. And I know at least one conclusion you have arrived at."

"Name it, Ben."

"That you have a natural, normal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness if in that pursuit you do not detract from the same right of another; that you have never been in love, but on the contrary you have been the victim of an infatuation, of clever manhandling by a clever manhandler. You have been in love with love—the victim of your incorrigible idealism, your amazing sympathy and understanding, your pity and your chivalry, and it's time to snap out of it. Right?"

"Right."

Ben interrupted a silence with: "Julie, do you feel pretty strong, in spite of everything?"

"I can stand anything, Butch. Fire away."

"Well, then, it becomes my sad duty to inform you that you can put behind you your cherished dream of monkeying with the thunderbolts, unless, of course, you just naturally care to see 3,000,000-odd volts leap across a 20-foot space. Somebody has beat you to the punch, old son. A man named Baum, down in San Francisco, has just been granted a patent on a method for the high-tension, long-distance transportation, without loss, of hydroelectric energy. I read about it in the local papers when I was in San Francisco last week, and looked into the matter. He's solved it, Julie. At least two of the big bugs of your honorable profession assure me he has and that there is no doubt that he can handle 440,000 volts and transport it at least 500 miles."

JULIE showed not the slightest trace of disappointment, chagrin or envy. "Bully for old Baum! Good man, Baum. He would be the one to solve it. He was in my class at college, Butch. He knows his onions. You bet he does, and I rejoice in his success. Must call on him as soon as we arrive and congratulate him. He'll tell me all about it, of course. You say he can handle 440,000 volts?"

Ben nodded, and Julie smiled. "There's always room at the top, Butch, and Baum has only started. I'll try to finish. I'll race Baum to the secret of delivering 880,000 volts. But we'll not stop there. We must go on and on, doubling and redoubling. I rejoice in his success, but we can't be content with a modest victory, so I'll *not* put my bright daydream behind me. Baum has merely made it easier for me. More power to his elbow!"

"Julie, you're a scientist, of course, and I can understand your scientific joy, but I'm only a plain civil and mechanical engineer, and where you seek naught but the advancement of mankind I seek a profit, in order that, in the afternoon of life, I may not hear the well-known wolf howling around my domicile.

"I forbid you to blow in that $500,000 reserve of yours on a workshop—yet. We'll need the money to acquire that watershed, dam site and those power sites from Jake Brander. When we have acquired them Baum's discovery will enable us to deliver quite a load of cheap juice to the bridgeheads of market. Why, Julie, you dreamer, we aren't 300 miles from Seattle or Tacoma with our proposed plants, and think of all the markets in between and north and south and east."

"We haven't enough money for the complete operation, Butch. We'll have to call in help."

"Well, can't you call it? I can, if you cannot."

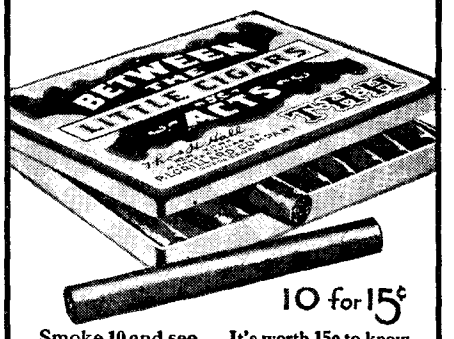
"I think so," Julie murmured thoughtfully. "Yes, I'm quite certain of it, provided Baum's patent works out in practice. The president of the Electric Bond & Share Corporation once told me that if I ever stumbled across a good, sound hydroelectric proposition that would stand the most rigid investigation, his people would take it over and cut me in on a healthy interest."

"Those people can do anything they plan to do, Julie. Old son, you've started me to dreaming dreams too. Well, I can build the dam and the power

The finest little smoke ever produced . . . in the handiest pocket package ever devised

**BETWEEN THE ACTS**

LITTLE CIGARS




10 for 15¢

**Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15c to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15c (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.**

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

**Hi Boys! "I learned it myself"**

*Here's your chance*

You can very easily earn a dandy baseball, glove or bat, camping equipment, fishing rod, reel and line or many other fine prizes.

Be a Crowell Junior Salesman and deliver three of the best known magazines to regular customers. You need no experience, and it takes only a few minutes of your spare time.

Send the coupon and start earning money and winning prizes.

**Jim Thayer, Dept. C-31,**
**The Crowell Publishing Co.,**
**Springfield, Ohio.**

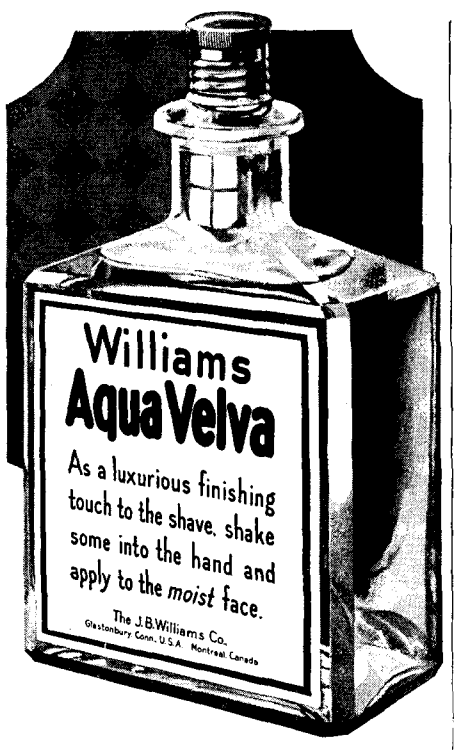
Dear Jim: I want to earn prizes.

My Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

*Makes dull mornings brighter—*

# AQUA VELVA

*for After-Shaving!*

**A tingling splash of Aqua Velva on the newly shaven skin gives you a good day's start this summer weather. First, an invigorating tingle. Then, grateful coolness.**

**Made *just for after shaving*, Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts; protects sensitive facial tissue; tones up; invigorates; helps to keep skins flexible, free from stiffness. *Keeps* the face all day as Williams lather *leaves* it, supple, Fit!**

**Not alone after shaving but now and again through the day turn to Aqua Velva. When you feel a bit tuckered out, wash your face and douse it on, generously. There's refreshment in every drop of it.**

**A helpful summer friend is Aqua Velva. Make acquaintance with it!**

---

**50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it. Address: Dept. C68, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.**

**Williams Aqua Velva**

***For use after shaving***


houses, and, if it comes to a pinch, maybe I can get the land and water rather cheap. We might organize a corporation and float a bond issue—more ways than one of skinning a cat, you know."

Despite his valiant efforts to carry off his domestic tragedy manfully, Julie was crawling inwardly at the death of his love. Ben noticed that he seemed to be depressed and decided that what he needed was a whole lot of letting alone. So he went up into the club car and remained there all day. He sent the porter to Julie to ask the latter if he cared to join him at dinner, but, receiving an answer in the negative, dined in gloomy solitude and at ten o'clock returned to the drawing-room. Julie was in the upper berth and did not speak, so Ben undressed in the dark. For a couple of hours before sleep claimed him he could hear his friend tossing and turning in the berth above him.

When he awakened in the morning silence reigned in the berth above and a note was pinned to the seat of his capacious trousers hung on a hook across the drawing-room. Ben reached for it. It was a note from Julie and read:

Left train at Sacramento and will fly back to Reno. Know you will not respect me for this, but I owe it to Mercy to save her from that fellow. At least, I'll feel better after having tried.

Mr. Whitton tore this note into tiny pieces and climbed back into his berth.

"No," he murmured to the electric fan, "and neither would I kill a man who was contemplating suicide. Ah, Gloria, Gloria, we don't seem to have much luck these days, do we, you poor girl?"

THE heart of Julian Grannis beat wildly as he rang the bell of his wife's apartment in Reno and waited for her to open the door. When she did she attempted to close it instantly, but his foot was in the aperture before she could do so.

"I'll not be troublesome, my dear," he assured her. "Don't be afraid of me. Got to have one small confab and then I'm through forever."

Reluctantly she permitted him to enter and immediately commenced to weep. Julie found himself a chair, sat down and waited for her to subside.

"Why have you come, Julie?" she sobbed presently. "Why do you make it so hard for me?"

"I have to know things, Mercy. You—you gave me a poke when I wasn't looking, and I didn't expect it. Naturally you jolted me. After thinking it over I had a desire to discuss the matter with you, to ascertain, if possible, wherein I have failed as a husband—"

"You haven't failed, Julie. You've been the best and finest husband any woman could ever have. It is I who have failed."

He gulped. "Mind telling me why?"

"Our marriage was a mistake, Julie."

"You've ceased to love me."

She nodded. "You don't understand me, and you never will, Julie. I'm horribly lonely and depressed; I wasn't born for the sort of life the wife of an electrical engineer must live."

"I see. Too much poverty. Well, I'll admit it's been a handicap. How much money would you require to surmount that knotty handicap?"

"Far more than you could ever afford, Julie."

"Well, I have $600,000. My Uncle Jarlath left it to me. Didn't tell you about it for reasons best known to myself, but now—what with that and my new association with Ben Whitton—it would seem that, all other things being equal, we might be reasonably happy on this new financial basis."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Had another plan I wanted to put through first. Didn't want you to revise it for me. I feared you would."

"That's always been the trouble," she flared angrily, happy now that she had developed a casus belli. "You've never taken me into your confidence, never—"

"That," he interrupted, "is not the truth. The matter of Uncle Jarlath's legacy is the only matter in our partnership that I have ever concealed from you. And—I have been faithful."

"How am I to prove that?"

"You can't. You've just got to take it for granted, my dear."

She was silent for a minute. "Well, it's too late now," she concluded finally.

"You can't get away with this thing if I fight it," he reminded her. She flinched. He went on tonelessly, "You didn't ask for alimony. Well, that doesn't matter. I'll pay it, anyhow, and I'll—I'll pay your lawyer's fee, if it isn't too much. No gouging."

"It will be nominal. Are you going to oppose me, Julie?"

"No. I've done my duty by you. Seems a bald, melodramatic, commonplace statement to make, but I can't think of any other line to fit the situation today. I've staked my little bankroll against Jake Brander's, and I've lost. However, I thought I ought to come to see you and explain the situation. It seemed the decent thing to do to try to save you from the consequences of your folly. Brander's a rotter, Mercedes. You'll be thoroughly unhappy with him."

"YOU appear to be armed with a lot of inside information which isn't true," she retorted witheringly. "I see you've been talking to Ben Whitton."

"Yes, but I knew all about it before I talked with him. I've had you shadowed for quite a while. I've had Brander shadowed from the day I thrashed him in the park. Yes, I saw you and recognized you that day, but I loved you, old girl, so I pretended otherwise. I didn't want to hurt you. . . . I've been concerned entirely with saving you, with making you happy."

She looked at this man she had never, even remotely, known, and a wave of shame and humiliation swept over her. His tired, tragic eyes bored into her, and for the first time she realized that in Julie Grannis she was casting away a Man.

"Why do you do this?" she half whispered. "I—I don't understand. I can't imagine a man wanting his wife back after—"

"I don't want you back. No, not now," he interrupted without rancor. "I had to give you your chance, and if you had accepted it I would have made good. It's too late to discuss a reconciliation now. You aren't worth it. I know you now—and I never knew you before.

"Ben was right. It's money you're after, and you don't love Brander an iota more than you love me. So take him, with my blessing, but remember you're making a grave tactical error. After a man has lived, in comparative felicity, with a woman for a few years he finds it very difficult to face the fact that she is capable of doing what you have done. You could have got rid of me for the asking, you know. I've never denied you anything that was in my power to give; my sole concern has been your happiness and I've failed miserably on the job."

He stood up and held out his hand. "I'm going now, because if I remain you'll have hysterics—and this time they'll be real. Good-by, Mercedes, and good luck to you. When the luck changes—as it's bound to—remember that once you were my wife and that I loved you. You'll always be my responsibility—and I'm damned if I quite know why! I suppose it's because I, better than any other human being, realize your helplessness and have imagination enough to see your finish."

He tried to possess himself of her hand, but she placed both her hands behind her, so he patted her sleek black head very gently, picked up his hat and walked out. He went to a hotel and waited until the mail plane came in from the East, when he purchased a passage for himself and returned to San Francisco.

IT WAS a week before he came down to the office. Ben Whitton looked up grimly as his friend settled into the visitor's chair. "Well," Whitton queried, "how do you like flying?"

"Great. I flew back too."

"Mercedes come with you?"

"No."

"I've wired in your name and can-

(*Continued on page 52*)


# When WRITING beckons to you what do you answer?

"SOME day I'll start" . . . . . "I'd like to, but I'm busy" . . . . . "I'll get there, all right, once I make up my mind . . . . . "

And so they go, those time-devouring *good intentions.* A day, a month, a year goes by. Again something happens to rouse the urge within you. And again: "Some day" . . . "Yes, but" . . . or some equally deadening evasion, and no progress!

So it is that many live and die, thinking they could be writers. So it is that many who really have ability never learn how to make it count.

Today thousands of practical people are meeting the challenge that writing offers by taking instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America. They are finding out things about writing and about themselves that they would never otherwise learn . . . what sort of style they have, what its possibilities are, what specialized training they need, how to write and how to sell their output.

Theirs is the modern attitude, the attitude of inquiry, earnestness and open-mindedness based on the common-sense principle that the way to understand anything is to make a working contact with it. The Newspaper Institute course is a working course created and directed by a group of New York newspapermen of long and recognized experience. Instruction is based on journalism—metropolitan journalism—because the recent history of American literature demonstrates that an overwhelming majority of the day's greatest writers are products of newspaper training.

Mr. Arthur S. Pettit, 115 So. Girard Ave., Albuquerque, New Mexico, is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:

"You may be interested to know that since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted and printed. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business.

"Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."

Another of our student-members who tried is Miss Ethel Lorio, 419 Chetimaches St., Donaldsonville, La.

"I am now on the reportorial staff of the Donaldsonville Chief. I owe my knowledge of writing and any success in that line to the N. I. A. and its interesting, graphic training."

## Fact-writing, the basis for fiction-writing

Perhaps the greatest virtue of the Newspaper Institute course is that it starts and keeps you writing; you begin to get experience with the very first lesson. You write, on assignment, just as you would for a great metropolitan daily. You send what you write to the N. I. A. editors, who analyze, correct, criticize and suggest. And you respect what they say, because their capacity to teach you is made progressively evident throughout your contact with them. Collectively, these N. I. A. mentors have had more than 200 years' experience in metropolitan newspaper work.

Whether or not you are exceptionally gifted, it is in this sort of training that you can most quickly find yourself. Practice, effort, criticism rouse you as no expounding of theory could. And the whole cost of this intimate, challenging home study course doesn't amount to more than about one month's living expenses at college or school.

We expect, upon your part, a practical attitude toward writing, one which, at the outset, aims not so much at fame and royalties, as at the $25, $50, $100, etc., to be earned by articles, short stories, and a great variety of other material such as you see published every day.

Test us, and test yourself, with our Writing Aptitude Test. Mail us the coupon and, without obligation, learn how our training will fit your case. Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

**Newspaper Institute of America**
**25 West 45th St., New York**

James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's—July 14th.

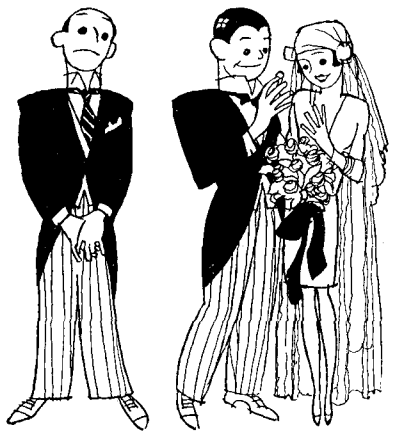
*Mr.*
*Mrs.*
*Miss* .....

*Address* .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21G128


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Often a best man —never a groom



WOMEN like their men strong—and their men's pipes mild! Don't let your pipe stand between you and domestic happiness. To tame that wild briar of yours, try Sir Walter's favorite smoking tobacco. It's satisfying, and a lot milder. And it's wrapped in heavy gold foil to keep it fresh right down to the last fragrant pipeful.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. C, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

*It's* *milder*


# The Thunder God

*Continued from page 51*

celed the order for all that equipment you wanted for your workshop. And I have a man who wants to lease your workshop for a garage for his trucks. The price is quite good, and here is the lease. Sign on the dotted line."

Mechanically Julie signed.

"And here," Whitton went on, "is a revocation of that trust you made for Mercedes and yourself. You'll not need it now, and Gloria will clip your coupons and cash them for you and never bother you about it. So why pay a bank to do it for you? Sign!"

Julie signed.

"Now, what do you want to do, old son?"

"I think I'd like to go fishing—with you, Butch."

"When?"

"Immediately."

"Strange," Ben Whitton murmured, "how our minds always run in the same channel!" He pointed to a couple of suit cases, an old duffle bag and a leather case for fishing rods over in a corner. "I have all the tackle you'll need, and as for fishing clothes you can buy them in Los Angeles. I hear the tuna are running off the Channel Islands, and as my car is downstairs let's go."

"As soon as I've sent a check to Mercedes."

"I gave her $500 of your money more than two weeks ago. Gloria signed the check."

Together they went downstairs, and Ben noticed that Julie did not bother to say farewell to Gloria Justin. For a moment he almost hated him for it. "Hope this isn't going to make a misanthrope of you, Julie," he announced as they climbed into his car. "Burned child dreading the fire and all that sort of jolly rot, you know."

"I'll never trust another woman as long as I live," Julie declared vehemently.

"You're a liar," said Mr. Whitton without passion.

TWO days later, at their hotel on Santa Catalina Island, Ben, looking through the list of notices of intent to marry, which the morning paper provided, noted that Jacob Brander and Mercedes Grannis had applied to the marriage license bureau of the county of Los Angeles for a marriage license. Under the California law a marriage license may not issue until after three days' notice of intent to marry, and for those three days Ben Whitton dwelt in an agony of apprehension lest at the last moment something might arise to thwart his malevolent desires. On the fourth morning, however, the Los Angeles papers carried a story of the marriage, Jacob Brander being one who loomed sufficiently large, socially and financially, to warrant this publicity.

Ben went at once to the telephone and called up Brander's home in Pasadena. The butler, answering, informed him that Mr. and Mrs. Brander had departed on their honeymoon for Europe, and some adroit questioning elicited the name of the steamer on which they had booked passage; also the sailing date. After making a memorandum of this, Mr. Whitton returned to his tuna fishing with more zest than formerly. But he fished alone that day. Julie decided to remain at the hotel to finish a novel he was reading, so Mr. Whitton realized that Julie too had read the paper that morning and required once more a great deal of letting alone.

That night, when he rejoined his friend, Julie said: "Butch, I'm tired of fishing. I want to get to work, and as a preliminary I'm going abroad immediately. There's a chap—Dr. Nisander, of the University of Upsala, in Sweden, whose research work on lightning has been most remarkable. I want to visit him and exchange notes."

"When will you return?"

"I don't know."

For some reason, quite unfathomable to Julian Grannis, Ben Whitton's face assumed instantly an expression not unremotely like that of a temperamental bulldog. "You may go to the devil, if you care to," he growled. "It will be a relief to me not to have to baby you any longer. If you had a grain of common sense, of gratitude, of decency, you'd ask Gloria Justin to marry you and take her with you."

"Since that," Julie replied coldly, "is none of your business, I must ask you not to discuss it with me. I'm more than nine years old."

"Oh, but I will discuss it with you, whether you relish it or not. Gloria loved you once, and you were head over heels in love with her. Then you met Mercedes. My private opinion is that Gloria still loves you."

"And my private opinion," Julie roared back, "is that you're in love with her yourself and always have been. I'm not the unthinking, unseeing idiot you assume me to be, and I'm utterly wearied of being babied. I'm free, I tell you. I can roll my own hoop. I'll not be interfered with. You go ask Gloria to marry you, Butch. She'll accept you. She'd be crazy if she didn't."

MR. WHITTON shook his picnic ham of a fist under Julie's nose. "Since that," he half shouted, "is none of your business, I must ask you not to discuss it with me. *I'm* more than nine years old. I'm free, too, and I intend to retain my freedom: 50 per cent of my male friends who have married have been divorced or are in process of being divorced and the other 50 per cent wish they had the courage to quit. That's warning enough for me. I'm not the marrying type. Domesticity would ruin me. But you *are* the marrying type, and a lack of domesticity will make a stray cat of you. You go over to Europe, wandering around on the loose, and some Swedish servant girl will land you out in the grass. You shouldn't be allowed out alone."

"Butch, Butch," Julie pleaded, "we're quarreling."

"You bet we're quarreling. Any time I roll the crust for a pie for you, you'll eat it, monkey."

"Why, I hadn't the slightest idea you took such a personal interest in my happiness, Butch!"

"I don't. I don't care what happens to you. I'm thinking of Gloria and her happiness, of her future."

"Ah," Julie murmured, "I knew I was right. Now, then, Butch, you listen to me. If you are hanged by the neck until I propose to Gloria Justin, you'll be excessively ripe when the coroner cuts you down. I'm incapable of loving any woman again. . . . My sense of decency would prevent my offering that fine girl the empty husk of a man. And, moreover, for me to dash off and get married again, merely because Mercedes has done it would be—well, indecent."

Ben was truly enraged. He commenced throwing his arms around like a giant windmill; he swore horribly. "I did all I could to conserve your married happiness until I discovered there was no happiness to conserve," he almost shouted, "and then I commenced promoting a substitute. And now I find I have wasted all my sweetness on a puling infant, an old-fashioned, drooling piece of fromage, a sticky sentimentalist where I had hoped to find a wise idealist—now, now, Julie, my dear friend, you know I never intended to hurt your feelings. You know, I wouldn't do that on a bet."

There were big bright tears in Julie's eyes; his mouth was quivering; his emotion was about to overcome him. "Oh, buck up, old son, buck up," Whitton pleaded, and put his great arm around Julie's thin shoulders. "Never mind about me. I'm a big, strong man and Father fed me meat at an inconceivably tender age. But you want looking after. You've got to have a trainer, a woman who understands you, a wife to shove you gently along toward your destiny, to enthuse with you and over you, to sympathize with you, to be patient and realize, when that meteor


L. I. Henrick says: "It is easy to make money anywhere with Process Products"

and the business winning co-operation that Process gives to Process salesmen."

Mr. Henrick is making a notable record in successful salesmanship in Los Angeles, as is proved by the amounts earned by him in single days during different seasons.

**A November Day $96.00**
**A February Day $45.00**
**An April Day $58.00**

We want ambitious men and women who are looking for an opportunity to make this kind of money, as representatives in every town to take orders for our nationally known lines of individually Monogramed Business and Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Social Stationery, Announcements, etc. We pay liberal commission in cash every day, also liberal monthly bonus to producers. Apply at once, writing me personally.

Manager Dept. K
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

New Auto Light Sticks on Car

Pocket $20 Daily!
You can easily make this money acting as our local representative for Stick-A-Lite, greatest night auto trouble light for changing tires or fixing engine. Sticks anywhere on iron or steel. Spotlight and tourist camp light, too. Easy for you to sell 5 or 6 a day. Just show it to your friends and neighbors. Hunt made $270 in 9 days! School boy sold 35 one afternoon.

Get A Stick-A-Lite
Write for complete details FREE. Better still, have us send you a complete Stick-A-Lite Demonstrating Outfit C. O. D. for $2.00. Money refunded, less postage if returned within 10 days. Write at once!

PREMIER ELECTRIC COMPANY
1804 Grace St. Chicago, Ill.

I Offer You $8.00 a Day ~and a CHEVROLET Coach

Write quick for new proposition. We offer $8.00 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach, for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.

Comer Mfg. Co. Dept. C-162 Dayton, O.

Make $80 a Week with New Educational Invention

Proctor earned $538 cash bonus in 1 month. Freitag $500 in 30 days. McKean $20 profit in ½ day. You can do as well. Just help me introduce Playbox. Huge demand. Selling outfit FREE. Write today for new Profit-Sharing Plan. J. L. Rector, Sec'y.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 357 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn $5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 740-L, Chicago
*The World's Largest Business Training Institution*

Prizes for every Boy

If you are an energetic chap and want to earn your own spending money as well as win dandy prizes, here's your chance to be a Crowell Junior Salesman. In your spare time deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion, to regular customers. It's lots of fun—and you need no experience to start.

*Write at once to*

MR. JIM THAYER, Dept. C-32
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

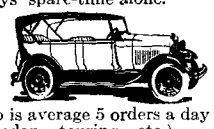
# 300 MEN WANTED TO START WORK IMMEDIATELY!

**Splendid Opportunity to make $10 to $15 A Day And More! J. E. Tillotson of Nebraska Actually Cleared $114 In One Day This Easy Way! Emil Ham of California Made $50 The First Day He Started! Send for Generous Starting Offer NOW!**

## $75 a Week and up

Here's an amazingly easy way to make money—as high as $200—$400 a month. We are big advertisers everywhere (KRISS-KROSS Stroppers) but never sell in stores—so need 300 men right away to collect orders in different localities. ($5,000,000 already collected.) All you do is mail the orders to us as they come in. You get handsome profit for every bit of work you do—and will find it easy as A. B. C. We show you how. No investment or office needed. Use your home as headquarters. *Full or Spare Time.* J. C. Kellogg (Kansas) made $200 in 7 days' spare-time alone.

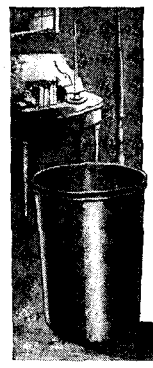
**NEW FORD CARS FURNISHED**



And right now we are furnishing our good representatives with New Fords FREE. All you have to do is average 5 orders a day (Your choice of coupe, sedan, touring, etc.) . . . Ambitious, reliable men write for generous proposition immediately. Address M. H. Rhodes, President.

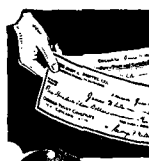
**Rhodes Manufacturing Company, Dept. H-402**
1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

**Cannot scratch fine furniture**



There is nothing to harm even the most highly-polished surfaces—in this dainty new *home* Vul-Cot—little sister of the famous business Vul-Cot. Light as a feather, yet super-strong. Solid sides and bottom so that not even the smallest particles can sift through onto the floor. A wide range of pastel tones to harmonize with your decorations. At stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

**VUL-COT**
*- the national wastebasket*
Guaranteed 5 years
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.



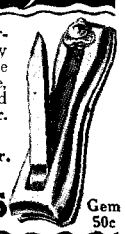
**Get Two Salary Checks Instead of One!**

**THIS EASY WAY**
THE HERTEL PLAN offers the most profitable, fascinating way of making big money with **Personal Christmas Cards**
We pay you WEEKLY and give extra MONTHLY BONUS checks. A stenographer made $1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, $800 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., $61.75 in 2 hours.
**Hertel Cards Sell Themselves**
**$10 Outfit FREE** Everyone wants MADE-TO-ORDER Christmas Cards. Take hundreds of orders just showing our beautiful designs. Write today—make the biggest money of your life!
**THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.**
**318 W. Washington St. Dept. 301, Chicago, Illinois**

**"O.K. All Day"**

Even after changing a tire or work in the garden, you can keep your nails *always* neatly cleaned, trimmed and filed, with Gem, the handy manicure. Smaller than a cigarette, but it's the biggest possible help to a refined appearance. At your druggist or cutlery dealer.

**The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St.**
**Ansonia, Conn.**



**Gem Clippers** NAIL 35c Gem Jr. 50c

**Sell Tailoring**
**Earn $100 Weekly**
Sell Gibson fine made-to-order all wool suits at $23.50 and $31.50, direct to wearer. Regular $40 and $55 values. Over hundred 6x9 cloth samples, all one price, furnished to ambitious men who want to earn $100 weekly. Write.
**W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 Throop St., Dept. U-431, Chicago**

**DO YOU** WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees,—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*
**Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**


of a brain of yours starts across unknown worlds, that she may not follow, but must sit patiently and await your return. You've got to have some children—some girls to dandle on your knees and some boys to go fishing with. Never mind me, old comrade. I'll be—content—as—hell just to be Uncle Ben. That's my job. Uncle Ben, the friend of the family. I'll get a real thrill out of getting down on my hands and knees and playing horsy to your first-born. Come, Julie. I've never asked a favor of you before. Grant me this one."

BUT Julie only shook his head. "I'm going away, Ben. Time will fix my clock. Don't worry. The mainspring is busted, but the rest of the works are O. K., and I'll be ticking along as per usual if you'll only leave me alone. I want you to have a fighting chance for happiness too. You go back, and after a while you ask Gloria to marry you. If she accepts you, I'll get a real kick out of being Uncle Julie."

Ben shook him ferociously. "I'm not in love with the woman, you nut."

"You're a liar. It would be no credit to you if you were not. At any rate, I'll never ask her to marry me until you've asked her first. That's final. I might, in a pinch, suck eggs and rob a poor box, but I'll not betray my friend. Final, I tell you. Shut up or we'll have a real quarrel."

Ben Whitton subsided instantly. He knew Julian Grannis, knew the iron that was in that gentle soul. "Very well," he mumbled, "I'll ask her, although that will be fatal. It'll spoil my job as Uncle Ben. But when she has refused me and I cable you that such is the fact, on my word of honor as a gentleman, will you come back and have your innings?"

"Yes, I will. But you've got to make your plan open and aboveboard. You've got to ask Gloria as if you meant it, as if your heart was in the asking."

"I promise. You're right, Julie. I love her, and if she accepts me I'll marry her if it kills you. But—she'll not. However, the fact remains that I love Gloria just enough to humiliate myself to make her happy. If I can't have her myself, I want her to have you, and that's the milk in the coconut. You make hard rules—I'll play the game—to win."

Julie drew him to his heart. "Good friend," he murmured, "good friend. I often wonder if the love of a man for a woman can ever transcend that of a good friendly man for his friend." His voice choked. "By God, they never hesitate to die for each other, at any rate! Well, Butch, whatever happens, there are years of happiness ahead for both of us. You've certainly been a comfort to me."

*(To be concluded next week)*

# The Prince of Escape

*Continued from page 21*

notice. Probably these rats had spotted him for days.

Even then he might have faced it out had it not been for that radio. The thing sputtered and barked, right at his elbow, and a consciously sonorous voice from the loud speaker spoke his own name.

"Valdez—I have to announce that the Imperial Theatre will pay a reward of fifty pounds to anyone who can discover Vanished Valdez before he makes his mysterious return to the stage—"

Damn Mastanien and his passion for publicity! To be discovered now meant to be branded as a joke and a failure. A fight would mean discovery; anything at all meant discovery, except a silent fading away. One hundred and fifty pounds it cost him to pass that door—they had overlooked the bank note hidden in his shoe.

Back in his own room Valdez faced his situation. Two thousand pounds lay to his credit in a bank; Mastanien's treasurer held three weeks of his salary as yet undrawn. But to touch any of it he must declare himself and be instantly grabbed for that reward. He was reduced to a dreary rooming house in Bloomsbury. Here all chance of serving Brenda Hope seemed gone.

He cursed viciously at sight of Mastanien's new posters blazoning that reward for his capture. Fifty pounds for his discovery and his pockets had barely thirty shillings left to rattle in them.

A week later, one Saturday at midnight, there was a knock on his door. When in a strange house a midnight knock brings chilled surprise; one never knows what may be on the other side of a door. To Valdez that furtive tapping had sounded like Morse for "You are found."

It was again Mastanien's reward that was the trouble. Even the Prince of Wales, sensitive to the popular pulse, had uttered a royal joke about it when laying a foundation stone. "Hadn't we better see that Vanished Valdez isn't underneath it?" The nation loyally laughed and "looking for Valdez" became a new sport.

That night his nerves had been quivering from an encounter under the flaring lights of Marylebone.

A dozen raucous girls had come rioting by. Suddenly they were all round Valdez, shouting his name, playing this new London game:

"Vawldez. . . . It's *'im*, gels: 'ere 'e is. . . . Hey, bloke, 'and us alit that fifty quid; look slippy, nah . . . Vawldez . . . ow, gels, see 'im bleshing. . . ."

Then another personable man had come in sight, and they were off after a fresh victim while he had fled to his rooming-house refuge.

Then that knock! As well have it, whatever it was, over and done with. He flung the door open, and a figure slipped quickly into the room.

She was another phenomenon of this puzzling English life. Her head, on which yellow hair was drawn straight back, came to a little above his shoulder. Her face might have been attractive had it not been so vacantly silly, with a smudge across one cheek. Her ragged cotton stockings ended in carpet slippers. One dropped off, and she clawed for it with backward 'oot. Her method of address seemed a panting sniffle.

"Oh, Mr. Byrne, I 'ope you won't think the wuss of me for this."

He almost laughed, it seemed too incredible that anybody should think anything of her at all.

"It eyn't 'ardly the plyce for a 'ousemyde to be talkin' to such as you—"

THE housemaid; that explained it, and he made soothing noises. "If it's about the rent, I fixed that with Mrs. Hubble." He sketched a gesture, entirely lordly. The girl was more than negligible. Standing there, with her mouth as round as those shallow eyes, she was one of those simply born to be overlooked.

"Ow . . . you fixed it, did you, sir?" Then something happened; happened to her, and through her to himself, as if she were an electrode of surprises on which he had laid an unwitting hand.

His first awareness of it was through words, crisply clear, stinging his ears like to shock:

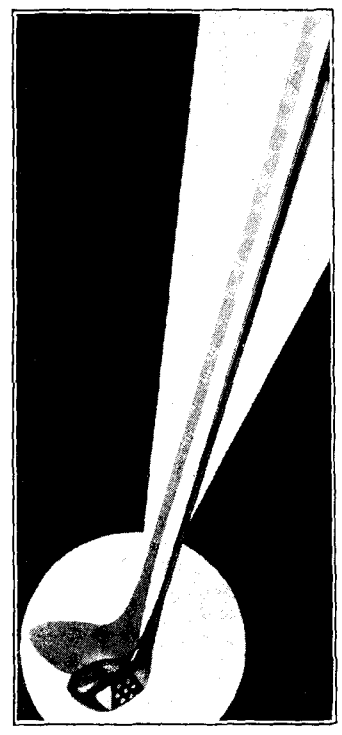
"You poor baby. *You* 'fix' that old cat downstairs. She's got you tied up seven ways for Sundays."

She coolly swung herself to a seat on the table. Both the carpet slippers dropped off, and her feet, beneath those awful stockings, were unexpectedly shapely. The vacant mask on her face had cracked and a different person gleamed through it, a person alive and sparkling. Valdez found himself gasping with only one thought: "I'm found—she's going to claim that reward." He choked out a single sentence:

"You're no housemaid."

"So the Hubble informs me frequently," she agreed, then glanced down at herself. "But you must admit that I

*(Continued on page 54)*

# When you're out to break par ' ' or 100

MAYBE you are the goifer who hangs his head and tears up his card at any round in the 80's. Or maybe a 99 fills you with pride, well-being and glory. But whether par or 100 is your standard, Burke clubs are equally a help—equally a blessing.

Shafts of Chrome-Molybdenum—steel's toughest alloy—put through three separate temperings to make the famous True-Temper shaft. Vibrationless—reduction offset rings brace the shaft as bridges are braced. Every club perfectly balanced—and each club in a set balanced with every other.

Burke clubs make balls sail farther and straighter. They do subtraction with whatever figure you usually go around in. Your pro or your favorite sporting goods house has or can get Burke clubs for you now.

*An enlarged section of the True Temper steel shaft*

**Burke**
**CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS**
THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Somewhere Near You Today ∾ ∾ Tomorrow's Story

AT home or abroad—Port Said or Lakeview Avenue—nearby lurks the incident that may make you the star or the victim of tomorrow's newspaper story.

An unpleasant encounter on a lonely automobile road at home. The sudden fury of a beggar in Algiers.

In *any* emergency it's real satisfaction and it's peace of mind to know you are armed with the most dependable, most scientifically accurate, most easily and most safely handled revolver—the modern Smith & Wesson.

Call on the nearest reliable dealer today. Let him show you his splendid line of Smith & Wessons. A 32 or 38 calibre S. & W. Safety is quick as a flash in emergencies, but proof at all times against *accidental* discharge even by a child.

*Descriptive Booklet "S" sent free upon request.*

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.
THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

# The Prince of Escape

*Continued from page 53*

dress the part well. I have to, because the Hubble beast has all my other clothes. And that," she announced, with a warning finger, "is just what's going to happen to *you*.

"That old harridan downstairs has her eye on your things. You see," the girl earnestly explained, "we know you've been up to something or other. So the Hubble let you get behind in your rent just on purpose to collar your luggage and hold it and then chuck you out. As she said this afternoon, 'whoever 'e is, 'e can't afford to myke a row. '*E* wants 'is whereabouts kep' *quiet*,' 'e does.'

"Shut the door and sit down. You're in the profession, aren't you?"

"I—I began as a trapeze man."

"Oh, an *acrobat!*" That held scorn, but she shrugged it off. "Heaven knows, I can't talk. Look at me. Would you dream that I'm Quinta Pell?"

He wouldn't have dreamed anything about her. She had paralyzed his every mental process. All he could compass was a gasp. She had found his cigarettes on the table and was nodding solemnly through smoke.

"Well, I am. Quinta Pell, who sang 'Sweet Rosalie' at the Albany twelve months ago! I thought I had the world by the tail, and when the show finished its run I thought I had it fixed with the Hubble too. She let me run up a thirty-pound bill while I traipsed the offices looking for another engagement. Then locked up my things and told me I could either get out or stay and work it out as housemaid at the rate of five bob a week. And here I've been six months, cleaning up after damn' lodgers, and not a rag to go outdoors in."

"Couldn't you have gone somewhere else?"

"You Americans never seem to have the least *idea* of what it means to be down and out in London. As for relatives, I've a darn sight too many of 'em. There are nine of us Pells left down in Cornwall. Dad is a country doctor, a homeopath at that, poor dear! When I got that part as 'Rosalie' it meant everything to those kids at home. That was why I never saved a ha'penny of my salary. And now—"

She smoked silently, regarding him as he stood there trying to adjust himself to her point of view. His own existence had been largely struggle, but there had always been the whole vast American continent to plunge into, to draw from. Dimly it came to him that this island with its tightly packed millions was a sort of gray trap. And there seemed nowhere to jump to from it. He had temporarily thrown away far more than most of those millions could ever hope to have, and in so doing he had thrown away himself, leaving nothing with which to spring the closing jaws of this relentless city.

"And when I saw the old beast getting ready to serve you the same way," the girl was saying, "I wasn't going to stand it. With you it would be worse, because you couldn't be a housemaid."

HE SENSED depths of pernicious horror. He had seen those things, only vaguely human, that huddled in night gloom on Embankment benches. Or dim figures that lurked in shadows with muttered invitations, denizens of other depths which he had not even suspected.

Above all, he must have a hole to hide in until July. He shuddered at the memory of that "Vawldez—it's *'im.*" Every hand was reaching for the price upon his flesh. Or, rather, upon his pride: that was where the real hurt lay. How they would laugh if he were found! He wished he had never started this fool "escaping"! He asked, "Well, what's to be done?" And her answer came swiftly back:

"You must shoot the moon, of course."

"What's that?"

"I mean take your traps and go, this minute, while Hubble-bubble's safely asleep. And look here. I've done you a good turn, and now you've simply got to help me to get away with you."

Take her with him: that was something different. He shot a blunt, "What does *this* mean?" And she drawled a cool reply:

"It might mean a lot of things, of course. Among them, it might mean that I suspect you of being a gentleman."

VALDEZ understood that. Of course, *to this girl he was not a man, but* merely a means of—hang it, there it was again—a means of "escaping."

"You mean we must go this minute?"

"Instanter. You pack your duds while I give you the lay. Mrs. Hubble is drunk; beautifully piffled and gone bye-bye. She sent me to the pub for some whisky just before closing time. I spent almost my last bob for some brandy as well and mixed it in instead of water. I added a few cigarette ashes too—I'd sneaked the cigarette from *you*. I got that trick from Dad. There's something in being a doctor's daughter, after all. You pack up and take your portmanteau and bag downstairs. Then *you've got to get my things for me.* She has them locked up, and for six months I've been trying to force the beastly door—"

Valdez had finished cramming his belongings into that betrayingly new suit case. They stole silently down black and misty stairs to where a feeble gas jet glimmered in the hall. Quinta's baggage was out in some place in the back regions which she called the washhouse. She really meant the laundry, he found. It was a sort of crypt in a yard behind the underground regions where the Hubble still snored her brandied sleep down in that ridiculous English basement. The yard was like a brick well, where crazy water pipes snaked up toward the stars and slate gables leaned askew. A high-up window, tightly locked, was the washhouse's only entrance.

He leaped, caught the sill with his finger tips, and the ease of it made Quinta gasp. Her face was a mere glimmer in the dark as she breathed up at him, "Who on earth are you?" and from the inside he called back, "I'm a famous porch climber. That's why I'm broke: you only have balconies over this side. Don't sniff at acrobats again."

Then a crash back in the bowels of the house squeezed a little scream from her lips.

"Quick, the old beast is waking up. That's a dish I put in her lap so I'd know when she moved."

He groped in dusty darkness, grabbing things and counting them off the list she had given him; "the portmanteau, the hold-all, the mandolin case, the black leather bag." She seized them with a six months' hunger and they tiptoed back along a stone passage where things rustled dryly round their feet. He felt her quiver as she pressed *against him.*

"Black Beetles! Six months I've had to stand them. Some day I'll have all the hysterics I've been denying myself."

In the hall he put Quinta's baggage on that terrible marble slab. It made the bags look like an outstretched corpse; she took two of them and turned to the stairs.

"Take your things and the rest of mine out of the house. Wait for me round the corner. I'll change up in your room and fix my hair and be out in a jiffy."

So he waited in this disreputable street while the London night glow, like phosphorescence from some rotting *heap, paled in the awaking sky.* A dawn freshness crept shyly over the housetops. He remembered that he had not slept, and became drowsily confused.

Then the street lamps winked out, and a woman stood and laughed at him.

SHE was young, very white, and very scarlet; the white was her dress, the scarlet a hat and silk sweater. Between the two her face showed vividly, with that faintly elfin quality with which the English sometimes surprise one.

Valdez rose from the cold doorstep, twisting out his stiffness like an awak*ing snake.* "What's next?" he asked.

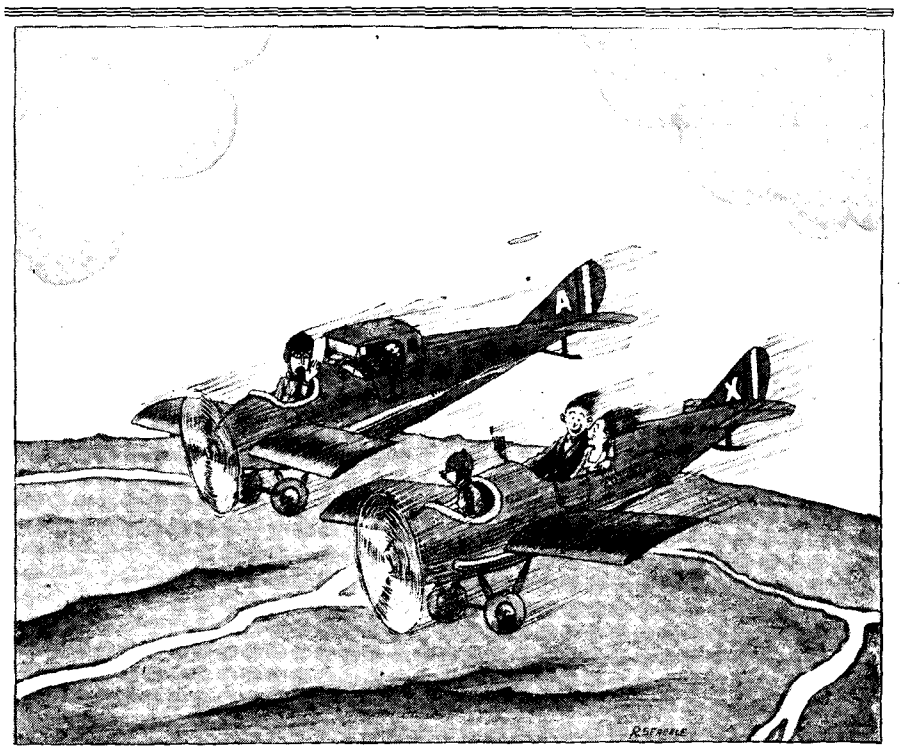
"We must get hold of some money, of course," she told him as she pulled white silk gloves over her work-reddened hands. "I've had it all planned for weeks. That is why I waited for summer and a fine Sunday. The best thing is for us to make for the river and go busking."

"That," he said, "is a new one on me, but if you'll tell me how—"

"It's professional for 'mysterious musicianing,' of course. I'll show you how when we get to the river. Let's catch a bus; change at Piccadilly Circus. Here's one now—grab the luggage."

That bus was like a gaudy chariot *that bore them off.*

In that zero hour Piccadilly Circus



"IT WON'T BE LONG NOW"

*1st Chauffeur: "Hey, Bill, did you hear the one about the traveling salesman?"*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a bluish desert, its theatres wanly garnish like rouged women overtaken by the day. Another name than Valdez' now splashed across the Imperial, but in its lobby lights still burned about a glass and iron cage. Valdez' feet stopped, for inside that cage was the challenge box of ten nights ago. There were his clothes, and on top of all was laid the photograph which he had rammed into his pocket as he went to the stage. Brushing negligently against him, Quinta read the posters.

"Fifty pounds' reward," she sighed. "I wish I knew where to lay my paws on him."

Valdez, carefully casual, wondered whose picture that was in the box. Quinta gazed at it with complete lack of interest.

"It's that Hope girl. You know, the one they're making such a fuss about. I don't see why; all she does is to sleep. But there aren't any countesses giving me any castles to take a nap in."

"Are they giving them to her?" he asked as she turned to go.

"Heavens, yes. The Countess of Wallingford is simply throwing them at her. It's in all the papers. And that photo is fearfully retouched. She's a lot older than *that* . . . come along, here's a bus for Victoria."

THE bus rolled on. All the way a vision rode in Valdez' brain—yellow dimness behind amber curtains; motionless Hindus; five thousand faces swimming in greenish gloom. And himself, naked as on his first day, stepping from the material prison of that box clear out into the mind of all England.

"Now we must get a boat," Quinta announced.

Valdez looked vaguely round. In that hour's journey London had completely vanished, and here was the England of story-books and picture postals. That was the Thames, winding in lazy blue between green banks, with villas among trees, their gardens all shaven lawn and huge beds of scarlet cannas. It was like a set stage with no performers, empty in the level light, sunk in Sunday sleep. Quinta sat on his upturned suit case and looked as if she had stepped from the picture pages of the Illustrated London News. She made him wonder if that smudged, lodging-house slavey had ever really been.

"Why a boat?" he asked, and she swept him with impatience.

"Don't you ever listen? Haven't I told you we're going mysterious musicianing? Towpath performers are *common;* all they get is pennies, and precious few of them. We must have a boat, of course."

"D'you mean to say," Valdez exploded, "that we're to do stunts and pass the hat among the crowd? . . . I won't do it."

"If *I,*" Quinta chilled him, "I, who was the star of 'Rosalie,' can do it, any mere acrobat—"

That brought him panic; he had been speaking as Valdez instead of some mere hanger-on of the small time. "Where do you get boats in this blame' country?" he asked.

"At the yards where they rent 'em, of course. But they'll want at least a quid for all day."

"I," Valdez gloomily said, "haven't any quid left. Perhaps if you come along and vamp the boat renter a bit—"

"Sex appeal hardly goes in a Thames boat yard on a summer Sunday," she told him. "I'll wait here with the luggage while you look about. Our only chance to make any money is to get out on that river, so—well—don't be too *particular* as to how you get a boat."

He set vaguely off down the bank. The river twisted, and trees shut Quinta from view. The next thing was a wall, square across the towpath, barring the way. Its mellow bricks spoke centuries, but its top was all broken bottles set in fresh mortar, like an outcropping disposition of some new owner. Valdez looked disgustedly at it. He was getting fed up with things, such as being chased and fooled and stopped everywhere. He must find a boat, and here was a wall, with no way around or through. Well, there was still another dimension. A drooped branch. He sprang for it, swung over and thudded softly down on the forbidden side.

That garden into which he had dropped was like some great green jewel box, with flowers for gems. There were orange trees in tubs, a villa which might have strayed from Italian opera. A Frenchman would have dubbed it "bijou" and then winked. Marble vases dripped blossoms, and statues of a super-nudity gleamed against clipped laurels. A monkey rattled a chain; peacocks spread vain tails. And there, at the river side, was a fleet of boats, dinghys, four-oars, gigs, brave in brass and varnish.

Then two men seemed to spring right out of the ground. Unmistakable night watchmen, their eyes boring at him like gimlets. But his clothes, his poise on those steps, as though just come from the house, held them. He saw that and seized it, barking in as English a fashion as he could:

"Where's the fellow who looks after these boats?"

The men shifted warily. "Hexcuse us, sir, are you one of Sir 'Enery's guests?"

Who Sir 'Enery might be he neither knew nor cared. The only way out of that garden was either by a boat or to the local jail. He barked again in that contemptuous fashion which would stamp him as a gentleman. "What d'you suppose? I want a turn on the river. Where are the oars kept? Oh—here's one with a pair in it. That'll do. Have somebody tell Sir Henry I'll be back in time for our appointment—" His last view of that place was the flat faces of those night guards, bobbing respect.

Quinta still sat under the willows, sewing on a wisp of black silk. As he rowed up she gazed with bright interest. "What a nice boat!"

"I stole it," he said, "from a Lord-knows-who, Sir Henry somebody."

"Well," she nodded, "we are only *borrowing* it, of course. If he's a nice man, he'll be glad to let us have it. And if he isn't—well, it serves him right. Look, I've made our masks; small ones, since we are both fairly decent-looking."

"Oh! Do we have to wear masks?" he asked.

"Of course, they're what make us 'mysterious.' With masks on nobody'll know but that we're a prince and a royal duchess just singing for fun and charity." She inspected him carefully. "You'll do about as you are. It suits you, having your coat off—not every man can stand it. Since you've got a good throat, you may as well show it; and you can have my dark green scarf as a sash. You'll just have to row and pass the hat while I do the singing for both."

She rose, suddenly weary.

"There won't be a soul on the river until noon. For goodness' sake, let's row along until we find a quiet, shady place, and rest."

THERE was a backwater, all pond lilies and bulrushes under tents of weeping willow. Its entrance was marked "Private" but, then, as Quinta said, that was precisely why they were going there. She curled on the bottom boards, with a dressing bag for a pillow. Valdez flung himself on buttercups on the bank, and the world faded instantly out.

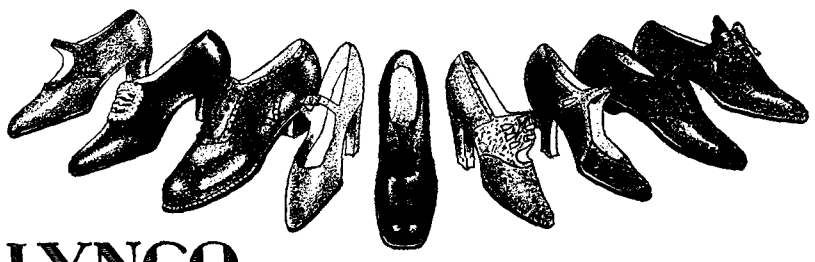
Church bells woke him at last. It was high noon, all blue and green, and the river was a mass of boats. In their own Quinta was already awake, tuning her mandolin. She made a pretty picture, but—Valdez turned to that extraordinary pageant of a Sunday on the Thames. Boats—boats—Venetian gondolas, stolid punts, a Fiji war canoe, trim launches, and everywhere between, just boats, all alive with color. Girls by the hundred, just as scarlet or orange and white as ever Quinta was; while the men's flannels and blazers would put his blue serge and white shirt in the shade.

"We won't *do,*" he said, and Quinta looked up at him.

"Meaning?"

"If you're going to run a show, you've got to let 'em know you're around, while we, out in that crowd—"

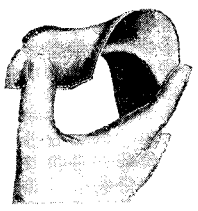
(*Continued on page 56*)

LYNCO

Feather Weight Arch Cushions

*Fit Any Shoe~Comfortably*



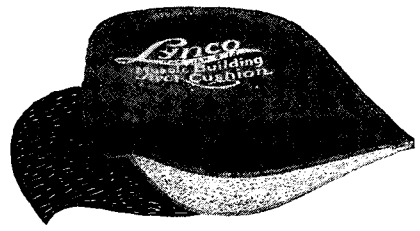
No need to buy expensive, special or larger shoes to get the foot ease supplied by LYNCO Muscle Building Arch Cushions. They will fit your regular shoes perfectly. Your feet are gradually restored to a normal, healthy condition as the arches are cushioned in their proper position.

The Average weight of a pair of LYNCOS is 5 ounces. They are made of special cellular rubber covered with soft leather—no metal or unyielding materials are used. LYNCOS give instant relief to foot sufferers, at the same time allowing free muscular action and normal circulation.

Call on your chiropodist, shoe dealer or doctor for LYNCO Muscle Building Arch Cushions. Write us, giving shoe size and arch trouble, if they are unable to supply you.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., INC.
231 Cutler St., Warren, R. I., U. S. A.

*Cross section showing cellular rubber construction*




Lynco

NON-METALLIC ARCH CUSHIONS

THE SHIRT-OF-THE-MONTH
*for July*

*COOL?* . . . You'll say so! This handsome new Fruit-of-the-Loom Shirt fairly breathes comfort on even the most torrid days . . . Loungy, yet spruce as the deuce . . . Simply and smartly patterned with slenderizing stripes . . . Of light weight, long-wearing, color-fast fabric in Shadow Tan, Meadow Green and Sea Blue . . . At a price much less than you'd expect!

$2.00
Neckband Style or Collar Attached

*America's Foremost $2.00 Shirt*

A wide assortment of other patterns to choose from. On display at progressive dealers everywhere.

$2.50
With two Starched Collars to Match

Needles FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts

NEEDLES SHIRT — FRUIT OF THE LOOM — COLOR GUARANTEED

ECLIPSE-NEEDLES COMPANY . . . PHILADELPHIA


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SIMONDS

SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

CIRCULAR SAWS THAT MEET EVERY CUTTING NEED

WHETHER you cut wood, metal, rubber, leather, paper, cloth, cork, bone, horn, ivory or slate, you can safely depend upon a Simonds cutting edge.

Simonds Saws, Circular Cutters and Machine Knives mean rapid cutting, fast production, low cost. Specify Simonds for economy!

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY

*"The Saw Makers"* Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



# MAKE MAKING MONEY A PLEASURE!

Do you want to enjoy yourself and make money at the same time? That's just what Mr. Cuthbertson of Michigan does as a Crowell representative. You, too, can be your own boss, own your own business and make MAKING MONEY a pleasure. How? By placing new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, The Mentor and Farm and Fireside in the homes of your friends and neighbors.

Write for free outfit and particulars TODAY!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-95
The Crowell Publishing Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can combine Business and Pleasure like Mr. Cuthbertson.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....


# The Prince of Escape

*Continued from page 55*

"I know it," she quivered. "I wouldn't admit it, of course. For an hour I've been trying to think of some way, but I'm a rotten stage manager, and—"

She seemed to crumple all at once with an inner hopelessness.

He paced the bank, trying to keep his mind empty till something formed in it. "Look here—did you say your hair is *long?*"

"It comes below my waist. I kept it that way for 'Rosalie,' and since—"

"Hush!" His hand waved her to silence. "I saw a thing once—a girl, with a lot of yellow hair, in a boat all covered with pond lilies—"

"The Lady of Shallott," she cried. "Oh— I just knew you were the right one. Let's get to work."

WHEN he rowed again into the main stream the boat's bow was massed with buttercups and blazing poppies, while cool green rushes curved about the stern. In them, as in a shell, Quinta sat, her scarlet all gone, leaving only the white, and a wreath of ferns about her unbound hair. A gold shawl made a bower, upheld by an extra oar, roped by buttercups, and trailing poppies mixed with the pond lilies that floated on strings at the sides. So they passed out into the crowd on the river— A fairy craft, all color, music and charm of youth, with eyes flashing from absurd little black masks.

"Steer for those houseboats," Quinta directed, "and when you flirt with the women, choose fat, old ones. That's where the money is."

Houseboats dazzled with plate-glass windows and much gold leaf on white paint. On the banks were slumbrous chestnuts and cows knee-deep in grass. And boats everywhere, with people all gay and seemingly all beautiful.

As Quinta sang, he thrust out one of her silk stockings tied to a long bulrush. They laughed at that, applauded again, and the stocking foot grew knobby with coins.

Five o'clock was the high hour, as the shadows began to creep across the steel of the water. He had rowed at least ten miles, and Quinta had sung for hours. They were on an exclusive reach, with more houseboats along the banks. This one was as big as a Pullman, ornamented like a state coach, with important-looking people being elegant on its upper deck. They looked down in cool amusement, but clapped when Quinta sang, and a throng of rowboats pressed round. A gray man, who looked like a tired bloodhound, threw half a crown. A woman in a canoe squealed, "Look, that's the Countess of Wallingford—the one in gray crêpe and cut steel with the black chiffon hat." Her escort said, "By Jove, and that was Blazebroke who threw the cash."

A countess and a prime minister, with probably others just as tremendous! Quinta whispered to him from under her stage smile:

"The Countess of Wallingford is the one who's running that Hope, sleeping female—you know—the one whose photograph you were going moony over this morning. I'm going to do 'Sing Me to Sleep.'"

She sang it with a pathos just this side of burlesque. Lady Wallingford, looking like a handsome statue, smiled faintly. Valdez wondered how she would look if she knew that this masked man had been hidden across the passage that night in the Albert Hall. Then he found himself looking up into a pair of extraordinarily clear eyes.

He managed to hold his stage grin, but his spine had chilled. That was Ann Wrex, the woman who had rather started him on this whole absurd adventure. There was no mistaking that tired face and gaze of mixed intelligence and scorn. He had a conviction that she had recognized him. He, Valdez, rowing a boat in which a girl sang for charity—a blush swept up over his throat. Ann Wrex's face was like an enigmatic cat's; then she looked long at Quinta and the enigma faded, but the cat remained. He knew she was going to betray him, and that she would not have done it had Quinta been a man. Confound the woman!

(*To be continued next week*)

# Fancy Brains

*Continued from page 19*

a shelf beside the roulette wheel. The stuff was easily worth two grand in an honest market. Fedman, with a pained expression, gave half a grand.

The Hermit laid two hundred on red and collected. For two hours his bankroll fattened, then shrank, fattened again and finally disappeared.

For a week he banged at the wheel steadily. When he lost, which was always, he went out, replenished his bankroll in the same old way and came back again.

His production was O. K., he assured himself. His get-aways were perfect but when he checked back on what he had done at the wheel, his outgo was rotten. He figured he had fattened Cash-and-Carry's bankroll to the tune of about $40,000. And here was Friday night, the week-end staring him in the face, and not as much as the price of a beef stew in his jeans.

He was getting the dough. He couldn't be stopped there. He had the winning system. But the wheel had him licked. Could it be crooked? He thought about that. Wheels should be honest even to crooks. Would a guy like Cash-and-Carry cheat a go-getter like him? He chewed that for a while. No, they stick together in a common cause.

Thief . . . fence . . . gambler—a triple alliance, one to produce the stuff, one to buy it and one to furnish the entertainment which swallows up the gobs of easy money that thieves cannot get rid of in other ways. They all trust each other. They must have abiding faith, otherwise the system goes to pieces. Meditating upon these comforting aspects of his game the Baby Hermit decided to give the wheel another rumble and recoup. To do this a bankroll was needed. He was cleaned. He felt for his rod. It was in his hip pocket. He lit out into the night, confident, eager.

A HIGH-STEPPING, flashy-gowned blonde swaggered past the Hermit. He glimpsed two solitaires, at least two carats each, gleaming from her ear lobes. She swung round the corner into a cross street. He followed, halting her in the middle of the block. He ordered her to dismantle the stones. She mumbled something about "it's tough some people don't recognize their own people," but just the same she handed over the stones. The Hermit shoved off and in no time stood again in the presence of Cash-and-Carry.

Fedman greeted him warmly. The Baby Hermit tossed the two stones on the shelf. Fedman picked them up and raved about them. He forked over four hundred bucks without a whimper. The stuff was easily worth twenty-five hundred. He knew stones like these. They were the kind he'd pick out for himself. The Hermit played "on the cross," 28, 29, 31, 32, risking a hundred-dollar bill. Fedman spun the wheel and flipped the pill into its track. The phone bell jingled in back of Fedman. He reached for the ear piece. He kept his eyes on the Hermit and spoke sidewise into the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mouthpiece. The Hermit had his eyes glued to the spinning pill. He did not notice that Fedman's face, smiling at first, darkened with rage as he listened on the phone.

"My Gawd, Sadie, you don't tell me that!" he exclaimed. "Got you for the rocks? . . . where? . . . what kind of a looking guy? . . . No, don't come up now . . . I'll be over after . . . don't worry . . . I'll take care of it."

Fedman hung up. He turned back to the table. The pill had dropped into number 31. The Hermit, triumphant, looked into the eyes of Cash-and-Carry.

"Let 'er ride!" exclaimed the Hermit. Fedman spun the wheel again. Then he picked up the telephone and put in a furtive call.

Presently the massive oaken door opened and Jimmie (Groggy) Raftis walked in. Fedman, turning his head away, winked and nodded at the detective, then looked at the Hermit and spoke.

"What you doin' this time?" he asked the Hermit.

"One more try at red," he said. Fedman set the wheel in motion, then arose and walked over and whispered to Raftis. From his pocket he drew out a diamond-studded bracelet and handing this to Raftis said:

"Take this and that kid over there to that jeweler on West Sixty-seventh Street who was stuck up last Monday and he'll identify them both."

The Hermit lost. The bony hand of Cash-and-Carry reached out and raked in the Hermit's last bankroll. Simultaneously the hairy fingers of Groggy Raftis clenched the Hermit's arm, frisked him for the gat, got it and then led him out of the place.

"Next time a blonde lady tries to explain to you that she belongs," was Fedman's parting shot in an undertone, "give her a listen. She might be a friend of a friend of yours."

THE Hermit was silent and sullen on the way to Headquarters.

Suddenly a great light dawned on him. It made his heart jump.

"What a swell game this Cash-and-Carry's got," he thought. "I sell him my stuff at his price, he hands me over the dough and I put it back in his pocket over the wheel. If that ain't what you call some nifty kick-back! Playin' against my own dough! Maybe the wheel was crooked."

"Suppose that guy runs a crooked wheel?" he asked Raftis.

"Aw, no," Raftis boomed with gruff sarcasm, "that ain't possible. Youse wise birds never cheat each other . . . do you? You all gotta win, ain't you? . . . and don't you?"

The Baby Hermit made no reply. He was as articulate as a newborn infant.

The jeweler identified the Hermit and the bracelet. Raftis then hurried on to Headquarters with his man. Groggy was proudly confident that if a plain cop in civvies used his bean, and laid his wires right along Easy Money Street, they'd hook him up now and then with such as Cash-and-Carry, smart guys with fancy brains.

# IN THIS ISSUE


HOW I PUT OVER THE KLAN
*By William G. Shepherd.*
*The first of three interviews with "Col." Simmons, founder of the Ku Klux Klan . . . . . Page 5*

THEY ALSO RAN
*By James B. Connolly.*
*Amusing tales of the early Olympic games . . . . . Page 8*

A YANK BY ANY NAME. *By Chester T. Crowell.*
*The story of the tow-headed patriotism of a little "wop" . . . . . Page 9*

IT'S A GIFT. *By Grantland Rice.*
*About our athletic geniuses who were born that way . . . . . Page 11*

LION'S SKIN. *A love story by Elmer Davis . . . Page 12*

'FORE AND AFTER. *In pictures . . . . . Page 14*

THE DANCER OF SAN JORGE. *By Robert Carse.*
*Rhythm, superstition and love in a romance of Spanish America . . . . . Page 16*

A THOUSAND AND ONE FIGHTS
*By John B. Kennedy.*
*About Joe Humphreys, foghorn of the ring . Page 18*

FANCY BRAINS. *By Howard McLellan.*
*A kid bandit stakes everything on the "honor among thieves" . . . . . Page 19*

THE PRINCE OF ESCAPE. *By Charles Saxby.*
*The second chapter, with synopsis, of a thrilling novel . . . . . Page 20*

THE THUNDER GOD. *A novel by Peter B. Kyne . Page 22*

IN THE TWILIGHT
*A short short story by Don Marquis . . . . Page 24*

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? *By Milton C. Work . Page 26*

MCGOOFEY'S FIRST READER. *By H. I. Phillips . . Page 28*

LET THE PAYEE EXPLAIN!
*By The Gentleman at the Keyhole . . . Page 32*

IRRIGATION BY SUN POWER
*By Edwin E. Slosson . . . . . Page 36*

THE GOGETTINGEST RADIO. *By Jack Binns . . Page 40*

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . Page 43

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 58



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

*Executive and Editorial Offices:* 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
*Published at Springfield, Ohio*

Thomas H. Beck, *President* — George J. Kennedy, *Vice President*
William P. Larkin, *Vice President* — Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*


**Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.**

BRING the Games Right Into the Basement

YOUR basement, spick and span in a bright, clean dress of Medusa Portland Cement Paint is a dry, safe playground for every kiddie old enough to walk.

Active little minds and muscles will find plenty to do in a basement whose spooks and goblins have been chased away forever by two coats of Medusa White Portland Cement Paint.

Here's a job you can do yourself. Two coats, on to stay, in twenty-four hours. Inexpensive and easy to apply. Send the coupon for literature and sample.

THE SANDUSKY CEMENT COMPANY
1002 The Engineers' Building Cleveland, Ohio

*Manufacturers of Medusa White Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); Medusa Waterproofing (Powder or Paste); Medusa Gray Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); and Medusa Portland Cement Paint.*

MEDUSA
CEMENT PAINT
IT'S PATENTED

THE SANDUSKY CEMENT COMPANY
1002 The Engineers' Building, Cleveland, Ohio

☐ Attached find dollar for large working sample.
☐ Send me free sample and literature.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Hardware Dealer's Name _____
C 7-14


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
Charles Colebaugh, Managing Editor

# Stop, Look and Talk

USE your vacation period to refresh your mind as well as to rest your body. You can do this wherever you go if you keep your eyes open. Talk to new acquaintances and trade ideas with them. See new places. Get fresh impressions of people and of localities.

If you can spare the time, take a tip from President Coolidge. Go to some place distant from scenes familiar to you. Look and listen. If you can park your prejudices at home, you may come back enriched in sympathy and knowledge, rested in mind and body.

If you start in the East you can pass through the greatest industrial region of the entire world. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi factories blend into one great workshop.

Stop off somewhere, unless manufacturing is your business, and visit a great industry. See with your own eyes the enormous machines, sense the great power doing man's drudgery, get a picture of the miraculous coördination of men and engines which make our age so different from anything which went before.

Be sure to talk to people in the hotels, on the train, wherever you are. You will find your fellow countrymen eager to talk and most of them can tell you something interesting. Try to get a feeling of their problems, even of their prejudices. Incidentally you may get a new perspective on your own.

Go on to the farming regions, especially if you are city bred. Let your eye travel over the vast expanse of tilled lands. In the Middle West gaze on the long rows of corn, the waving fields of grain. Watch the skillful farmer driving a tractor or a team of six horses through a field full of tender growing things. There's art in what he does.

Best of all, if you get the chance talk to him. Find out what he is thinking. Let him talk about his own plans and pleasures. Observe the children and the young people. You may be impressed at first by the ranging similarity of our lives and of our interests.

Wherever you go you can see the same motion pictures, eat the same food, wash with the same soap and buy the same collars, shoes and shirts.

*Nevada Falls, Yosemite National Park, is a vacation spot worth seeing*

Everywhere, with minor variations, you will find the same material standards of comfort. The streets of Ogden, Utah; Danbury, Conn.; Springfield, Ohio, or San Jose, Cal., look much alike. Stores, office buildings, residences follow the same architectural lines. Women cherish the same flowers and use the same washing machines and stoves. Everywhere young people dance to the same music.

But beneath all the standardization and uniformity there is the variety of a continent. Nature makes different exactions and affords diverse opportunities. In Virginia or Pennsylvania, in the remote regions of almost any state, you can find people compelled to live as men did a century and more ago. Transportation has not reached them.

See your country. Walk, drive your own car, get aboard a train or a boat, arrange a passage in an airplane, take any mode of travel which appeals to your taste and to your means, but don't miss the opportunity to look around. You will enjoy it and come back richer in spirit and with the knowledge that your money has been well spent.

# The Ether Sifter

SOMETHING like forty million of us Americans, if we are to believe the adding machines of the Federal Radio Commission, can listen in at a given moment when anything we all want to hear is on the air. This is at the rate of three and one-third listeners to each of our twelve million receiving sets.

Probably the whole forty million of us have heard some or all of the goings-on at Kansas City and Houston. Almost all of us will probably tune in at various times to hear the Presidential candidates of both of the two leading parties. Half a nation hears the same voice at the same time.

Does this call up a picture of a convention with forty million members—all on the verge of dyspepsia, apoplexy and prickly heat? Does it mean that we are from now on to be at the mercy of the leatheriest-lunged orator with the biggest gift of gab?

Ask someone who knows the broadcasting business from the inside and he will smile. A radio audience is not a convention. It is not a mob. It is a collection of countless small groups and individuals, most of them in their own homes.

The broadcasters, who have been looking around very thoughtfully for the past year or two, have found that what we like in a speech is not the usual buncombe, hokum, guff and slush but logic and facts. When a serious subject is up we want to be told something. At other times we want to be amused.

The radio is the greatest enemy there is of the spellbinder and windjammer. The best way to get rid of the whole species is to give them the air.

# Spanking

A SMALL boy knocked his sister down. Without much inquiry his irate father administered an old-fashioned spanking.

Some minutes later the small boy, still sobbing, turned to his parent and said: "If you do that again you won't have a little boy around. I'll run away."

Then ensued this conversation:

Father: Didn't you deserve spanking?"

Son: "No, I didn't intend to knock her over. It was an accident. I didn't see her."

Father: "Then you didn't deserve punishment. I am sorry I spanked you. Is it all right now?"

Son, after a time of meditation: "Yes, but, Daddy, in the future won't you please try to think before you act?"

What the parent said is not reported but it is not difficult to imagine what he felt.

Spanking may be good medicine, particularly with very small children, and a great psychologist used to say that spanking in anger was more salutary than in cold blood. The trouble lies in not being sure whether parent or child needs correction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED